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LAWRENCE TIBBETT tries over a number with the conductor, D'Abravanel.

Famous singer says:

STAND on your head to prevent colds

By LAWRENCE TIBBETT
Metropolitan Opera Star

WHEN someone asks me, and people often do, how I keep from getting colds, my pet rejoinder is: "Since you stepped out of rompers, how often have you stood on your head?"

After being assured that I am not joking, the questioner usually confesses to a zero head-standing score.

Which is my cue to explain that I stand on my head, or get my feet up, many times every day and that these antics are part of my programme for preventing colds, and not the exhibitionist cropping out in me.

Please get me straight on this. I am not posing as an M.D. or as an authority on colds.

I am only concerned with setting up a strong defence against colds. And that was forced on me from sheer necessity.

When I first came to New York to study singing, I was a happy hunting ground for all and sundry, plain and fancy cold germs.

One day my teacher paused after a high note that did not go so well.

"Lawrence," he said, ominously, "you will have to get over those colds if you want to arrive as a singer.

"A cold," he went on, "is for the professional singer a calamity.

"It can cost him thousands of dollars in cancelled engagements. The slightest sniffle works havoc with the most heavenly voice."

GET YOUR feet up and your head down to outwit the cold bug.

So I must make myself foolproof to colds. Getting what advice I could from my teacher, doctors, and body builders, I rigged up a defence which has been pretty effective for me.

In the past ten years, I have not missed a single engagement on account of a cold. I have postponed a few because of laryngitis.

My method, and yours if you're interested, is simple enough.

It is based on the theory that colds are a product of civilisation and the way to resist them is to be a bit more primitive.

Although simple, the method does require daily attention to routine, the first step of which is to get the feet up and the head down.

I have the reason from my doctor, and here it is without becoming too technical.

We seem to pay a price for standing on two instead of four feet.

In school we learned that an artery brings fresh blood to the capillaries and tissues of the head while a vein collects the used blood gathered up by the capillaries and conveys it to the lungs and heart for purification.

Logical reason

IT so happens that the artery bearing new blood is only about a third as large as the return vein.

As a result, your head is being drained of blood faster than the incoming supply would warrant.

Upward from the Adam's apple, you're suffering from partial anaemia as long as you stay in a vertical position.

Which means that the throat and nasal passages, vulnerable spots for the elfish cold bug, do not have as strong a defence as they might have if things were more evenly balanced.

Therefore, getting your head down occasionally restores the balance, brings in more fresh blood to tone up the nasal passages, acts as a flushing out of impurities and, hence, helps to strengthen the defence against bugs.

Lie down on the bed or floor with some heavy cushion under your hips so as to raise them higher than your head. Or merely lower your head over the side of the bed.

Stay in this position for ten or fifteen minutes.

Take the occasion several times a day to get the head down. Do this in whatever way seems easiest.

Bending over exercises are good on two counts—for the waistline and blood to the head.

Breathe like a baby!

MY second defence against the cold bug is proper breathing, another must on the professional singer's list.

Oddly enough, few people know how to breathe properly. And yet we get off to the right start as babes.

What's the baby's secret? It's simply this: The baby breathes deep down. On his lungs there is very little demand, on his throat none at all.

That's why he can cry for hours without damaging his voice.

Shallow breathers, doctors tell us, just extend open invitations to that devilish galaxy of cold, bronchitis and other germs.

Now try the abdominal method which singers use and which is the way you began life.

Let the air out of your lungs until they feel like a flat tyre. Then inhale deeply through the nose, filling up the lowermost parts of the lungs, forcing out bellows-like the muscles of the front-centre of the waist.

This sort of breathing leaves no dead spots in the lungs, and gives the best workout to that most important muscle used in breathing—the diaphragm.

Get the habit of deep, abdominal breathing. Do it ten minutes every day, out-of-doors preferably or before an open window.

To carry the breathing idea a little further, how about a little bathroom singing every morning? Never mind whether your voice is good, bad or terrible, just let it out in full volume.

Singing does for the vocal chords, larynx and throat what deep breathing does for the lungs—gives them needed exercise which they do not get when used for ordinary speaking purposes.

Don't get flabby

PROPER diet has a part in my plan. Doctors tell me that too much sugar, bread and potatoes tend to an acidosis condition, so I eat them sparingly.

On the other hand, I always include what doctors call the anti-infective vitamins and minerals, such as fruits, raw and cooked green and yellow vegetables.

I get as much exercise as possible in the open—walking, swimming, golfing. I have a rowing device which goes along on all my trips and which I use daily.

Ordinarily the muscles of the abdomen get the least exercise, so I take this means of preventing them from becoming flabby.

With the body at top form, you won't have to worry about such trifles as draughts and wet feet.

As a matter of record, I never wear rubbers.

My shirts and underwear are wringing wet after every concert I give. I am subject to draughty dressing rooms, draughty stages, quick changes of food and climate.

But I don't get colds any more.

Millions get colds every year; there's a colossal loss in working time.

It follows that, if the livelihood of all the cold addicts suddenly depended, as with singers, on banishing the habit for good and all, there would be an almost unbelievable reduction in the figures I have named.

You may not be a professional singer, but you can emulate one. Here's health!

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

MAJOR-GENERAL FREYBERG
"Tiny" to his friends

"A STAUNCH and determined New Zealander," is how Major-General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., commander of the 2nd New Zealand Expeditionary Forces, describes himself. He was born in England, but spent his youth in the Dominion.

Over six feet, he is "Tiny" to his friends and his men. At 27 he was the youngest brigadier in the British Army.

MISS JEAN NICOLL
And now ice tennis

ICE tennis is London's latest craze. One of its first exponents is England's brilliant young tennis star, Jean Nicoll, now figuring in exciting contests on London's ice-rinks.

Sport-loving Jean also excels at basketball and hockey.

COMTE DE PARIS
Wants French Throne

SON of the Pretender to the French Throne (the Duc de Guise), the Comte de Paris, in accordance with the French law exiling all male members of former Royal Families, has been refused permission to join the Allied forces.

The Comte is confident he "will yet be King of France." In a recent secret flight into France he made a dramatic plea for the restoration of the Monarchy.

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Every Frenchwoman a Joan of Arc

"To Victory" is slogan as they work to win the war

CHANEL, famous designer, who has closed her salon, and devotes herself to war work for French aviators.

EVE CURIE, daughter of the discoverer of radium, is head of the feminine section of the Commissariat of Information.

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES, daughter of a French duke, is doing her share of wartime work for France.

MADAME LEBRUN, wife of the President of the French Republic, is characteristically modest about her war work, which includes presidency of nearly every big French war charity.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Imbued with the spirit of the Maid of Orleans, Frenchwomen of all classes are working to win the war. They don't think of it as sacrifice, but are proud to do it. Society women work alongside working-class mothers—factory girls with socialites who, before the war, lived in the glitter of life at Cannes or Monte Carlo.

During the last war Field-Marshal Joffre declared that he would be defeated if all women at work in France were to stop for even 20 minutes.

Now once more they have come to the aid of their country, farm women, factory women, the once idle rich.

FOR the Frenchwoman there is no need to seek avenues of war work. Five million Frenchmen are in uniform, and she must do the work that her husband, her sweetheart, her son has left behind.

In Paris one does not see the hordes of women in war-workers' uniforms that are seen in the streets of London. But nevertheless almost every woman in sight is engaged in some essential service.

There are hundreds in navy-blue with cowls on their heads, the dress of the munition worker. The cowl is worn because without it the hair would become filled with gunpowder and inflammable.

Shoulder to shoulder

THE midinettes, whose nimble fingers used to stitch gowns, now assemble the delicate wiring of radio sets for aeroplanes and ships.

I talked with one of these French war workers, a pretty woman with flashing blue eyes.

"Of course there is eye-strain and fatigue, but sitting here working in comfort is not like being up at the Maginot Line in the snow."

On the farms women have always worked hard, but now, with husbands, brothers, sons, uncles called up, they work even harder.

And shoulder to shoulder with these unknown workers are women whose names have made news the world over.

Eve Curie, whose brilliant biography of her mother, Madame Curie, was a best seller, is head of the feminine section of the Commissariat of Information. Recently she made a lecture tour of the United States, telling American women all over the country about "Frenchwomen and the war."

Before she set out she horrified Schiaparelli by having no special wardrobe ready, and the famous designer immediately set about creating special costumes for her tour.

Among them was a black oilskin coat lined with lambs' wool and equipped with huge pockets, the sort of garment considered suitable for an air raid, and effective as well.

Discussing the war, Eve Curie said:—

"Peace will not come soon, and it will not come at all while Hitler remains in Germany, because the French people are determined that when this war ends there will be no more fighting in Europe for a long time."

Eve Curie is master of the electrifying phrase. Women cheered her to the echo when she said:

"All the men and women of genius are with us.

"The country that works most will win the war."

Madame Lebrun, wife of the President, refuses to give details of her war work, but it includes the presidency of nearly every big French war charity, plus much personal effort in smaller ones such as that which serves cheap meals to artists and musicians made jobless by the war.

She is running her home on a minimum of labor, in order to release personnel for essential war work. Madame Lebrun answers her own telephone. Her secretary is a war worker.

Feeding the poor is a job Madame La President is most interested in.

Care of Regiment

MADAME EDOUARD HERRIOT, wife of the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, found work for more than 2000 seamstresses. She redeemed their sewing machines from pawn with charitable funds and set them to making soldiers' uniforms.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, daughter of a French duke and famous as one of the world's best-dressed women, and a personal friend of the Duchess of Windsor, has announced herself godmother of a whole French battalion.

She sends them English blankets and every other sort of costly trench luxury. Her daughters are kept busy knitting for the men.

"Godmother" to 200 French aviators is Madame Gabrielle Chanel, who has closed her famous dress shop and now wears nothing but the French national colors, red, white, and blue.

She sends her aviators the finest English pullovers, stockings, and gloves, each neatly stamped in the corner, "Chanel."

Another designer, Jeanne Lanvin, believes that she can best serve her country by keeping on her business. "Women should stick to what they know best," she says.

Nowadays she creates mostly day dresses for women and special uniforms for the higher-rank French officers.

Mistinguett, 64-year-old French dancer, still famed for her beautiful legs, has been busy helping the Duchess of Windsor arrange entertainments to raise money for war purposes.

Madame de Bourgoing Lyautey, wife of Marshal Lyautey, although 70 years of age, has completed a tour of North Africa, in the interest of war charities. She is now busy at war work in France.

France's No. 1 feminist, Mme. Cecile Brunschvicg, editor of "La Francaise," is also an enthusiastic war worker.

Her particular hobby is welfare work among the poor children of Paris.

"I have so much work to do among the children," she said. "I am too busy to talk about it."

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MISS FRANCES THOMPSON, famous cookery expert, dictates some of the recipes for inclusion in her splendid cookery book, which will soon be available to The Australian Women's Weekly readers.

The Frances Thompson cookery book

Collection of tried and tested recipes

The recipe book for which you have all been waiting will soon be here!

Frances Thompson, famous Canadian cookery expert, who visited Sydney last year under the auspices of The Australian Women's Weekly, has compiled a special recipe book of 487 tested recipes. You will be able to obtain it through The Australian Women's Weekly.

EVER since Miss Thompson gave her phenomenally successful lectures and demonstrations in Australia last year we have been besieged by inquiries for her recipes in book form.

Now it is being printed—200 pages for 2/6; the best possible value in cookery books.

Every woman, from the bride to the capable housewife, will find it a welcome addition to her kitchen shelves.

It contains 22 different sections—going right through every branch of household cooking from soups to savories, as well as cakes, scones, jams, preserves, pickles, sweets, beverages . . .

Printed on good paper, and attractively bound, the book features recipes clearly set out in large type, and a comprehensive table showing the relation of weights and measures.

Miss Thompson points out in her preface that during her visits to Australia she found that many women complained that they had not had the best results with English and Canadian cake recipes.

This she traced to a difference in the flour, and promptly made tests with Australian flour in order to perfect her recipes for Australian housewives.

Every one of the recipes has been tested and demonstrated by her with success.

"I have particularly kept in mind the beginner," she says, "and have carefully explained recipes and methods."

Director of the Canadian School of Home Science, Miss Thompson has an international reputation.

Wide experience

BEFORE going to Canada she was a demonstrator for the London County Council.

During her visits to Australia she has become familiar with our conditions, and in compiling this book she has used her cooking experience in Canada and England in the light of her knowledge of the Commonwealth.

Thousands of Australian Women's Weekly readers were enchanted with her demonstrations, and felt that their daily household cooking was the better for the few hours they spent listening to her and watching her methods.

Thousands more read her advice and recipes in the cookery issue we printed last August—an issue so successful that for months afterwards we received requests for it.

Miss Thompson was enthusiastic about Australian cooking.

"It's a pleasure to see a race of women so genuinely interested in their jobs in the home," she said.

"Good cooks are of inestimable benefit to the nation. By providing healthy, nourishing meals they do much towards keeping its people fit.

"A healthy people is a happy people. You can be sure, when you see a contented, harmonious family, that the housewife who provides the meals is doing a good job.

"Australian fruits and vegetables are simply magnificent. I have never seen such an abundance as I saw in the shops.

"Fruits and vegetables are of enormous importance to diet, and in my recipe book you will find plenty of suggestions for putting them to good use.

"I am a great believer in the importance of color in food, and the cooks would do well to remember that the scarlet of tomato contrasted with green peas, or of parsley with the golden-brown of fish does a great deal towards stimulating the appetite."

MISS THOMPSON giving one of her lecture demonstrations. In Australia last year she drew packed houses.

"Excellent" is the verdict of our cookery expert, Mary Forbes, on the proof of the book which she has seen.

"I have received many requests from time to time for a cookery book printed by The Australian Women's Weekly, and this fills the bill exactly.

"The recipes cover the whole field needed by the Australian housewife. They are simple, yet original.

"It is a book which the cookery beginner should not be without, since it is entirely comprehensive and clear. Every housewife will be anxious to have a copy."

There is bound to be an enormous demand for this book, and you should see that your copy is reserved right away.

On Page 44 of this issue you will find a full announcement and a reservation coupon.

Cut it out and mail it to The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. This will ensure the reservation of your copy of the cookery book.

On this page is another coupon. Save this and one more from the next issue. Then mail the two coupons and a postal note for 2/6 to the same address and you will receive your copy of the cookery book, post free.

COUPON No. 1

✦

Keep this for Frances Thompson's Cookery Book

Full Details Page 44

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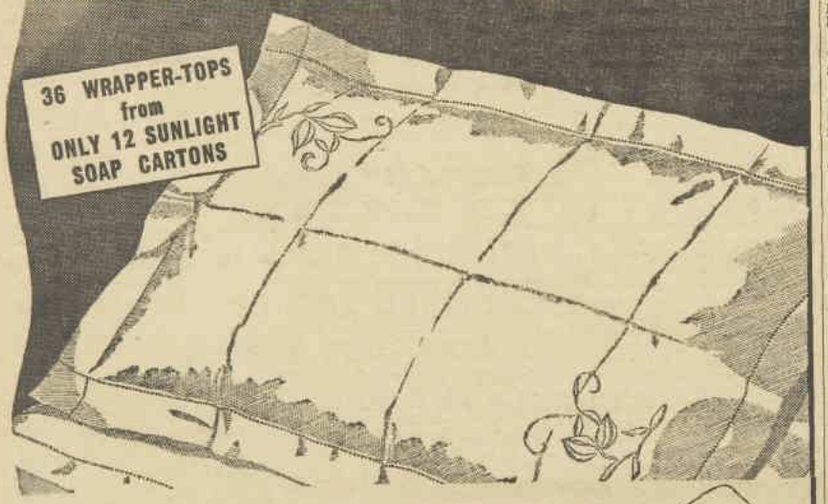

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On the one hand, a millionaire . . on the other, two wily schemers . . but the upshot was quite unexpected.

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Camilla timed it nicely to step out in Glyn-David's path.

Glyn-David—shrewd and mean.

The Sentimental Streak

LIKE every lion of industry, Glyn-David had his jackals. But they were leaner beasts than most; for Glyn-David was both shrewd and mean.

He had been shrewd enough, even at the romantic age of seventeen, to turn aside from the goldfields and take a job in a cheap eating-house; that was while he was still fresh from his Welsh village, and still dazzled, as far as it was in him to be dazzled, by the immense novelty of South Africa.

The years went by, he set up for himself, and as one cheap restaurant was added to another he became so shrewd as to cease, for business purposes, to be mean. The food was good, the portions were lavish: a flat rate and as much as you could eat was one of his earliest and most successful principles.

Another principle, of a more purely moral order, was strict adherence to the literal truth; yet this too contributed to Glyn-David's success, for though he never told a technical lie it was surprising how often his business opponents drew the wrong inference from a perfectly true statement.

So on these two principles Glyn-David flourished mightily, and by the time he was owner of thirty-three eating-houses and six first-class hotels meanness had become simply a private indulgence.

He bought his shirts ready-made, and kept the guarantees against shrinkage neatly filed. If a shirt did shrink, he took it back.

He was one of the richest men in South Africa, and he had once been seen to step into the gutter to pick up a broken tin soldier.

It was popularly supposed that he intended to melt it down; but in this his critics were wrong. A toy soldier—not of tin, but the big old-fashioned wooden kind, with only one leg—had been his first piece of property, and he had never forgotten it.

Like all Welshmen, Glyn-David possessed a sentimental streak, though none of his jackals had so far been able to discover its location. When the word went round, however, that he was about to make his first trip back to England, one of them at least pricked his ears.

"We'll take a chance," decided Jimmy Meredith. "He's not been home for forty years, he'll be on holiday, and perhaps feeling a bit sentimental. If we can raise the passage, it's worth trying."

Camilla—who was Meredith's wife, or cousin, or sister, just as circumstances required — nodded approvingly. She had a pretty but not too striking face, a pretty but not too striking figure, and whatever plan Meredith proposed was always sure of her initial approval. It started him off well, and any objections could always be raised later. In this case, however, she was too anxious for the trip to look beyond the immediate future.

"I'll have to get some clothes," she said thoughtfully. "Good ones, too . . ."

Meredith went to the phone and rang up a rich young man who thought he could play poker.

. . . . . .

They all three travelled tourist—Glyn-David because the third-class was already full, Meredith and Camilla because of Glyn-David. On the second day out Camilla tripped over Glyn-David's feet, sat down in the next chair to apologise, and within ten minutes had completely captured his attention by mentioning that she had been left a thousand pounds and wished to open a restaurant.

The idea was a good one, and it worked only too well. Glyn-David liked the sound of his own voice, and liked giving advice to pretty young women. It was the only thing he ever did give them, as Camilla discovered; she was actually forced, and more than once, to leave him unguarded while she slipped along to the bar and bought herself a drink.

"You're losing your touch," said Meredith sombrely.

Camilla shrugged.

"I never pretended to be able to touch an oyster. Why don't you do some work?"

But Meredith shook his head. He had decided to hold off till London, and there turn up either as Camilla's long-lost husband (for the purpose of blackmail) or as a scion of the nobility (for the purpose of a confidence trick). In the meantime he was keeping out of Glyn-David's way.

"Well, I think you're wrong," said Camilla, when he now reminded her of these projects. "If you caught him in Cleopatra's bedroom at midnight he'd be dictating a prospectus and complaining of her shorthand. What about a game of poker?"

Meredith grinned.

"HE played poker all yesterday afternoon, with the Mannheim crowd. It was the first time, so they let him win. When they suggested another game to-day, he said no, he realised it was practically gambling . . ."

"I don't believe," said Camilla, finishing her drink, "that you've any line at all."

"I haven't," admitted Meredith, "but I've a hunch. I'm going to wait till he's on new ground, in London. London goes to people's heads. I've got a hunch that if I dropped a gold brick in Hyde Park he'd give me half a million in cash to show his good faith."

"Right," said Camilla pleasantly. "You call it a hunch, I'll call it softening of the brain. And I'll have another Martini, just before we go broke."

. . . . . .

During his fortnight in London Glyn-David got through a great deal of business, all profitable, consumed a great number of free meals, and in his spare time went sight-seeing. He visited St. Paul's Cathedral (omitting the crypt and dome, which had to be paid for), Westminster Abbey (omitting the effigies and the treasure), the L.C.C. building, the British Museum, and the Tate and National Galleries.

He also kept an eye open for suitable restaurant-sites, and mentally added half-a-dozen establishments to the Glyn-David chain; but this was purely from force of habit, since the price of London property was too high to interest him.

Most of these peregrinations Meredith followed. He did not actually carry a gold brick in his pocket, but he had a really convincing tale of property left him in Rhodesia, which he wished to sell cheap in order to avoid the trouble of going out to deal with it himself. It was a very good tale indeed, and supported by first-class forgeries; the only trouble was that he never got an opportunity to lay it before Glyn-David.

Once, despairing of any chance encounter, he actually waylaid the millionaire in the lobby of his hotel; but Glyn-David merely nodded coldly, turned a deaf ear, and walked straight out. Meredith's only consolation, during these dark days, was his continued success at cards. He found a couple of surreptitious poker clubs, and before they finally closed their doors to him did very well indeed . . .

Camilla meanwhile was on strike. She had found a lonely Australian, and though still occupying the same hotel as her more dogged partner, saw very little of him. One evening, however, as she was in her room changing for dinner, Meredith stalked in with so marked an air of triumph that she forgot to rebuke him for omitting to knock.

"IT'S all right!" he announced. "I'm there!"

Camilla pushed over the cigarettes and lit a match for him.

"Splendid, darling!" she purred. "I knew you'd pull it off! I knew you'd do much better by yourself! That's why I've been keeping out of the way so . . ."

Meredith looked at her without rancor. They had always seen through each other and probably always would, but her quick change of front was at least flattering. She was pretty, too, as she bent solicitously over him, the flame of the match lighting two small candles in her wide admiring eyes.

"Well?" said Camilla impatiently. "Don't you mean to tell me?"

"He's going to Wales!"

"To Wales? What's that got to do with us?"

"Don't you see? He's going home. He is getting sentimental."

Camilla took out a cigarette and used the match for herself. Her interest had faded.

"Sentimental!" she repeated with scorn. "You ought to have heard him on the boat. Full moon, band playing waltzes, and him telling me how to use up yesterday's fish. I don't often come up against a brick wall, but I came up against one then."

"But this is different," explained Meredith patiently. "It—it's Home Town Boy Makes Good, it's the return of the bare-foot wanderer. Don't you see that that potty little village is the one place on earth where Glyn-David will want to show off? Where he won't dare to be mean? And I've more to go on still. In the first place he's going up at his own expense, instead of spending a free week-end with Lord Relton —."

"There's something in that," admitted Camilla.

"——and in the second, I overheard him talking to the old boy in the Savoy Grill. I was at the next table. He said he was going to have a look for the cottage where he'd lived as a boy. Relton said, 'Looking for a place to settle down in, eh? I suppose you'll buy it and turn it into a stately home?'"

"And what did Glyn-David say?"

"Nothing. He shut up like a clam. But he's leaving for Penrhyndeudraeth to-morrow. I shall go down to-night."

Camilla thought.

"You realise that by this time your face must be pretty familiar?"

"I don't care if it is. This isn't going to be a confidence trick, it's going to be a plain business deal—on which I happen to have advance information."

"It sounds to me as though you'll want some cash as well," said Camilla, still thinking.

"Which I have," retorted Meredith. "I mayn't have cut much ice with Glyn-David, but there's more than one mug in London. Anyway, I'm not asking you to come; I shall go down to-night, and I can't be away longer than a week, because he's booked his berth for next Friday."

But Camilla had by this time come to the end of her reflections. Her Australian, too, had booked his passage, and she felt that if Meredith were really on to a good thing it would be as well to keep as close to him as possible.

"Oh, I'll stand by," she said kindly. "I'll join you to-morrow."

. . . . . .

Despite his half-day's start Meredith was still uncertain, by the time Camilla and Glyn-David arrived, as to which exact cottage in the tiny hamlet outside Penrhyndeudraeth had been the great man's cradle.

It appeared that Glyn-David, like the prophets of old, had no honor in his own country; even the oldest inhabitant remembered no more than that Glyn-David had once been a local name. Its total disappearance he philosophically put down to either death or emigration, and seemed to regard both fates in much the same light.

"Very well," said Meredith impatiently, "can you tell me which cottages were standing more than forty years ago?"

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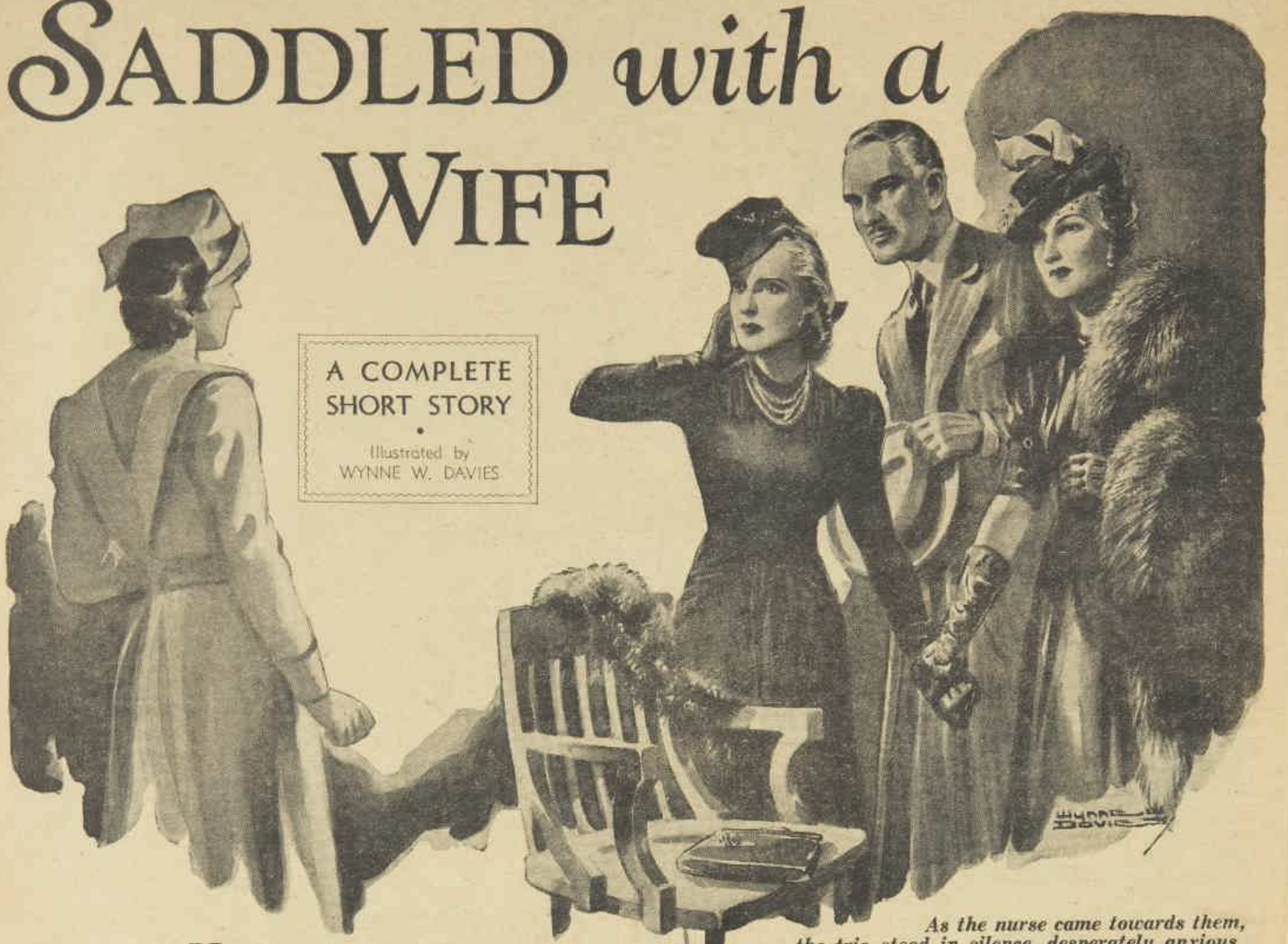
SADDLED with a WIFE

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



As the nurse came towards them, the trio stood in silence, desperately anxious, but terribly afraid to hear her verdict.

Her love had never wavered in all their early struggles, but with success her husband forgot those early years

By D. NORTON-TAYLOR

THE telegram was unaccountably delayed and didn't arrive until late that afternoon.

"Joanna and I were married this morning," Norman had wired. "Will arrive to-night before dinner."

Harriet Norton read it and handed it to her husband.

"The young fool," he said. "I won't lift a finger to help him. You know what I'd planned for him when he came down from Cambridge. Well——"

"I met the girl when I went up to see him last time," Harriet told him. Now that she had recovered from her first surprise she had little anxiety. The marriage was precipitate, but love, impatient at that age, can also be enduring. Harriet gazed at her husband. "It's a little startling—but if he's got a good wife——"

"Why does he want any sort of wife at his age? Norman never could stand on his own legs, that's the trouble. He probably thought he needed the comfort of a woman, eh? And now he's married and saddled with a wife."

Harriet Norton stared at her husband. She had the conviction then that she had come face to face with a crisis in her life. It had nothing to do with their son, except in so far as his marriage had prompted Colin. She glanced out of the window.

"They're coming up the drive."

Norman and Joanna might have married precipitately, but they looked at it with a calm typical, Harriet thought, of the younger generation. Their son and their son's wife greeted them with a matter-of-factness which was a little amusing and reassuring. The girl was smiling and pretty. Well, they were married.

But Colin sat through dinner in cold, silent wrath. And Harriet returned to her strange thoughts.

She watched Colin lead their son across the hall after dinner and she and Joanna, who had become suddenly quiet, went into the living-room.

Colin lowered himself into the leather chair at his desk.

"You young fool!" he said harshly. "Well—well, what was the idea of this idiocy?"

Norman's face was pale and held a curious, disquieting look.

"Joanna and I are in love. We've been engaged for over a year. If you could have come up to see me take my degree I would have introduced her to you——"

"I was too busy. Go on——"

"We planned that after I'd taken my degree she would drive home with me and I'd introduce her to you then. We thought that we'd get married in the autumn. Then we said to each other, why wait? We were married this morning in Cambridge."

"On an impulse——"

"YES, except for getting the licence, but we've been sure of this for over a year."

"Oh, I understand it," Colin assured him. "You're in love——" He broke off, looking at the expression in his son's eyes. "You know I intended to send you to South America for experience. You'd have finally become the firm—Norton and Son—you'd have become the company that your grandfather founded. Do you think you can take a wife to the plantations? In the first place you know there's the company's rules."

"I don't want to go into the firm."

"No? What do you want to do?"

"I studied physics. Electrical engineering."

Colin stood up.

"You've made your bed. Now you lie on it." This was all there was to say. "I don't want anything more to do with you."

Without a word his son turned and went out, and Colin crossed the room in four limping strides on his stiff leg and slammed the door, shutting them all out, shutting himself in.

He sat down again and stared at the framed photograph of Harriet before him on the desk. She looked at him with his son's dark eyes, she had the same high cheek-bones, the same gentle mouth. He scowled.

From a brief-case he drew out some contracts he had brought home to study. He bent over the typewritten pages, but his mind wandered. When he thought how he had taken the wreckage of Norton and Son, nineteen years ago, and had built this sound structure without aid, by his own strength—ah!

Harriet Norton poured out her husband's coffee at the breakfast table the next morning and made no comment until he inquired:

"Where are they?"

"They left last night."

"Have they any money?"

"I think they have. I offered him some when he left, but he wouldn't take it."

"Well, I won't lift a finger to help him. If he wants to get married at his age——"

"Colin," she said in a low voice, "what was that phrase you used? 'If he wants to saddle himself——'"

"If he wants to saddle himself with a wife," Colin growled.

He stood up, mechanically kissed her good-bye, and limped out.

She sat with a half-empty coffee cup. That Colin loved her she had never doubted, even when it became clear to her that a certain disappointment in their son had a subtle origin in the fact that he resembled her, not him. She understood Colin's feelings.

He had been too busy to go to Cambridge to see Norman take his degree. He had visited the boy only on rare occasions at the preparatory and public schools to which Norman had been sent all his life. Colin had been engrossed in his business to the exclusion of anything else in the world—or anyone. This was the fact she faced.

Twenty-one years ago Colin had come back from France, Major Colin Norton, ravaged by the war, his leg shattered by shrapnel, sick with discouragement over a business almost ruined by his absence. Now success had blotted out the memory of those years.

His triumph had become all his. But it was her arms which had supported him when they had brought him back, and the thump-thump of his stick had become the very beat of her heart through the years of his despair, through the years when he had needed her so much. Oh, she didn't ask for any credit. Well, what did she ask for now? Remembrance, only a sign of remembrance, that was all.

What he had said the night before, what he had blandly repeated this morning, was not the special reason for her hurt—that would have been silly. It was what those words betrayed, the man Colin had become in the last few years.

She knew that if she looked into his heart she would find written there:

"I am sufficient unto myself. I have no need of anyone."

This was why she felt now that she was facing a crisis in her life.

She was not old, she was under forty-five, and aware without self-flattery of her dark, mature beauty.

This was not particularly relevant and yet her mind began to dwell on a number of things.

For three days she reflected on every angle of the affair. Norman phoned to tell her that he had started work and that he and Joanna had moved into a small flat, and she had no further anxieties on that score. Gradually she arrived at a decision.

She wrote a note which she placed on Colin's library desk, and, without fanfare or warning, left him. She had no intention of ever going back.

COLIN NORTON was shocked.

But he told himself that when Harriet realised the enormity of her act she would come back.

He could not imagine where she had gone. Her note had said simply: "I am leaving you. I will let you know what further action I intend to take after I have thought it over. The only favor I ask is that you do not try to get in touch with me."

He had re-read the note several times. It was disquieting, but no, he must not become upset.

She had told the servants that she was going to Scotland for the summer. This was not true, he knew, because she hated the bareness of Scotland. But he used it to answer inquiries and the few invitations which came to the house; most of their friends were away on holiday.

He had noticed that no letters addressed to her were ever delivered at the house, and this puzzled him until he realised that she must have left some forwarding address at the post office. Thereupon he told people who inquired that they could address Harriet at home and he would send their letters on, that she was moving about.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716799

Startling drama crashed suddenly into the peaceful little routine of a man's life . . .

As soon as his wife picked up the letter, Lester was conscious of an odd suspicion.

The L-MURDER

By

Donald Shoubridge

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by KILGOUR

QUEER things are supposed to happen at sea, and perhaps on occasions they do. But after many years as a ship's doctor I think the queerest things of all are those told in a liner's smoking-lounge. Men seem to become more communicative after a day spent gazing at the ocean.

We were about three days out from Southampton. Smooth crossing, glorious sunshine—the Atlantic might have been a gigantic bathing pool.

After a long day on the decks, there was a good-sized crowd of us chatting and drinking in the smoking-lounge. And we got to talking about murder.

Funny how men — especially strangers drawn together by pure chance—so often do start talking about murder. Perhaps the ship's library has something to do with it. And it's funnier still how they always expect me—because I'm a doctor—to be a sort of authority on the subject.

Anyway, there we all were, a set of apparently law-abiding people, each waiting for the other fellow to finish so as to hold the floor with our own particular murderous contribution.

There were the usual stockbrokers and business men, the usual English actor going out to Hollywood, and—well, try my job for a year and you'll learn that the only unchanging things about the Atlantic are the people who cross it.

Inevitably someone raked up that ancient hackneyed phrase—"the perfect murder." I think it was the Colonel from Tunbridge Wells making the trip for his health.

"No one knows," said he, "how many perfect murders are actually committed. After all, it's only the imperfect ones the police ever hear about. Eh, doctor?"

"I suppose so," I said politely.

"De Quincey's idea of a perfect murder was somewhat different from our modern one," observed an educational expert going back to Florida. "Perfection to De Quincey was directly measured by the degree of horror."

"Now," said one of the stockbrokers, "it's purely a question whether the murderer's detected or not—and I suppose the less horror about it, the fewer clues there are."

"CLUES!" snapped the Colonel. "The perfect murder shouldn't leave a clue at all. The victim dies—the death certificate is signed—or, at the worst, the Coroner's jury returns a verdict of suicide or accidental death."

Well, we went on laying down the law like that for some time. Plans for the perfect elimination of human life were trotted out almost as quickly as the steward was bringing drinks.

There was nothing new—nothing I hadn't heard or read a score of times before.

And then it happened. A quiet, miserable individual who'd been sitting alone in the corner suddenly jumped up and interrupted. I suppose it would be fairer to say that we had interrupted his melancholia.

"The perfect murder!" he said, viciously. "What do any of you know about perfect murder?"

I don't think any of them had even noticed him until then. He hadn't spoken to a soul since we'd left England. I'd only noticed him myself because an experienced ship's doctor always does keep his eye open for queer passengers. Just in case . . .

"And, anyway," he went on hotly, "why should a murder be perfect just because the murderer doesn't get caught? It's what murder achieves that counts—not how it's done." He stopped abruptly and stared at us.

His tone changed—as if he'd regretted his outburst. "Or what it doesn't achieve," he added morosely.

I felt it my duty, as one of the ship's officers, to smooth over the awkward silence that followed.

"You mean," I said, "that a murder, like a work of art, should be measured by its purpose rather than its technique?"

"Exactly. I daresay many a man's been hanged for murder that's perfect—perfect because it removed someone whose existence could not be allowed to continue. And conversely——"

He paused as if he were doubtful for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Conversely," he went on, "let me tell you this story . . ."

I'll call the man Lester—Bob Lester. He was a harmless individual and he earned round about seven hundred a year in the purchasing department of one of the big oil companies. He'd climbed up from a junior position largely on a reputation for being level-headed.

At thirty-five he got married. He'd never thought much about getting married, but once he met—well, I'll call her Helen—once he met Helen, he thought about nothing else. She was five years younger and one of those dark and very striking women—handsome rather than pretty, if you understand me—and for six months he hesitated to propose to her in sheer fear of being rejected.

Well, eventually he risked it; she accepted and they got married and took a flat in Clapham. And shortly after Helen asked him if he'd mind if she tried writing a novel. As she said, a maid could do all the work, and it was the first time in her life she'd ever had the leisure and opportunity.

Now some men might have objected. But not Bob Lester. In fact, there couldn't have been a more suitable husband for a potential woman novelist.

He wasn't one of your athletic types. His ideas of spending his leisure had always been bookish. Browsing in the shops along Charing Cross Road, sitting by the fire or in a deck-chair with the book of the month on his lap—that was Lester.

At once he saw himself proudly at the office, "My wife, the author, you know—her last novel . . ."

So not only did he agree but he most definitely encouraged her. Partly because he loved her; partly because he was one of those odd people to whom a writer is something god-like.

The flat became covered with sheets of paper, Helen became short-tempered and irritable, meals were served only when Helen could write no longer . . . But Lester never grumbled.

Art was being created, a book that would live for his lifetime—at least in their own bookcase—was in the making. And when she wasn't scratching away with her pen, she was reading the day's work for him.

I tell you, Literature has never acknowledged its debt to the close relatives of authors—especially to the husbands of women novelists.

Well, the novel was finished and Helen sent it to a publisher; and two months later the publisher wrote back and accepted it. It was, as it happened, a very good novel.

Bob Lester was overjoyed. Indeed, his excitement annoyed Helen, who preferred to be professional and blase.

"You behave as if no one had ever written a book before," she told him.

"Well, nobody I know ever has," he replied.

And when the novel became a best-seller a few months later, his pride and exultation were almost unbearable. He was no longer Bob Lester, no longer the mere R.J.L. of the purchasing department—he was the husband of "Helen Kimber."

Now, of course, a best-seller doesn't only bring fame. It brings also, if properly handled, quite a considerable amount of money. A fact which Helen was not slow in realising. With Bob's seven hundred a year and her royalties, they were extremely well off.

She took charge of the plans for their future existence.

"We'll buy a house at the sea," she said. "I'm sure I could write better away from London. You can come down each week-end."

"If we didn't go too far away, I could travel up to town each day," he murmured. The idea of being cut off from Monday to Friday from this literary goddess he had married was most disturbing to Lester.

"You'll find it too tiring."

"The air'll make up for that," he said.

So they found a nice and not too large Tudorish cottage at Moore Bay, on the South Coast, which, as you probably know, is served by one of the new electric lines and is about 65 minutes from town.

Quite a number of authors and painters had settled at Moore Bay, and Bob Lester was as excited as a young girl at her first dance. To live among clever artistic people had always been an impossible dream of his—and now as the husband of "Helen Kimber" the dream had materialised.

Nor was he just regarded as a mere husband. He was treated with quite unexpected kindness. The little Moore Bay clique of "people who matter" found him quite useful. He was just an ordinary man, his was the one mind round them that could reflect the public's illogical tastes. His opinion on this and that was often sought after—even begged.

I tell you, for six months Bob Lester lived at the height of human happiness. Absurd? Yes, perhaps. But what is happiness if it is not the meeting point of hopeless desire and unexpected achievement?

Life is a jig-saw, and very few of us are ever allowed to piece into a pattern the jagged edges of dreams and realities.

If we only knew when to die, Bob Lester would have died then! Before—but let events take their natural sequence.

The first blunting of Lester's happiness came about through an anonymous letter. It was sent to him at his office.

"You wouldn't be so pleased with life if you knew what your wife was up to. The writer feels it a duty to put you wise that there's another man. Take a stitch in time."

It was printed in block capitals and unsigned. The postmark was Brighton, which is, of course, not very many miles from Moore Bay.

Lester's first inclination was to take the letter to the police. It was scandalous that someone could put such infamous accusations on paper and send them through the post. His second thoughts were to ignore the thing as beneath contempt. Probably all husbands received similar communications at one time or another. What good would the police do, anyway? Best to forget it . . .

But a letter like that, with its sinister suggestions, isn't easy to forget. You can thrust it to the back of your mind, you can laugh about it as something ridiculous—but it rankles, it stirs up muddy ripples of doubt. It did with Lester.

He found himself watching his wife, quietly staring at her, weighing her up, wondering. Every time it happened he stopped himself abruptly and felt ashamed. But all the same, it went on. In a week it had become an incurable habit, like biting finger-nails.

Supposing there was another man? Supposing she had only married him to give herself the time and freedom to write? And supposing that now she had found among these new artistic friends——

You can't remain happy when you're thinking like that. And you notice things too—your eyes and your feelings acquire a sort of microscopic sensitivity.

Certainly, a normal, unsuspecting Lester would never have noticed Helen's peculiar behavior with the morning post.

Helen always had breakfast with him—she said it gave her an early start and stopped her from getting lazy.

As the author of a recent best-seller her post was generally quite heavy. But she never opened any obviously business letters until after he had gone to catch his train. Envelopes with writing or postmarks she recognised, however, she would open while they ate.

And she would always at least say whom these letters were from. Theirs was not one of those marriages in which the post was regarded as a sublime secret.

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Sarah drew their mysterious rescuer aside and tried to question him. Leon stood sulkily in the background.

REACH for the STARS

Brilliant new serial ... the romance of a girl who thought she need only lift her hand to grasp success

By MARY HOWARD

Illustrated by FISCHER

GREY stone walls, a great open fireplace with blazing logs, candlelight on glass, bright silver, fine linen, and the brilliance of flowers on the dinner table—a glittering pool of light in the medieval severity of the room.

Candlelight on the five faces round the table; golden, softening light on Sarah's white shoulders and smooth, golden head.

There was, vaguely, the atmosphere of a family quarrel; only the smallest hint of antagonism because there were guests present, and besides, the Hursts did not quarrel—they discussed; Lady Hurst with mild indifference; Sir Benjamin with charm and irony; Sarah with passionate conviction. Yet their three wills were as bared and steely as rapier blades. Not one of the three had the slightest intention of giving in.

Sir Benjamin looked across at his daughter, his blue eyes faintly mocking, faintly appreciative. He adored Sarah when she took the bit between her teeth. She was so sure of herself. She thought she had only to reach for the stars to have them in silver clusters in her slim, small hands.

Her lovely arrogance comforted him for the boy he had never had. She would have made a good boy. She was so sure of herself. Too sure.

He sighed, twisting the stem of his tall Georgian goblet. He supposed this was his fault. It was illogical to bring a child up to believe it had inherited the earth and then expect it, at nineteen, to realise its limitations.

He turned to Leon Ferrier, whose offer of a part for Sarah in his new West End show was the cause of all the trouble—a good-looking man, dark, thirtyish, sleepy-eyed, elegant—and said gently: "But what makes you suppose, Mr. Ferrier, that Sarah would make a good actress?"

The other guest said sulkily:

"Because she's so darned good-looking, isn't it, Mr. Ferrier?" There was a ripple of laughter round the table, and Sarah looked at the speaker with scornful amusement.

"You're a dog in the manger, Hugh."

Hugh Ashton looked across at her with adoring eyes. It had always been understood that Sarah and Hugh would marry. The estates of their families joined, they had been friends since their nursery days. And now, out of the blue, Sarah had decided she wanted to be an actress.

It was not, Hugh thought—and he was the sort of man who would think in the cliches of his schooldays until his dying day—it was not playing the game. He thumped the table with sudden impatience.

"But confound it, angel, why should you want to go? . . . I mean now, with hunting and everything . . ." The solid protests in his mind sounded inadequate in words. "You'll spoil everything."

"Spoil it for you, you mean," Sarah said tartly.

"I think Hugh is perfectly right," said Lady Hurst quietly. She was elegant in a beige way—hair, eyes, dress all of a color. "A real lady," the villagers called her. "You belong here, at Normanhurst. And if you really want to 'do something with your life'," she underlined the words with quiet sarcasm, "there are plenty of things you can get on with at home."

"Hunting with Hugh and visiting the tenants," Sarah said impatiently. "It's no use, mother. Mr. Ferrier has made me this offer, and it's a wonderful offer. I intend to take it."

"At the expense of a competent, trained young actress who needs the work," said her father acidly.

Sarah colored angrily. It was her father's usual argument, when she tried to break away, that she was taking a job from someone who needed it. Her curved red mouth set obstinately. She was so tired of being Miss Hurst of the Manor. She was so utterly sick of following the conventional paths laid down for her and people of her kind.

No, not people—girls. If she'd been a boy it would have been different. There would have been a hundred adventures she could have sought. She looked across at Ferrier, meeting the humorous look of sympathy and encouragement in his eyes. He believed in her, at any rate, and it wasn't fame she wanted, but the chance to choose her own path, live her own life.

She looked at his dark, powerful face—that last fortnight in London, at the end of the season when she had first met him, had been the most exciting time of her life. Change, color, people . . . new, amusing people . . . he stood for all these things.

That first evening, dining with him at the Ivy; a first night; and afterwards on to a theatrical party. It had been like a new world. These people were so vivid, so certain that what they were doing was the most important and interesting thing that anyone could do.

She felt Ferrier's eyes on her and lowered her lashes swiftly. He was exciting, too. Not just his looks, though with his air of weary elegance he was very attractive. His reputation? Sarah wasn't unaware of that, but she trusted her ability to play safely with fire. One learned one's power as one grew up. She could take care of herself—yet one would think from Daddy's attitude that she was still the merest schoolgirl.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Hugging the head . . .

● Return of the engaging fez with a high sage felt crown sprouting a huge bow and capacious snood of raspberry veiling.

● Forward-tilted, upswept brim in kingfisher blue with folded crown and "bustle" bow in chartreuse.

● Saucy little box crown of cyclamen felt with a plump twisted roll of fuchsia jersey. (Below.)

● Raspberry - and - white gingham "mammy" turban twisted up in front to a huge choux.

● The turban goes exotic in liquid gold lame, swathed and twisted to unprecedented heights. (Right.)

● Casual little flatterer in royal-blue suede, with high-soaring crown and rakish brim. (Extreme right.)

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Suave simplicity of black

● Dull black suavely draped to dramatic front fullness. Chalk-white accessories provide a daring contrast—gloves with wide gauntlets, a tiny white angora felt topper and white china jewellery. (Top left.)

● Bruyere's afternoon frock in dull-surfaced black silk, gathered at the sides, and featuring a low-cut square neck partly filled in with a cross-over swathe of black velvet. With it a large pancake straw. (Above.)

● Heavy black silk in debutante mood with short sleeves, youthful collar and tucked front panel released to give skirt fullness. Four patch pockets are embroidered with white and black flowers. (Left.)

● A full-skirted frock of black wool jersey garnished at waist and shoulders with an intricate design of silver braid and green stones. Designed by Molyneux. The tiny felt hat is misted with veiling. (Top right.)

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Airmailed from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE

Last-Minute Fashions

Sketched by PETROV

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 2/6.

Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

• The skirts of afternoon frocks are being bunched and pouched so much across the front that they have the silhouette of the Boulogne fishwife. Most of this deep folding and ruching ends at the side seams, leaving the back perfectly plain, but sometimes it ends in an elaborate bustle bow of self material at rather low waist level (1).

• Two views of Legroux Soeurs popular new two-in-one hat. The turban section is of navy-and-white dotted foulard, an effect of width gained through pleated swirls of bright red grosgrain at either side (2).

• Over this turban is worn a kettle-edge sailor type of white basketweave straw, which is a complete hat in itself. At front, it repeats the turban fabric and trimming, the turban itself forming a snood effect (3).

• White paper panama is used for Schiaparelli's darling new hat, smartly bound in black grosgrain, with a red-and-black double ribbon bow at front, above nicked crown (4).

• All Paris loves this forward-tilted little classic, weighted with anemones in several colors, and a navy-blue grosgrain bow (5).

• Beaten gold bracelets, shaped like the cuffs that nurses wear, are worn with plain, long-sleeved black frocks. Sets of gold are very popular and usually consist of flat collar, belt and cuffs, and sometimes a flat bow for hat or shoulder ornament (6).

• Blouses are very important. They are ruched and tucked, gathered and frilled, usually on to plain yokes or centre back panels. Some have double frills down the middle of the back and along the outside of tight sleeves from shoulder to wrist. They are usually pouched to give the blousy silhouette so popular just now (7).

• Mitten gloves have returned to favor. In suede, velvet, lace or taffeta they have fingers that just leave the nails bare. Lime-green is the new and very elegant glove color, and nails are being varnished very deep red for contrast. Italian quilting is being used enormously for gauntlet and back decoration (8).

HEAD ITCH is first of three warnings that spell "*Perm-ized Scalp*" . .

Then dandruff flakes and dead, falling hairs remind of still worse ahead!

TO-DAY'S "hair-do's" are the smartest of all time . . . but they can be murder for your scalp!

Artificial chemicals — parching, heating "perming" machines — burning hot air blowers . . . they sap the scalp's natural nutriment, stifle and burn the hair strands . . . And, what's *more*, you rarely brush your hair properly, but just dab a comb gently at it for fear of upsetting things!

No wonder your poor "*Perm-ized*," paralysed *scalp* cries for help! . . . First an itch, then soon a whole, all time tight, burning, prickling that makes you want to tear frantically.

Come to the rescue! . . . Ask your chemist, to-day, how **Crystolis** quickly stops the itching—re-strengthens the poor suffocated hair-cells, and re-nourishes the scalp!

Get **Crystolis** *Rapid*—the specialist's successful stimulating tonic treatment. Start to-night. **Crystolis** *Rapid* is a clear, dainty liquid that you can apply every night *without mussing up the waves and curls!* Its special action penetrates deep down into the hair roots—cleans out tight, choked-up pores—dissolves the hidden hair-wrecking dandruff germ—revitalises your hair richness!

"I am a hairdresser and, coming in contact with scalp troubles of all descriptions, I have much pleasure in saying that in every case I have recommended CRYSTOLIS — results have been satisfactory."
—R. E. GOLDSWORTHY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716804

Fashion PATTERNS

F1871.—Gathered evening style with matching jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½yds., and 1½yds. for bolero, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1872.—Flattering form fitting slip. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1873.—Draped bodice and full skirt, disciplined with corselette waistband. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F1874.—Floral town frock with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1875.—Gay plaid, with contrasting bodice and pleated swing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide, and ⅝yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F1876.—Autumn dressing gown, cosy and chic. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds., and 1¾yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1877.—Tailored frock with swing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

Special Concession Pattern

THREE charming designs for girls 6-12 years of age.

Sizes 6-8, 8-10, and 10-12 years.

No. 1.—Requires 2½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3018.—Snug ski-ing outfit with contrast bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., and ⅜yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F2853.—Skating frock punctuated with buttons and a tiny sleeveless bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F2939.—Water-waisted skating frock with whirligig skirt and tucked bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅝yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1257. — Gaily-striped ski-ing jacket topping sleekly-tailored trousers. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1¾yds., 54ins. wide for trousers, and 2¼yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1878.—Trim shirt and trousers for active sports. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2yds. for shirt, and 2¾yds. for trousers, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1584.—Tennis frock with abbreviated skirt and tucked bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1759.—Hooded frock with pleated skirt and buttoned jacket top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F2554.—Tailored 'jamas with contrast trim. 10-16 years. Requires: 4⅜yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/-.

F1024.—Dainty nightie with youthful yoke. 2-12 years. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1343.—Sturdy overalls and gay blouse. 2-12 years. Requires: 1⅛yds. for blouse, and 1¾yds. for overalls, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F4590.—Trim dressing gown. 4-10 years. Requires: 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1010.—Well-fitting easy-to-make suit. 4-10 years. Requires: 1⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F2633.—Adorable pocketed coat with contrast binding. 1-6 years. Requires: 1¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1237.—Swing-skirted style for a sub-deb. 10-16 years. Requires: 3⅜yds., and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1456.—Slender jacket top, and whirling pleated skirt. 6-12 years. Requires: 3⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1009.—Pinafore frock in button-up trend. 2-8 years. Requires: 1⅛yds. for blouse, and 1½yds. for pinafore, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

ALL patterns in this issue (except Special Concession Patterns) are obtainable from our Pattern Department and from leading stores. Concession patterns available only at the Pattern Department.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F1790.—Tailored suit with extended shoulders and slim, pocketed skirt. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1820. — Uplift draped bodice and flared skirt for an afternoon frock. Notice, too, the slender waistline. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1781.—Unusual bodice with full skirt flowing from a long torso line. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1756. — Charming hooded frock, with pleated skirt, simple buttoned top and corselette waistline. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1807.—Attractive winter suit, with swing skirt and tailored jacket. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 2¾yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1745.—New style, featuring bustle trend on an otherwise smartly plain frock. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1776. — Semi-bustle style, with draped bodice, unusual sleeves, and flared skirt. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 2¾yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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Thicker, Richer New RINSO SUDS

are EXTRA RICH to get clothes BRILLIANT Safely

The moment you pop your clothes into the copper, New Rinso's hard-working suds get busy! Masses of fine-bubble suds that loosen and remove even stubborn, *worn-in* dirt. So your clothes come out clean as clean . . . perfectly dazzling. Rinso alone gets this wonderful whiteness—without any help from extras.

COLOURS CLEARER, GAYER!
Through wash after wash with New Improved Rinso colours come up bright and unfaded, silks and woollens stay new-looking . . lovely.

PERFECTLY SAFE FOR HANDS
No more sore, dry hands and split nails if you wash with the New Rinso! You'll find these extra-gentle suds as mild as if you did your whole big wash with complexion soap. And what is kind to sensitive skin is kind to clothes.

RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL
No Soaking Needed Now!
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BIG, NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

The L-Murder

Continued from Page 7

LESTER always collected the letters from the front door mat when he came downstairs. And one morning he noticed—quite by chance—a letter with a Moore Bay postmark addressed to Helen in type. He put it with the several others beside her plate.

Right from the moment he saw it he was oddly suspicious about that letter. And when he saw her go through the post and blush nervously as soon as she opened it, he felt convinced.

He saw, too, that although the envelope had been typed the letter inside was written.

She pushed it back into the envelope hastily.

"I never seem to get any ordinary letters now," she laughed. "All business this morning again." She might have been able to write novels, but she was rotten as an actress.

Bob Lester's blood froze. Why had she pretended that letter was just a business letter? Why had she bothered to go out of her way to lie about it? There was something going on—she was deceiving him.

All day at the office his thoughts spun round in a whirlpool of jealousy. He bought a hundred tons of coke for one of the firm's works at three shillings a ton above the market price.

It wasn't fair. It was only through his income she'd had the chance of writing at all. And now, when she'd made herself financially independent, she was treating him like this. He saw himself losing everything. Not only Helen—but this new life that had brought him so much happiness.

One thing to feel respected and looked up to in an artistic colony—quite another to wonder whether you were not already their secret laughing-stock.

But he remained as level-headed as his frame of mind would allow him. He must wait—wait till he knew who the man was.

. . . . . .

Lester didn't have to wait long. Five days later another typed envelope with the Moore Bay postmark arrived.

Mrs. R. J. Lester,
Lullings,
The Drive,
Moore Bay.

That was all he could see without opening the letter. Just those words. But they were enough!

The capital L's were out of alignment. They dropped slightly below their neighbors both in "Lester" and "Lullings."

At breakfast Helen repeated her previous behaviour. The letter, this time unopened, was placed among the "business" pile—but not without a momentary start of guilt when she first saw it.

Bob Lester felt calmer that morning in the train than he had felt for days. He was like a sick man whose doctor has at last told him the name of his ailment. He was no longer dealing with something vague and unknown. The man who was betraying him was the man in Moore Bay who typed on a machine with the capital "L" out of alignment. Not for nothing was Lester an occasional reader of detective fiction.

Once again he knew he had only to wait—to wait patiently while chances came to him of examining the few typewriters there could be in Moore Bay.

It took six weeks. Six weeks during which ten of those letters had come to Lullings; six weeks in which Lester had seen only two typewriters.

He and Helen went one night to a roadhouse party somewhere behind Brighton. They came back in separate cars.

Lester was in Martin Lee's two-seater. Martin Lee was one of the Moore Bay painters—a water-color man. The third occupant of the car was young Richards, a free-lance journalist whom the clique had lately adopted, more out of pity than anything else.

Lee pulled up at the dingy, old-fashioned house where Richards had a cheap, top-floor flat.

"I wish you'd both come in and have a drink," said Richards.

At first they refused. Silly to encourage a young man with little money to be over-generous, and Richards had already spent quite a good deal that evening.

But he pressed them. An uncle had sent him some really super sherry and he'd feel most hurt if they didn't . . .

So they climbed the rickety staircase.

"Fraid the place isn't up to much," said Richards. "But I can guarantee the sherry."

He went out of the room to fetch it.

Lester and Lee looked round self-consciously. When you're reasonably well off yourself, the poverty of a friend or acquaintance isn't pleasant. And that room had poverty stamped all over it.

"Free-lance journalism, eh?" murmured Lee. "Poor devil!" He jerked his head pityingly towards a table in the corner on which was an old typewriter with an unfinished article hanging over the roller.

Lester strolled casually towards it. Not that he really thought it could be. Richards—the fellow was only a boy, anyway . . . But still, he might as well glance at any Moore Bay typewriter.

It was an article on the centenary of the death of Charles Lamb. But Lester didn't get past the title—the "L" was out of alignment.

"Don't be too critical," said young Richards' voice behind him. "Remember, I'm trying to write for the masses."

They sampled the "super sherry" and Lester tried to control his face and voice while they talked about modern journalism. This—this boy of twenty-three or twenty-four!

Lee wondered why Richards hadn't stayed in London where he could be in such close touch with Fleet Street.

"I can write more here—and better stuff, too," said Richards. "London's too distracting. Down here I can take a moonlight stroll along the cliffs and think up half a dozen ideas. Something to do with the air or the feeling of height, I suppose. Makes you feel individual and important. Whereas in London——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"FOR all that young man's talk," said Lee five minutes later as he was driving Lester home, "I don't think he's doing any too well."

Bob Lester said nothing. Doing badly or not, Richards was having an affair with Helen. And he often took lonely moonlight strolls along the cliffs.

That night Lester didn't sleep. An idea had taken shape in his mind, an ugly and terrible idea that had no place there. But he couldn't throw it out. Instead it grew.

Remember, his mind for weeks had been racked by suspicion and jealousy. When a man's mind gets like that everything is distorted. By the time morning came that new idea was swamping everything else; there was nothing Lester could think of that didn't lead to it. All day in the office it was gripping him. On the way back to Moore Bay he could hear it in the noise of the train.

Gentlemen, I'm not trying to defend Lester. I'm merely telling you what happened—what had to happen!

He went for a stroll along the cliffs himself next night. There wasn't much moonlight—the sky was sullen with clouds. And he saw walking slowly some hundred or so yards ahead of him the unmistakable figure of Richards.

Quietly and quickly he drew closer. There wasn't another soul within sight or hearing.

He didn't pounce on Richards. The idea in his mind was too dangerous to be bungled stupidly. Richards was young and strong; Lester was fat and forty. It needed subtlety, cleverness.

"I say," he said softly.

Richards started and swung round.

"Hullo, what are you doing here?"

"Don't make a noise," said Lester in a half-whisper. "You'll disturb them."

Richards stared at him.

"Just over there." Lester went on and pointed to the edge of the cliff. "If ever there was an idea for an article——"

Please turn to Page 18

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows That Way.

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any first-class chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a harmless, yet most powerful germicide, and two ounces last a very long time.***

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RANDWICK . . . a new fashion season opens

● Smart chapeaux and trim tailoreds chosen by attractive members of Sydney society for the Autumn Race Meeting at Randwick.

MRS. RUTH WILSON chooses a Howard Hodge model decorated with auxiliary-red coq feathers to top off a black ensemble.

TURQUOISE JERSEY ANGORA in Foreign Legion style is the choice of Marcelle Bishop, of Gunnedah, who spends most of her time in Sydney working for the Lord Mayor's Fund.

MARY O'KEEFE contrasts her pale blue, light wool frock with wine felt hat and accessories. Her sister Ina wears navy-blue - and - white plaid, adding a touch of Legion-red in her cravat, handbag, and hat cockade.

A SWIRL OF BLACK VELVET fashions this tiny model for Joan McGrath. Decorative and definitely versatile.

SHIRLEY POYNTER'S felt doll's hat with saucer brim matches brown gloves and accessories of her tucked, light wool blue frock.

TWO VIEWS of lovely model chosen by Pat Murray to suit her auburn hair. Front shows ultra-wide halo brim of brown velvet. Side view gives a glimpse of peak crown and brim of beige felt.

JOCELYN POYNTER wears a leopard-skin jacket as the only relief with her tailored navy angora frock and off-the-face velour.

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WEAR PELACO SHIRTS, THEY ARE GOOD, THEY FIT, AND THE PATTERNS ARE BEAUTIFUL.

Pelaco SHIRTS

with SPOT-WELDED COLLARS

The L-Murder

Continued from Page 16

RICHARDS fell like a lamb and then walked to the edge. And then he fell like a stone when Lester pushed him.

There was nothing about it in the morning papers. There was nobody talking about it on the station or in the train. Not till the evening papers came out did the rest of the world learn that the body of a young man named Richards had been found on the shore below the cliffs at Moore Bay.

When he got home he handed Helen the paper.

"I suppose you've heard already?"

"Heard? What?"

"About young Richards." He jabbed his finger on the few lines at the foot of the front page.

She read it almost without moving a muscle of her face.

"How—how dreadful!" she said. "I've been indoors all day working—I suppose that's why I didn't hear of it. Poor fellow!"

Her calmness might have deceived anyone else. But not Lester. He knew she was calm because she had to be—because she dare not give herself away to him. Just as he had been calm all day although he had committed murder. Necessity is the mother of more than invention.

At dinner they hardly discussed it.

Three days later a verdict of accidental death was brought in at the inquest. There was a certain amount of evidence about the dead man's strained finances. But, as the coroner kindly pointed out, such evidence was insufficient.

Well, gentlemen, there was your perfect murder. Simple, unsuspected, and traceless.

And Lester felt no remorse, no twinges of conscience. In fact his outlook on life was almost immediately pleasanter and calmer than it had been for weeks. A man had been destroying his happiness, robbing him of his peace of mind—and now that man had been eliminated. To Lester it was merely justice.

Then, about a week later, he and Helen went to a charity bridge drive—something to do with the Moore Bay Cottage Hospital. At the interval Lester found himself sitting with two strangers and a man he vaguely knew as Johnson, the local estate agent.

Johnson, like himself, was fat and fortyish; his clothes and his tongue always seemed just a shade too sleek. Still, he'd "made" Moore Bay—and a good deal of money for himself in the process.

Not unnaturally the talk hovered round the tragedy of young Richards.

"Peculiarly enough," said Johnson, "I'd never met the fellow until four or five days before it happened. I did him a good turn in a smallish way—not that it was much use as it turned out. I'd heard he was desperately upset because his typewriter had 'konked' out. Well, I had an old one at home I hardly ever used, so I sold it to him for ten bob. I tell you, he was so grateful about it I wished afterwards I'd let him have it for nothing."

So much, gentlemen, for your "perfect murder!" So perfect that the only doubt anyone had was whether it was suicide or accidental death. So perfect that only by his own confession could the murderer be caught. And there perfection ended.

What were the results? What could be the results?

From that moment at the bridge drive Lester's nerve completely deserted him. He became morbid and sleepless, brooding and silent . . .

Johnson — how could Helen have fallen in love with Johnson? A man quite outside Moore Bay's artistic colony, a man of his own age—of his own ordinariness. And because of those things a man far more dangerous than a youth like Richards.

But Lester had no nerve left to plan another murder. Besides, he no longer cared.

HE had killed a young man, deliberately murdered him—for no reason whatever. The rest of his life was nothing but a grim and losing struggle between his conscience and himself. Helen, his own happiness, his self-respect—these things were now forgotten trifles.

He lost his job—he lost Helen—he lost any further desire to go on living . . .

The melancholy man paused. His eyes roved across our faces sadly, like a lost dog's. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Nevertheless, gentlemen," he concluded, "he had committed one of your perfect murders."

Without another word he bowed and walked out of the lounge.

The Colonel was the first to speak—as usual.

"He—he shouldn't have told us," he spluttered. "A responsibility like that—making us all accessories——"

"You mean it's his own story—that he's Lester?"

"Obviously. Dammit, we ought to inform the police!"

"Don't you think he's already been punished enough?" I said. "Indeed, the law's penalty might have been a much kinder one."

It was a fortunate remark for it gave the educational expert from Florida an opening for his favorite lecture—the failure of capital punishment.

We listened while his monotonous voice droned on. We forgot, or at any rate were unable to talk about, the wretched Lester. There is no conversation when an American educationist holds the floor.

And then suddenly the door was thrown open. It was one of the stewards, looking incredibly agitated.

"Er—doctor," he called out, "case for you upstairs, sir."

I got up leisurely. In an Atlantic liner one never gives the impression than anything is needed urgently. A passenger's bilious attack can soon be gossiped into an outbreak of cholera.

"What's the trouble?" I said, as soon as the lounge door had closed behind us.

"Passenger tried to throw himself overboard, sir. One of the men saw him just in time. He didn't take any too kindly to the interruption, sir. 'Fraid we had to knock him out."

"Where've you left him?"

"Still on the deck, sir."

"Know who he is?"

"Not one of my lot, sir, so I don't. Seen him about but I don't know his name."

"Very miserable-looking individual, grey suit, about forty-five, rather thin on top?"

"You've 'it on him."

"I thought so."

I wasn't surprised. A calm night sea has a fatal pull to a man in the mood Lester was in. I ought to have followed him when he left the lounge.

I had him taken to his cabin.

He came to some fifteen minutes later.

"I hope you've learnt your lesson," I said.

"Why couldn't they have left me alone?" he groaned.

"You were a fool to tell that story. However, I don't suppose any of them will give you away—they'll soon forget."

"Give me away?"

"Yes, Mr. 'Lester.'" I said quietly.

He laughed. It wasn't a desperate, hollow laugh. It sounded like the first laugh of a man after a year of melancholy.

"Lester!" he said. "I'm not Lester."

"I see. You just made that yarn up."

"Oh, it was true enough—darned true."

"Then how did you know——"

"Lester's dead. He died from influenza in two days—hadn't the will to live. He told Helen everything."

"Then who are you?"

He looked up at me miserably.

"I'm the other man whose life was ruined by a perfect murder. Johnson—the second husband of the woman novelist!"

(Copyright)

So well you knew

I once beheld a mother lift her head
And know instinctively her child had woken;
And in that same strange way I answered you,
Although no conscious word was penned or spoken.

And as I walked to you, on eager feet,
I saw you waiting, watching down the street,
Upon your table in the shaded light
The book I loved was there for my delight.

And all about your room, so well you knew,
Were blue forget-me-nots, intensely blue.
Oh! Why conceal such sweet telepathy,
Pretending you had not expected me!

—YVONNE WEBB.

Have you ever heard

A Caterpillar talk?

A Rabbit lose its temper?

A Lizard speak?

A March Hare getting mad?

A Dodo sing?

A Dormouse broadcast?

A Mock Turtle mock?

A Mad Hatter laugh?

A Duchess say 'Off with his head'?

Next Tuesday at 6.45 p.m. you will hear the first episode of the most brilliant fantasy on the air . . . The Radio Version of the Greatest Fairy Story in the World

Alice in Wonderland

2GB

EVERY TUESDAY AT 6.45 p.m.

Two Friends the same age!

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONE TAKES HARSH LAXATIVES EVERY DAY!

This housewife thought nothing of taking harsh laxatives every day. She didn't realise that they were stealing away her youth and beauty.

Just a little All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar keeps this woman regular, young and attractive.

Every time you pour harsh purges and laxatives down your throat you shock your intestinal muscles into unnatural action. It's like punching them into action with a fist! Every dose makes those delicate muscles weaker. Your head aches . . you feel sluggish . . you look *old!*

Here is the natural and safe way to relieve constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies natural "bulk" needed to furnish regular elimination. All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning . . . with milk and sugar, or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Within a week you should be well again. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer TO-DAY!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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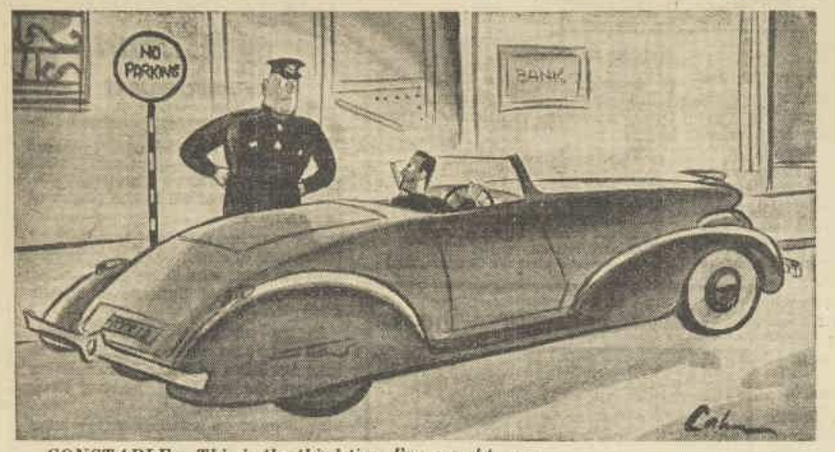
Some NEW LAUGHS



CONSTABLE: This is the third time I've caught you.
JOVIAL MOTORIST: Ha! And now I suppose you think I'm yours for keeps?

"Look, dear! I've putted it!"

LANDLADY: There is a mouse in the pantry. What shall I do?
BOARDER: Lock him in and let him starve.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"Must you look so natural?"

"Are you going to Enid's golden wedding?"
"Golden wedding?"
"Yes, she's marrying a millionaire."

New Canadian Mixture praised for NASTY, HANG-ON CHILDREN'S COUGHS

"Immensely superior . . . tremendously in advance"— says Doctor.

COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special, triple-strength, — *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action — more effective — quicker — than anything ever known in Australia. First dose definitely stops coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold! *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture contains no "dope." Sweetens upset stomachs.

• Few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without *Buckley's*. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid — little lives may depend on swift, definite — certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away — ***and have restful sleep to-night!***

As supplied to the Canadian Government — and to Canadian Mounted Police.

9 million bottles sold.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

"A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"BUT, my dear," said her mother-in-law, "any woman would be satisfied with what Henry says he gives you."

"So would I."

"OH, then you're a golfer!"

"No. I learnt to swear in the army."

ORATOR: Remember, my friends, we are all of the same mould.

Voice from the Back: Yes; but some are mouldier than others.

THE jeweller's assistant was being married and was presenting the bride with the ring when he hesitated.

"With this ring—" prompted the minister.

"With this ring," said the bridegroom, "we give a written guarantee reminding the customer that the price will be refunded if it is not as represented."

FIRST Motorist: I ran across old Smith yesterday.

Second Do.: How was he looking?

First Do.: He wasn't—that's why I ran across him.

"I QUARREL with my husband regularly once a week."

"My husband is paid monthly."

JIMMY: Dad! I dreamt last night that you gave me a shilling.

Dad: Well, for being a good boy, you may keep it.

SAFETY FIRST!

Don't let that 'Harmless' Scratch become Septic

The slightest scratch may become septic. Never neglect it! Apply Cuticura Ointment at once. It is the finest possible safeguard against festering and blood-poisoning — the quickest, surest healer of skin eruptions and injuries. Cuticura Ointment kills any germ or poison you may pick up, and keeps the rest away until the injury is safely and cleanly healed. For safety's sake, always keep a tin of this unfailing healer.

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal

Ulcers, Bad Legs, Pimples, Boils, Abscesses, Eczema, Cuts, Burns, and Septic Festering Eruptions.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

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An Editorial

MARCH 30, 1940

THE WEATHER IS BIG NEWS

A TOURIST who arrived in Australia recently was surprised on walking into a city church to find the congregation praying for rain for the farmers and graziers outback.

In Australia, a primary producing country, the weather is a matter of life and death.

On its favor depend the success of crops, the survival of flocks and herds.

Drought, floods, bushfires—the three great natural phenomena of Australian life—make us more conscious of weather than any other race in the world.

And yet many of us think the weather-man is a humorous person who encourages us to take an umbrella on a fine day and wear goloshes in a heat-wave. Fun for the cartoonist, but as a tipster not so hot.

But meteorology is a vastly greater thing than that. Australian explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins said that it wasn't adventure that took him on polar trips; it was the infinitely greater task of mapping and charting weather conditions.

The poet who spoke of winds that blew from pole to pole was not merely making a nice melody of words; he was stating a meteorological fact—the secrets of the poles may be the key to more accurate weather forecasts of the future.

The weather-man has charted the seas, checked the wind, measured the tides in efforts accurately to indicate the weather.

Backed by research of organisation he saves the nation millions of pounds a year by giving flood warnings, forecasting heat-waves and bushfire danger.

Wherever a farmer scans the sky for rain, a grazier looks at the lowering sky, afraid for the safety of his flocks should the floods come, the weather-man can help them with advice and forecasts backed by knowledge and experience.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Final leave

QUEENSLAND members of the 2nd A.I.F. evidently made themselves popular in Maitland and Newcastle (N.S.W.) when in camp at Rutherford before coming to Ingleburn.

When the interstate troop trains passed through those towns taking the lads on their final leave, every house along the railway was lined with enthusiastic householders waving handkerchiefs, tablecloths, or even front-door mats.

When the train left South Brisbane station on return a few bright spirits souvenired a policeman's cap.

12,000 free meals

HAVE heard from South Australia that since November no fewer than 12,000 free meals have been given to soldiers by the Cheer Up Society in Adelaide.

Organising secretary Mrs. G. E. Hawkes beams benevolently on her "boys" when they come in to the society's rooms in Pirie Street, because she regards them all as her family.

"I wouldn't like to have to shop with a basket for my family. It's much too large. We have to get in huge quantities of food. And as for pies, I have seen so many thousands of them that I hope that after the war I don't ever have to look another pie in the face again," she says.

Those censors!

EXTRACT from a letter received from an Australian nurse aboard one of the troopships which carried the first contingent.

"We have just been ashore at our first foreign port. I'm afraid I can't mention its name . . . There were hundreds of natives . . . lots of old bullock carts . . . and, of course, rickshaws . . . We arranged to meet the boys at the famous Galle Face Hotel . . ."

The censor, I am sure, will be horrified to know that we guessed the port was New York right away.

Red-blooded

A GIRL friend of mine who works at a book receiving depot for the troops says people are all for the red-blooded adventure tales for the men in camp. Here's a list she culled from one week's deliveries of gift books:

Green Hell, Under Fire, Death of a Hero, Chaos Is Come Again, Hell Let Loose, Valiant Dust, Guncotton, Bullets Bite Deep, The End of the Chapter, and R.I.P.

Such a shame

GERMANS complain that, despite their excellent treatment of the Poles, atrocities continue. (News item.)

O! the Gentle German smiled
As he fed the Polish child
With milk and honey from a jar;
Which shows how gentle Germans are.
And as the German turned his eyes
Upon the everlasting skies
That baby hit him on the head.
At least that's what the German said!

Winnie the war winner

"That looks better already, don't you think, Mabel?"

Footsore

FOOTSLOGGING seems to be having its effect on militiamen at Mt. Martha (Vic.) Camp.

Even tennis star Adrian Quist, whose adroit footwork on the court should have made him a pretty tough subject for route marches and what not, had to stay in camp instead of going to a particularly important dance in Frankston—because of his "poor feet."

And apparently even the braw laddies of the Victorian Scottish Regiment know what it is to be footsore.

One very urgent request sent up to mothers, wives and sweethearts who run a special comforts fund for them in Melbourne was for 20lbs. of talc, powder—to be used as a pick-me-up for tired feet.

Caring for the war orphans of China

By MARY ELLIOTT

ONE of the greatest problems facing China on the home front is that of providing for the refugees of whom there are more than 60,000,000. Most pathetic of all is the plight of the children.

The war has deprived hundreds of thousands of children of their homes and parents, who have been killed either in actual fighting or in air raids.

In the north-west the peasants, both men and women, have had to take up arms to defend themselves against the invaders, leaving their children uncared for.

The story of the sufferings of these mites who have trudged many weary miles, hungry and forlorn, is heart-rending.

But the Chinese are grappling with the problem, as with so many of the difficult tasks that face them.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has given a lead, and has appealed for the establishment of institutions to take care of the war orphans.

She herself contributes largely to their upkeep, and takes a personal interest in their progress.

Her sister, Madame Sun Yat Sen, widow of the great Nationalist leader, also devotes much time to the orphanages. She is president of the China Defence League, which includes care of the children among the numerous branches of its work.

The orphanages are situated inland, as far removed as practicable from the danger of air raids.

They provide the children with food, clothing, and medical attention, as well as giving them an education to fit them for their future life—to give them back the heritage of which war deprived them.

Whatever dreadful memories of this present period the Chinese boys and girls carry through life, they will also remember the kindness of those who cared for them in their suffering.

Children walked

HERE are the routine and activities of a typical establishment. "Somewhere in the north-west," in a quiet little town in the midst of a beautiful landscape of mountains and rivers, is an orphanage containing 220 children whose ages range from six months to twelve years.

This particular orphanage was previously situated elsewhere but air raids were frequent and it was decided to move.

That meant a journey, and such journeys in China must be made on foot.

The staff and bigger children walked for three days, and the babies and smaller children were carried on litters. All reached their destination safely.

Now that they are established in their new quarters, the normal routine is followed. The older children get up at 6 a.m, and retire at 8 p.m. Those between the ages of 6 and 12 have five school periods a day, while those from three to six have three periods. Their life is very simple and regular, and much attention is paid to cleanliness and hygiene. They wear blue or grey uniforms, and have padded overcoats for the winter.

They are examined by a doctor three times a month.

Food is simple but nutritious, consisting mainly of rice, vegetables, and a little meat. On account of the difficulty of obtaining milk, the number of babies has to be limited.

The children have a club of their own, with special theatre and singing groups.

They issue their own wall newspaper. They volunteer for work among the peasants, carrying firewood and doing all kinds of odd jobs.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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ARCHAEOLOGY . . . reduced to simple decimals

"Never snigger at a mummy"—a warning to women

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorist. Illustrated by WEP.

Having been ordered to write something about archaeology by the Editor, who takes a fiendish delight in springing these things on me, I spent five minutes in the library finding out what it means.

Now I know all about it. It has to do with bones and urns and mummies and other useless trash.

SO thorough am I in collecting information for our readers that I actually went along to the museum and had a look at one of these mummies.

How the blazes they got about with all that stuff on them, I don't know. This particular mummy I saw looked like a soldier who had started to put on his puttees and didn't know where to knock off. Either that or the Egyptian Boy Scouts had been having first-aid practice on him.

Of course, arch—(you don't mind me calling it arch? It's so much easier)—arch does not confine itself to the examination of sarcophagi.

How's that? Sarcophagi. Solution next week.

Archaeologists can tell at one glance that a mummy is three thousand five hundred years and two months old. Don't ask me how. It's a gift.

Tutankhamen, for instance. They even knew his name. Furthermore, they knew how to spell it, which beats me.

SOME of the hieroglyphics found on the mummy inspected by L. W. Lower.—Drawing by L. W. Lower.

I asked the liftdriver how to spell it and he said, "You'd better go home and have a lie down for a while. Have you eaten anything in the last couple of days?" That's all the assistance I get in this place.

Bones also come into the science of arch.

Given one fair-sized bone, a good archaeologist (Congratulations!) can reconstruct a gigantic prehistoric animal with a neck fourteen feet long and tell you that it lived on nuts that grew in the paleozoic mud. Also that it originally had feathers.

I'd like you to understand that I am not decrying this particular branch of scientific research.

As my wife says to her friends: "Lennie? Oh, I let him potter about with his books, and collection of sea-shells. It keeps him out of mischief. If he wasn't doing that he'd be doing something else and I'd have the police here again."

So any of you who think that the science of arch is all bunk can pipe down, as we say in the Navy.

Among my discoveries during excavations in Egypt I found an exquisitively hand-carved wireless set with alabaster tuning-knobs. It was in almost perfect condition, except for the valves. I have it at home now.

Made to order

ONE need not go abroad to make these ar———ogical discoveries.

There are aboriginal stone carvings to be found in various parts of Australia which throw a great deal of light on the habits and superstitions of one of the earliest races on earth.

I know this for a fact, because a couple of years ago I was on holidays in North Queensland and carved out something like a giraffe on a rock, having nothing else to do.

It has since been discovered and investigated, and it is found that this rock carving was done by a primitive tribe who came from Malaya in canoes about 1200 B.C.

Then there's flint arrow-heads. They are usually dug up somewhere around Stonehenge in England. The manufacture of flint arrow-heads keeps the natives of Stonehenge busy day and night.

At home I have the original spear which killed Captain Cook. There are 3500 other spears of the same kind distributed about the world, so you can imagine how thoroughly the Captain was speared.

I am not sure whether this has anything to do with ARCHAEOLOGY, but it is, I think, slightly relevant.

The Major Domo of this house has just asked me if I wanted to burn the house down. Women are strange.

"Why should I wish to burn the house down?" I asked. "It's quite a nice house. Handy to the tram and beach."

"Archaeology is a pick and shovel job," says L. W. Lower. "And if you don't find anything people regard you as being barmy."

She then, rather heatedly, referred to a slight smouldering on the carpet.

I am willing to pay five shillings above the basic wage to any man who will take the blame for all the wrong things I do. He'll have a full-time job. Double rates for overtime.

To get back to it, after that little dust-up, I would advise you all to take up the study of arch. "There are sermons in stones and something in the something brook," to quote a well-known poet.

Tennyson, I think. Doesn't matter. He's dead, anyhow.

Who, gazing upon the gaunt, parched, withered face of a mummy, can refrain from saying, "There, if I weren't here, might be me"? It is a thought.

Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it to you girls, but never snigger at a mummy. You may be like it yourself some day.

But away with this sentimental stuff! I've got hot news.

Professor Vonsitt, who was investigating some ruins in Tibet, was bitten by a female hyena last week. It remains to be seen whether the laugh is on the hyena or the professor.

A final warning to people who wish to be archaeologists. It's a pick-and-shovel job. And if you don't find anything people say, "There you are! I told you he was barmy."

Shampoo *IN LUXURY!*

It costs very little to keep your hair fresh, fragrant and really lovely to look at. Simply shampoo *regularly* with the world's luxury shampoo—Amami. No. 1 for brunettes. No. 5 for blondes. If you prefer a liquid shampoo, get the best—Amami liquid Soapless Shampoo.

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You can make fashionable waves and curls at home! It's so easy with a few drops of Amami Wave Set. Follow the simple directions enclosed with every bottle, and you'll quickly have the lovely setting you desire.

AMAMI WAVE SET

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TIRED IN THE MORNINGS?

If a late night makes you late for breakfast.
If two late nights make you long for bed.
If Monday mornings find you shuddering.
And Sundays find you snoring.
If "off-colour", "below par", "under the weather" have crept into your talk.
Suspect constipation.
Even if you are "regular"—*suspect constipation.*
You may be "regular", yet expel incompletely. Poisons are left. Contaminate the blood. Slow you down. Sap your vigour.
For this condition there is a simple prescription. Doctors have been repeating it for years. It is Kruschen Salts. Food fads come and go. Fashions in diet have their day and are forgotten. But Kruschen Salts remain unquestioned. They don't drug you. They don't scour you. There is nothing secret about them. The analysis is on every bottle. And doctors recognise this analysis as a basic prescription for a basic disorder.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

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SILVO safeguards silver's loveliness, preserving and maintaining its beauty. Being a liquid polish, SILVO cleans and polishes the surface quickly and easily and is clean and convenient in use.

International Silver Co., who designed this graceful Rose and Scroll flower basket, suggest Silvo as the safe polish to give your silver the kindly care it deserves.

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Serious Chances
Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic and there is also danger of ulceration, and forming of Fistula, both very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cures made by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name DOAN'S. ...

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 8

SHE looked up with swift defiance.

"I should need the work, too," she said, "I shouldn't expect you to pay for anything you so obviously disapprove of. Mr. Ferrier has offered me fifteen pounds a week."

Sir Benjamin whistled incredulously. "Mr. Ferrier has courage. I suppose that is the highest rate for unskilled labor that I have ever heard of. In my young days a budding actress went into the Gaiety chorus, or the crowd at the Lyceum, or toured the provinces in 'East Lynne.' Or played in repertory and Shakespeare until she knew her business," he signalled to the butler to refill his glass, "but I take it that Mr. Ferrier is going to play Pygmalion to your Galatea, and mould you into a star in a fortnight's rehearsals?"

"Things are a little different nowadays, Sir Benjamin." Ferrier spoke for the first time since the subject had been broached. His deep, trained, accentless actor's voice ruffled the smooth pool of their discussion. "Stars are made overnight. Every day you hear of it."

He hesitated, and smiled with that mechanical but vivid charm that had so often persuaded leading ladies to have their best lines cut, and character actors to accept half the salary they had intended to ask for. "Sarah's isn't the star part. Noreen Manet is playing the lead. But this is an important part, too. It calls for loveliness, and Sarah is lovely——" She glanced at him in swift gratitude. It was wonderful to have such a staunch ally in the face of family opposition.

"It is the role of a young society girl of the last century," he went on, "the type Sarah knows, almost the language she speaks—and while she is playing her part she will be getting experience and can, as you say, learn her business."

"In other words, Sarah has to play Sarah in a crinoline," Sir Benjamin glanced at his wife, and she rose to leave them, Sarah unwillingly rising with her. This stupid convention of the ladies leaving first—all the most interesting things were discussed then. As they left the dining-room, Sir Benjamin said shrewdly, "You're sure you're not after publicity of the 'Baronet's daughter becomes actress' type, Mr. Ferrier?"

Ferrier glanced at him, mentally labelling him "a hard nut to crack," and grinned with well-simulated honesty. "Why not? If I don't give it out officially the papers will be on to it in a flash. That's part of the window-dressing. Sarah knows that."

Sir Benjamin's thin, aristocratic face turned suddenly cold with disapproval. "She doesnt' object?"

"No. Why should she? If she's going to be an actress one of the first things she should understand is the value of publicity."

The women had gone; the conflict came out into the open. Sir Benjamin looked at the dark, clever face which he instinctively distrusted, and knew of the quick commercial mind behind that bored and sleepy facade — knew, too, of Ferrier's mixed reputation.

He had met him in London, and heard him spoken of in the clubs as a maker of successes and stars—particularly women stars; a builder of clever publicity. "Ferrier makes a girl an artist; whether she remains one when he's tired of her is the proof of her own ability."

Sarah, he thought irritably, had bitten off more than she could chew if she thought she could charm this particular snake. Ferrier was thirty-five—no Hugh to eat adoringly out of her pretty hands. A dangerous man, and that, counfound it, was why women liked him. Incomprehensible creatures, women. Their whole lives a search for security, yet a man as dangerous as a rattlesnake could make them fall like a ton of bricks. But Sarah had never wanted security—she was like a boy; she sought adventure.

Sir Benjamin was worried, and he disliked being worried; it gave him indigestion. What was even more irritating was that Ferrier, with his confidence in her, or rather his confidence in his own ability to turn her into something the London public would pay to see, held the winning card. In the face of it, every reasonable objection seemed old-fashioned prejudice and stuffy conventionality.

BUT in spite of her desire to "live her own life," Sarah was Miss Sarah Hurst of Normanhurst. She had family and wealth behind her. She was no struggling little chorus girl to be made use of and left to go her own way.

Perhaps he was worrying unduly. "Live her own life." Sir Benjamin smiled—that eternal cry of youth for a state that isn't humanly possible. Everyone ultimately lives for someone else. Sarah had that to learn. It might be an interesting experiment to see how the kid panned out without parental and financial backing, but no one was going to experiment with his Sarah, certainly not Mr. Leon Ferrier—it was too risky.

Sir Benjamin sighed and rose. Better play the heavy father first and try to nip Ferrier's plans and Sarah's ambition in the bud.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I object to my name being used for publicity, Mr. Ferrier. If Sarah has any genuine ambitions to go on the stage, she can go to the School of Dramatic Art in London. But to this present idea I can give neither my approval nor consent."

Ferrier grinned. The perfect parliamentary manner. He must note that for old French's playing of Lord Guy in the new show.

"I'm sorry, too," he finished his port, and rose. "And I'm sorry I can't promise to cease persuading Sarah. Without being conceited, if she has my support, she won't need any other."

The two men's glances met, knowing each other's strength, both heartily disliking and yet grudgingly admiring everything the other stood for.

"An ultimatum, eh?" The candlelight silvered Sir Benjamin's head as he stooped to stub out his cigar. "What if you withdraw your support later, Mr. Ferrier? You have been known to, I believe."

A palpable hit. Ferrier's sleepy eyes suddenly glittered. The old boy knew quite a lot.

"Having once given it, it would be economically unsound to withdraw it," he said curtly.

"Until the play was proved a success or until it closed," said Sir Benjamin succinctly. "Well, there it is. If Sarah goes back to London she knows what to expect from me. She'll just be one of a thousand untrained, theatrically ambitious girls, on her own."

"I entirely agree with you, sir," put in Hugh, a trifle pompously. He was filled with secret delight. This should put a stop to Sarah's rot. At least, he hoped it would. He tried to suppress a sense of misgiving. Sarah took her fences courageously, and there was every possibility that she wouldn't baulk at this one.

The two younger men joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and Sir Benjamin went up to his study. Lady Hurst was sitting beside Sarah on a pale satin Regency sofa, her head bent over her petit-point. Her conversation flowed like a warm stream. Would it snow to-night? She hoped not. The leads on the library roof wanted repairing and might not stand a heavy fall. And it would be bad for the flocks still out on the moors.

Sarah, in her black lace gown, her shoulders rising white from the crisp, cobwebby frills, had a high spot of color in her cheeks. Artistically, Ferrier admired their grouping—admired, too, her quick attack, ignoring her mother's placid endeavors to lead the conversation into other channels.

"Well?" her eyes met Ferrier's challengingly.

He shrugged. "Turned down flat. Sir Benjamin will have no truck with us." He almost added the theatrical "darling," but remembered Lady Hurst's presence and refrained.

"And I must say," said Hugh, taking his coffee cup from Lady Hurst, "that I entirely agree with him." He smiled in a satisfied manner, his long pink-and-white face beaming. "Now the matter is closed, what about the point to point? I'd like you to ride Trixie for me in the ladies' event, and——"

Sarah rose. "The matter isn't closed. I'm going to speak to father myself, now."

Hugh's face fell. When his father closed a subject it was closed. "But, I say, look here, Sarah, you can't possibly——"

"Can't I?"

She was rather wonderful, her golden head held high, her eyes cold and angry—clear green-gold eyes, fringed with thick, dark lashes. Hugh adored her, and was not a little frightened of her when she looked like that. "You're still in the feudal system, Hugh," she drew in her breath sharply. "I'm giving father one more chance to be decent—that's all."

There was a silence in the softly-lit room after the door had closed noisily behind her. Lady Hurst put down her needlework, rang the bell for the coffee tray to be removed, and took a pack of cards from the mantelshelf.

"I've asked Sarah so often not to bang the door," she sighed. "Would you like a hand at bezique, Hugh?"

Hugh started. "Oh, yes. Why, of course, delighted." He suddenly glared at Ferrier. "If you ask me, Mr. Ferrier, you're being pretty foul encouraging Sarah to behave like this."

"But I didn't ask you," retorted Ferrier lazily.

"You deal, Hugh."

They sat down on each side of the small Chippendale card-table. Ferrier's sleepy eyes rested amusedly on Lady Hurst. He supposed if the ground exploded under her feet she would ignore it aristocratically, and presently ring for someone to clear up the mess.

It was strange that Sarah, with her beauty and intensity, should have a mother like this. He thrust his hands deeply into the pockets of his dinner suit, and strolled out into the conservatory, examining Lady Hurst's ferns and orchids with unseeing eyes.

Sarah? Lovely and proud and tall, with eyes that promised, and cool lips that evaded him. She was like the old man, he thought, good-looking, thoroughbred, but hard to handle. He smiled. Women were more interesting if they were hard to handle. At first, anyway. Later they were more difficult to get rid of. But then, he couldn't imagine wanting to get rid of Sarah. He might even marry her, he thought with surprise.

Please turn to Page 34

SWEETHEART pink and black leagued in a gown of romantic tenderness. The bodice is made of rows of cobweb-fine pink lace, and the bolero and spinning skirt in black net.

"Like a MIRACLE"
De Witt's Pills
ENDED TERRIBLE BACKACHE

That's how Mrs. O. C. describes the case of her husband. She, too, suffered agonising back pains, but was restored to health by De Witt's Pills.

"I suffered in misery for years with agonising pains in the back. After taking De Witt's Pills I was completely restored to health."

Another letter from Mrs. O. C says:

"My husband came home from work and could not straighten his back. He went to bed and I gave him your wonderful De Witt's Pills. In four days he was back at work—it was like a miracle."

If you are a victim of backache or any form of kidney trouble, get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take a dose to-night. In the morning discoloured urine proves that De Witt's Pills are cleansing your kidneys of the poisons and impurities that cause pain.

But don't expect one or two doses to effect a miracle. Take De Witt's Pills regularly for a few days and you will be delighted to find your pains disappear. Now is the time to start with the remedy made specially for weak or sluggish kidneys.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

During the night her hands grew softer and whiter

"I'm very keen about golf," says Miss J. Fraser, of Orlando Avenue, Cremorne, "and I spend so much time out in the sun and wind that I'd given up hope of trying to keep my hands smooth. All the hand lotions I'd ever used were too sticky — felt awful. So I didn't bother with them any more, until my chemist advised me to use Pond's Hand Lotion — and I must say that it's marvellous! Not the least bit sticky, so I've been putting it on my hands at bedtime, and always after washing. Now my hands are always beautifully soft and smooth, thanks to Pond's."

You take beauty out of your hands every day.

Being out in the sun and wind, typing, washing up, housework — doing these things takes beauty out of your hands every day. That's why they must have daily protection!

Pond's Hand Lotion keeps your hands soft, smooth and white. Pond's contains special softening and whitening, ingredients that go to work the minute it's applied. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's is so rich and concentrated, *you actually need less of this creamy lotion.* That's why it's so economical.

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be surprised how much whiter and softer your hands will be. Remember — use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists and 1/9 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

SAVED MATCH-BOXES?

WHEN I lived in Melbourne, a mate with whom I travelled to and from work each day always carried a pound note in his match-box.

One morning, just as the train pulled in to one of the suburban stations, a stranger sitting beside my mate said, "Lend's a match, mate!"

He took the box, and as the train was then just pulling out from the station he jumped to the platform, and that was the last we saw of him.

10/6 to E. Holden, Elizabeth Town, Tas.

RAINED EGGS

A FRIEND of mine went down to the shop and, as it looked very much like rain, took her umbrella. To make things more convenient, she put the half-dozen eggs she purchased into the closed umbrella and started off for home.

It began to rain, so up went the umbrella—and down came the eggs.

2/6 to Miss M. Wilson, Dangar Flats, Dangar St., Randwick, N.S.W.

PICKED WRONG TIME

MY father was in England when war was declared in 1914.

He was taking photos of the very ancient ruins of Cardiff Castle, in Wales. One day he was seen by some Boy Scouts, who immediately got in touch with the police.

My father was taken into custody, and was detained for some hours while his films were developed and his identification checked through his London agents.

2/6 to E. R. Bowly, Quirindi, N.S.W.

NOT KITTENS

WHILE nursing in Tulton, New Hampshire, U.S.A., I saw what I thought to be three of the prettiest kittens I ever saw on the pathway. They looked to be about a week old, so I gathered them up and put them in my apron.

Presently I noticed a very bad odor, and discovered I had a litter of skunks. My friend would not let me into the house until I changed my clothes. They had to be buried for about a month before I could use them again.

2/6 to Mrs. Bessie Jones, Clyde St., Guildford, N.S.W.

STAYED PUT

A BALLARAT business man was approached by one of the staff, who pointed out that a white hen was perched under the chassis of his sedan in front of the building. With two or three clerks assisting, the fowl was rounded up and caught. It was identified by the boss as one of his favorite pullets.

Frightened by a dog as the car was driven from his yard, the fowl had perched on the exhaust pipe, and clung precariously to this perch while the car was driven about town for nearly half an hour.

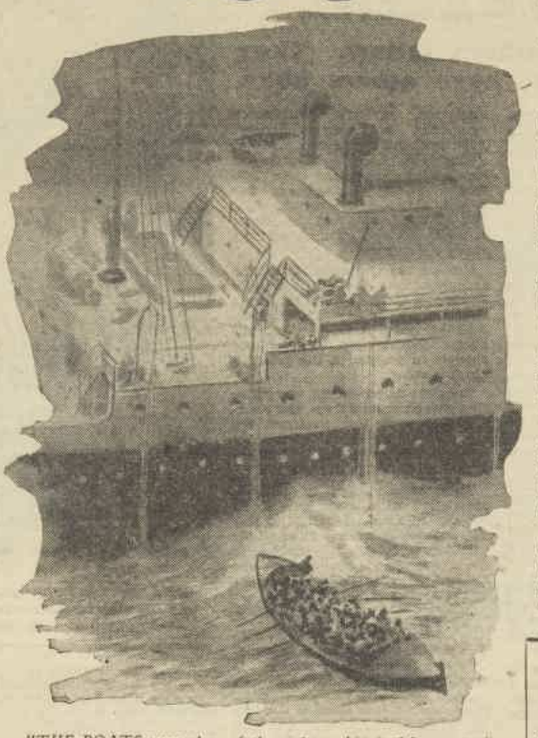
2/6 to A. W. Walker, 17 Durham St., Ballarat, Vic.

HER GOOD DEED

ON a leisurely car trip through Gippsland I noticed posters displaying the words "Quench the Bushfires." An ex-Girl Guide, I thought how marvellous it would be if I did actually have an opportunity to "quench the bushfires," thereby perhaps becoming a heroine.

After travelling for some time I saw a fire blazing inside a fence. I dashed out of the car, grabbed a sapling, and proceeded for the next 20 minutes to beat out the blaze. When I reached the end of the fire I found a "cocky" calmly "burning off."

2/6 to Mrs. G. E. Cory, Avoncourt, Olive St., Albury, N.S.W.



"THE BOATS were clear of the sinking ship in 16 minutes."

Passenger ship hit German mine

ON the morning of June 23, 1917, everyone on board the R.M.S. Mongolia, bound from London to Sydney, was in a jubilant mood. We were due in Bombay that afternoon, after escaping the submarines in the Mediterranean.

Shortly after midday there was a most terrific crash. The ship seemed to heel over. Those who were in their cabins snatched at their treasures and made for the deck.

The ship was sinking fast. There was very little panic. In about sixteen minutes all the passengers were in the boats and clear of the ship when she stood on end and sank stern first.

There was a very strong south-west monsoon blowing, causing an exceedingly rough sea. The captain ordered all boats, after picking up a few struggling survivors from the water, to make for the land, forty miles away.

The Mongolia had run on to mines laid by the German raider Wolf. The mines exploded right in the middle of the ship and had killed outright the entire engine-room and stokehold staffs on duty at the time.

By midnight there was a terrible sea running, and rain was coming down in a deluge. One of the boats quite close to ours turned completely over and threw its forty-seven occupants into the sea.

As soon as it was light enough to see the land we made for the beach. The boat that had overturned had drifted ashore about three miles from where we landed.

The white passengers and crew made camp on the beach that day to give the women a rest after their ordeal.

Early next morning we set out on our trek through the jungle. Someone suggested a sing-song to key our spirits up. The natives we met were scared and ran for their lives when they encountered two hundred whites singing in an Indian jungle.

After tramping fifteen miles we came across a mission station. A cup of tea, a banana and a cigarette were given to everyone. We enjoyed them after living on ship's biscuits and water for two days. The missioner informed us that the captain had reached Bombay and that assistance was on its way.

An Indian dhow took us to the launches of H.M.S. Curlew, which landed us at Bombay.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Day, Keira Mine Rd., West Wollongong, N.S.W.

Met abo. outlaws

AT the turn of the century my grandparents, who then had a family of small children, had the disturbing experience of meeting the dreaded aboriginal murderers, the Governor brothers.

These two brothers had, before commencing their life of crime, been respectable residents of this district, and had worked with my grandfather and other local men.

A number of murders soon made them the most hated and feared men in the State. They were subsequently outlawed, with a reward offered for their capture or betrayal to the law.

My grandparents, who lived in sparsely-populated bush country, had retired for the night when they were disturbed by a noise on the verandah.

Grandfather, who went out to investigate, found himself face to face with the much-talked-of armed Governors. They addressed him in friendly tones, and assured him they would not harm him if he gave them some tucker, which they duly received.

Giving grandfather a pound note which they said was of no use to them, as they dare not approach a store, they requested him not to inform the police of their visit, and vanished into the night. Their presence in the district came to the notice of the law from other sources and the manhunt was on.

One was later shot by a watchful citizen in another part of the State, and the other died on the gallows.

2/6 to Cecil Cook, Black Lead, Gulgong, N.S.W.

Alligator wasn't dead

HOLIDAYING at the mouth of Daintree River, my brother and I went up a by-wash in the dinghy, armed with a repeating rifle. I sighted a log, but my brother said, "Shoot!"

It took four bullets to quieten the alligator, and we pulled alongside it. My brother put a rope around head and tail, and we commenced our return journey.

When nearly alongside the lugger, just inside a sandbank, the 'gator came to life, smashed two planks on the dinghy, which immediately sank, freed himself, and made for the sandbank, where he later died.

My brother and I swam to the far part of the lugger and climbed up the jib boom stay.

2/6 to Miss Jeanette Thus, Daintree P.O., North Qld.

Dog gave warning

DURING the successive earthquakes on the west coast of the South Island, N.Z., during 1929, a nearly blind and totally deaf dog gave warnings to the whole community at one little mining town.

A hill overlooking the town was the home of Bob's master. A few seconds preceding every "quake" Bob's mournful howl could be heard. Many a resident within hearing blessed the dog for his warning, the effect of the "quake" being nullified by knowing when it was about to take place.

We wondered what strange sense this dog possessed that gave him warning. Wholly deaf, he could not hear the rumble which accompanied each shock. Vibrations of the earth may have reached him before they merged into the final shake.

For many months old Bob kept watch. Day and night he never failed to give the alarm.

2/6 to Mrs. E. McDonald, Reynolds St., Bowen, Qld.

Only coincidence

STAYING with friends in a suburb of Sydney, I volunteered to mind the children. Taking the children with me, I went to the kitchen and lit a candle.

Later I was taking them upstairs when I realised I had blown out the candle. Now I would have to go back for the matches. I took the children up to the landing and opened the bedroom door so that the street light would shine through and they would not be frightened.

When I opened the door of the bedroom there was a rush of gas. My friends had not turned the gas off properly. The candle would have caused an explosion. What made me blow that candle out?

2/6 to M. Johnson, Burt St., Boulder City, W.A.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story, each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

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1/6 and 2/6 Everywhere

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

ARIANS lead, others follow. They like to boss and have others obey.

THE astrological sign Aries rules at this time, and bestows on those born under his sway all the attributes of the pioneer, leader, and aggressor.

Thus it is that babes born between March 21 and April 21 partake strongly of all these things, and resemble in many ways the symbol of their sign.

They are pioneers, courageous, energetic, confident; they like that which is new, interesting and exciting, not that which is old, shabby, dull or outworn.

Arians also hold a high place when it comes to optimism, forcefulness and a fondness for change and action. They are enterprising to the point of rashness, and confident to a degree which smacks of smug aggression.

They will butt in where angels fear to tread, for they are forthright, determined, frank, and defiant. They are never displeased over the chance of battle, and will go looking for trouble consistently and enthusiastically.

They like to carry a chip around on their shoulders, hoping someone will try to knock it off. But it must be conceded that they are not merely fighters for the sake of fighting.

They add to an inborn sense of justice and much natural courage a desire to battle for the weak or unfortunate who cannot fight for themselves.

That is one reason why they make such good soldiers.

They also make good surgeons, sportsmen, explorers, mechanics, machinists, tool makers, firemen, policemen, and engineers.

They like handling engines or metals of any kind, and using tools of steel or iron. They shine as stage or stunt artists, preferably where the risk is considerable and the chance of popularity and personal publicity above the average.

Restless and somewhat abrupt and argumentative, they can also be abusive if tackled at the wrong moment. They are generally dissatisfied with their own lot, and always looking for changes and chances to prosper in the get-rich-quick manner.

They are interested in everything that goes on around them, and sometimes, through this tendency, will interfere in the lives, affairs, or opinions of other people, to an extent which earns them disfavor.

They often thrive in business association with those born under the sign of Taurus (April 21 to May 22), because Taurians will do all the monotonous detail work attached to the quick-witted but usually unfinished activities which go to make up the Arian's varied activities.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Might can prove right for most Arians at this time, but diplomacy and enthusiasm can prove even better. The Arian stars are riding high and will reward honest effort. Next week best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Just fair for you on March 30 and 31.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Very fair on April 2 and 3 for many Geminians.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You must now take things quietly, for gains made in recent weeks can be lost through carelessness or over-confidence. Avoid upsets of all kinds and delays on March 30 and 31 and April 1 and 2 (evening). Let routine suffice.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Generally beneficial this week, but spend the time planning ahead, rather than acting now.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular. March 30 and 31 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be on your guard, for trouble is trying to catch up with unwary Librans. Avoid changes, losses, partings, opposition and arguments, for you can suffer through such. Be particularly careful on March 30 and 31, and on April 1 and 6 (evening).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Not very spectacular, yet you must consolidate previous gains now, before your stars reach positions from which they can afflict you and cause loss. April 4, 5 and 6 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Wideawake Sagittarians can benefit in unexciting fashion during the week ahead, and should plan diligently for bigger and better action a little later on. April 4, 5, and 6 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Let all really important ventures and changes wait another week or two. Your stars will befriend you then, whereas they are adverse now. March 30, 31 and April 1 rather poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Get important matters in hand, for difficulties are likely later on this month. Your stars favor you to a fair extent on April 1 (evening only), 2, and 3. Work hard then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Consolidate past gains. April 4, 5 and 6 fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"DEEP PURPLE" is Dorville's name for this suit of chevron tweed striped in fuchsia and purple. Pleated skirt, nipped-in waist, and rounded basque matching the soft, turn-down collar are revealed beneath a swing-back top-coat with deep, unpressed pleats.

Testing "apple a day" theory

From Our New York Office.

DR. LATHAM A. CRANDALL wants to know if it really is true that "an apple a day will keep the doctor away."

Professor of Physiology at the University of Tennessee Medical School in Memphis, Dr. Crandall has begun a year-long experiment in which he will record the effect of apples on general health.

The experiment will be conducted at two orphanages, the inmates of which will be divided into two groups. One group will be given apples as a supplement to the regular diet. The other children will not eat apples.

After expiration of a year, Dr. Crandall intends to compare the health records of the two groups. If the children who partook of the apple diet show superior growth, better general health and freedom from infectious diseases, Dr. Crandall then will admit "an apple a day keeps the doctor away."

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The tenderest words are sweeter when they fall from lips made soft and lovely with Michel. And yet words are not really necessary for such lips to speak of love. In the subtle, clinging perfume of Michel is the fragrance of romance. In Michel's resistance to wind, rain or shine, is the very spirit of faithfulness. Give your lips the beckoning beauty of Michel — and, despite the passing years, it will keep them young and supple for love. . . . In the seven lovely shades of Michel, there is one made specially for you—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry. *Price 2/- each. Obtainable from Chemists and Stores.*

Michel

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Many happy discoveries for smart Mothers-to-be, at Farmer's

Maternity Salon

Such discoveries, for instance, as the softly tailored ensemble above. It's a lovely wearable-style in an Autumn-weight silk, including such important details as adjustable skirt; finger-length, sleeveless jacket; detachable, cream satin collar; smooth pleats flowing from bodice to hemline. Brown, navy, wine, 32 to 38. **63/-**

Maternity Salon—Second Floor.

Easy-to-Launder

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Shapely step-in built for long wear and firm control. You can wash it as often as you please. 14 inches, 4 suspenders. Small, medium, large sizes. Usually 8/11, now at **5/11**

Suspender Belts—Ground Floor.

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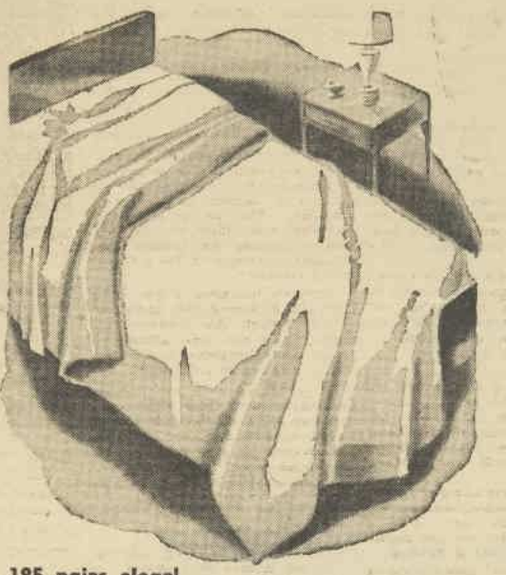
Juices pressed from ripe, luscious fruit: Tomato, **8½d.**; Grapefruit, **8d.**; Pineapple, **1/1½**. Delicious alone or in special dishes.

Lower Ground—Country Carriage extra.



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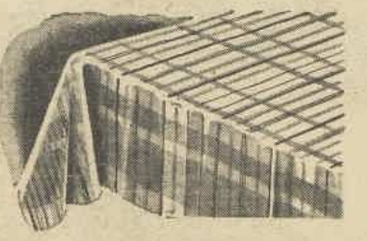
Manchester—First Floor.

Gay colour for your winter breakfast table!

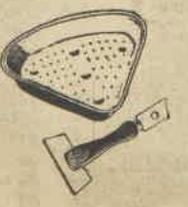


6/11 Seersucker Cloths, 4/11

A splendid quality, British-made, Bungalow Cloth in intriguing colours. Size, 50 x 50. Also 50 x 70. Usually 9/11. **7/11**

Breakfast cloth—Ground Floor.

Mail your orders to Farmer's as confidently as if you were shopping personally . . . sure that a trained staff will give you swift attention and 100 per cent. service. Try this way!



Toward happier kitchens . . .

Unbreakable sink strainer of a new composition—can't chip. **2/6**

Dish scraper with a broad, rubber scraping surface and a shaft of steel to remove burnt or stubborn fragments of food. Price, only **7½d.**

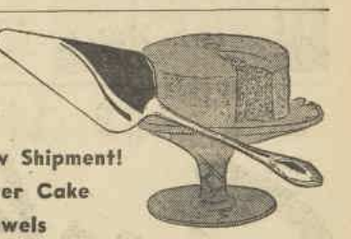
Lower Ground—Country Carriage extra.

A LOT FOR A LITTLE

Suede Turban, 3/11. You'll wear these obliging Turbans everywhere, day and evening. In colours of emerald, tan, wine, navy, brown, ambergold.

Bonnet Brim, 10/11. Most becoming light-weight felt in the city. Tailored grosgrain ribbon finish. Emerald, moss, navy, black, brown, wine.

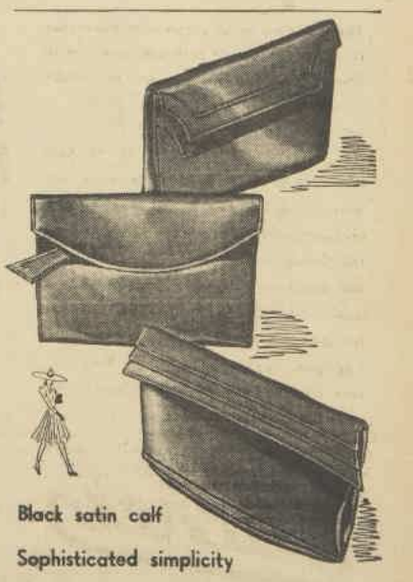
Millinery—Third Floor.



New Shipment! Silver Cake Trowels

Another piece matched to Farmer's famous Reed and Leaf cutlery. This fine cake Trowel is made by Harrison Bros. and Howson of Sheffield. A1 quality; 7 inches long. Price each, now at **6/6**

Ground Floor—Country Carriage extra.



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Handbags—Ground Floor.

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77 King Street Sydney

BRITAIN'S MEATLESS DAYS

Famous London chefs devise new fish and egg dishes

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, in common with the rest of adult English people, are each allowed 1/10 worth of meat per week.

Britain's Sunday dinner-tables this month said farewell to the last full-sized traditional roast they will see for the duration of the war.

Restaurants, however, are only rationed to 60 per cent. of their former meat consumption, and consequently all, from the most expensive to the cheapest, doubled their clientele this week under the slogan, "Come early, before the meat has gone."

CHEFS at Buckingham Palace, No. 10 Downing Street, the Savoy, and Quaglino's all are trying out new dishes which Britons, anxious to do their part, are taking to with gusto.

A close friend of Royalty said to me: "Rabbits and eggs are being used extensively on the Royal menus.

"Roussin, the Palace chef, can cook eggs 250 different ways, and he's putting new egg and fish dishes well to the fore."

Like their subjects, their Majesties are rationed to 1/10 worth of meat each per week.

This can be taken as a good cut of steak for one meal, with the rest of the week meatless, or can be spent on cheaper cuts for stews and casseroles.

When the Kents and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and other Royalties dine together meat coupons will be pooled for a large roast of which each will get his or her ration.

Already Roussin is putting the humble rabbit on the menu cooked in red or white wine, and called "Lapin Aubourgoyn."

At the Savoy, Monsieur Latry, doyen of the French chefs of London, is cooking swede turnips eight different ways.

Stage star Alice Delysia, one of the Savoy's most frequent customers, has been trying these out.

Quaglino's have put broccoli, a species of sprouts on the map. Chef Calderoni is cooking it a dozen different ways and the Duchess of Kent has already pronounced it excellent.

Covered with sauce Mornay or with Parmesan cheese, and browned in the oven, it is usually included in the Duchess' lunch.

The Prime Minister is not allowed a great deal of meat normally, so for him rationing is not difficult, but Mrs. Chamberlain has evolved several new fish and salad dishes.

The main thing, she says, is to see what particular food is plentiful and then invent different ways of cooking it in order to prevent it from becoming monotonous.

Number 10 is already famous for the new curried fish with prunes dish, and fish and leek pie.

Humbler households are resurrecting old recipes, particularly thick soups, stews with small meat content, while the famous London "fish and chips" is returning to the first rank of popularity.

THE PRIME MINISTER and Mrs. Chamberlain at a pre-war dinner. Mr. Chamberlain at no time eats a great deal of meat, so he does not notice meat rationing. Nevertheless No. 10 Downing Street is already noted for some of its fish dishes.

"The children have always loved dripping toast, so the butter ration presents no difficulties, and as I have always given them glucose instead of sugar I very often don't need my full ration. The same applies to the bacon.

"Even when meat is rationed I am sure we shall still be able to manage very comfortably.

"The kiddies at present are allowed 11d. worth of meat a week each—being under six years of age—and the rest of us get 1/10 worth a week each, which gives us altogether 11/- to spend on meat, not including such items as liver, kidneys, tripe and rabbit, all of which the children are allowed in small quantities.

"My butcher's bill never comes to more than this, so I'm sure the meat ration will not worry us.

"It seems to me," Mrs. Miles went on, "that large families are going to fare best under rationing. It's the young married couples and girls living alone who are going to feel it most.

Coal shortage

"OF course, the temporary coal rationing of the past few weeks has been a little trying, as I do feel that children must be kept warm. We were reduced to burning rags, old scraps of wood and old linoleum for a day or two before we got our fresh supply of coal.

"So long as the Government doesn't ration fruit, milk, and vegetables, I shan't worry very much. My youngsters seem to thrive best on green vegetables and mixed fresh and stewed fruit.

"This is their usual diet:—

"**Breakfast:** Porridge and milk, bacon, toast and butter, and a cup of warm milk.

"**Dinner:** A meat dish—roast at the week-end, stews, steak and kidney pudding, stewed rabbit, liver, mince or fish during the week—with potatoes and onions or carrots, and always a green vegetable.

"The sweet is usually stewed fruit sweetened with glucose, or a fresh fruit salad. Water to drink.

"**Tea at 5 p.m.:** Bread and butter and jam or dripping toast or paste sandwiches."

Feeding the Quads

THE St. Neota quadruplets, now four years and two months old, have not yet felt the pinch of rationing.

"We are not allowed anything extra because they are quads," their mother, Mrs. Walter Miles, told me, "but we have not been reduced, so I have no cause for complaint."

The "Quads," whose progress is watched in England with almost as much interest as is that of the Dionne "Quins" in Canada, are beautifully healthy children. There are three boys, Michael, Paul, and Ernest, and one girl, Anne.

"Our family consists of my husband and myself, our eldest boy, Bobby, and the maid, as well as the four youngest," said Mrs. Miles. "That means that we can, if we wish, get 4lbs. of bacon or ham, 6lbs. of sugar with extra for jam-making, and 2lbs. of butter each week.

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Rexona's medications take care of chafing, rashes, all skin irritations. Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.

Revitalising Medications in REXONA SOAP bring Skin Health and Beauty.

EMOLLIENTS, *to soothe and soften and heal.*
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If blemishes don't yield quickly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This wonderful combination rapidly heals blemishes, leaving the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

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The Movie World

March 30, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD | First Page

On leave from tropics

LAMOUR goes into the dance

SARONG SIREN DONS MODERN DRESS FOR ROLE IN GANGSTER MELODRAMA

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

PARAMOUNT'S languid sarong specialist, Dorothy Lamour, is having a strenuous time on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

At considerable cost, Fox borrowed Dorothy for the star feminine role opposite Tyrone Power in "Dance With the Devil." And the studio is making Dorothy earn her money.

She does an intricate rhumba number for the film.

And believe me, those graceful Lamour limbs can move rapidly and gracefully.

I heard that Dorothy was spending spare hours at home limbering up for her dance.

So I took a peek at the glamorous girl at work on the set. Dorothy was thoroughly enjoying herself. Her hair, dressed in new style "bangs," was more than a little dishevelled. The aristocratic Lamour nose was shining beneath her make-up. But Dorothy never looked so lovely as she energetically plied herself to giving a first-class rhumba demonstration.

Dorothy has a modern, full-dress role in "Dance With the Devil."

But Dorothy has not seen the last of her sarong.

She has already completed two more tropic films for her home studio. The first to be released will be "Typhoon," in which she plays opposite Robert Preston. After that comes "The Road to Singapore," with Bing Crosby. In both she wears the customary sarong.

Studio knows best

DESPITE stories to the contrary, Dorothy generally believes the studio knows best.

She is one of the most willing and hardworking stars in Hollywood.

She made her two recent Paramount films simultaneously. And every Sunday night she appeared on the radio with her pal, Charlie McCarthy.

Her industry is one of the reasons for Lamour's success.

Her uncanny knack of breaking into the news in spectacular fashion is a contributing factor.

A few years ago she was an obscure torch singer who worked in Chicago department stores and occasionally sang with an hotel orchestra and on the radio. Paramount took a gamble and brought her to Hollywood.

A week later a photograph of Lamour in a sarong was published in hundreds of American newspapers. The caption explained that this was the girl whose pet chimpanzee frightened neighbors by swinging above the streets from a window curtain.

Ever since that day Lamour and her sarong have been in the news. And Dorothy has steadily gained in popularity.

With her individual brand of glamor, she occupies a unique position in Hollywood.

Her private life has been just as spectacular as her screen career.

She married dance-band leader Herbie Kaye in 1937. Later, she startled Hollywood by announcing in the Press that she intended to retire from the screen within the year to raise a family.

But soon afterwards Kaye secured his divorce on the grounds of desertion.

Since then Dorothy's name has been linked with various swains. One, Randolph Scott, is still her very good friend. Recently she was reported engaged to orchestra leader Charlie Barnet. But at present Dorothy really hasn't a great deal of time for serious romance.

• Two portraits of that exotic young woman, Dorothy Lamour, with new hair-do and striking make-up as she appears in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Dance With the Devil."

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THELMA'S SWEET LITTLE FROCK SO CRISP AND SUNNY-BRIGHT WASHED WITH PERSIL

PERSIL will keep *your* lovely coloured things as gay as this little frock. Cool or even cold water is best for colour safety, and gives you *perfect* results when you use Persil. Persil's oxygen-charged suds are extra active to clean away all rubbed-in dirt. And so quickly . . . thoroughly . . . does Persil wash, that garments need be in water for only the very shortest time. Simply by washing cleaner, Persil gives colours a longer-lasting brightness.

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GLITTER GIRLS . . . their costly fads

DOLORES DEL RIO BLENDS HER PERFUMES AND GINGER ALTERS HER ROOM TO MATCH HER HAIR

From
CHRISTINE WEBB
In Hollywood

I GIVE you the real difference between the girl on the screen and the girl who watches her from the audience.

The film actress or glitter-girl can afford to indulge her whims no matter how costly or freakish they be. And here is some supporting evidence collected for you during my ramings round this dizzy town.

I visited Dolores del Rio's dressing-room at MGM the other day—and found it looking like a chemist's laboratory, piled high with intriguing retorts and glass jars.

Dolores is superstitious about perfumes—just a whim. But Dolores never wears any that she has not blended herself. She haunts shops for rare scents—and spends her time between scenes brewing up magic potions.

After sniffing fragrances until my head swooned, I boldly asked Dolores some of the recipes—but got no satisfaction. The del Rio perfumes are a closely guarded secret—and who could blame her? For this poised sophisticate spends an annual fortune on her little fancy.

Having lunch at the Brown Derby last week, I ran across Jean Parker—cheerful despite the upset of divorcing George MacDonald. Jean was wearing a double-bracelet of individual appearance and design. How come? said I, in my stickily curious way. Jean explained.

Everyone at some time or another has gathered unusual stones at the beach. But only Jean has kept these pebbles through the years. And only in Hollywood would a girl go to the expensive trouble of having the odd little bits of rock mounted in gold, on gold chains, in the exquisite design of a master jeweller.

Priscilla Lane does not spend money on such heady impulses. Oh, no—she just uses the money itself. The number of coin bracelets owned by Miss Lane—in modern as well as ancient foreign currency—would fill the neighborhood money boxes twice over.

Then there's Diana Lewis—the new Mrs. Bill Powell—who just carries out a whim without rhyme or reason. After her first Little Theatre performance here Diana was given a wishbone by her sister.

Dearly loving the kitchen token, Diana had the bone painted her favorite shade of pink, and encased in a cellophane tube as a lapel pin.

I tracked Diana down to her studio restaurant to find the pin. "Oh yes, I've got it," said Diana. "I can't very well wear it with this." "This" was a beautiful frock of shirred flowered crepe. "But it's here," added Diana. And there it was—tucked away in her imported French purse.

Those of you who answer to flower names probably let it go at that—with an extra sigh, no doubt—if you are called Violet or Poppy.

But Rosemary Lane uses her shrubbery-title as the basis for an odd caprice. She has rosemary made into sachets, which perfume all her gloves and her handkerchiefs. She always tucks a rosemary sprig into the lapel of her tailored suits. She is now considering having a rosemary design embroidered on her sheets, and her personal linen, too.

It's fun if you can carry it out.

Ginger Rogers goes in for a peculiarly extravagant craze. She has the colors of her dressing-room changed to match the current shade of her hair.

When Ginger's locks were pink-blonde, the walls of her room were bright pink. When her hair became a more subdued golden, she ordered the walls painted pale blue.

Now that the Rogers locks are brown, for "The Primrose Path," she is hesitating 'twixt a background of ivory and one of maize-gold.

Turning away from the bright young things for a moment. Here is May Robson giving away five hundred neckties a year as presents for her friends and fellow workers. There is a personal catch to this.

May designed the ties herself—they are tricky, reversible affairs—and patented the idea two years ago. But she has just refused an offer of several thousand dollars for manufacturing rights.

"I only took out that patent so my friends would know I'd made the ties myself," she confided to me when I met her shopping for more materials.

Those collections in which our actresses indulge have been reported often enough to the fans. But I did not know until two days ago that Kay Francis goes in for collecting elephants of jade—with a difference. Kay won't buy any little jade piece in which the elephant's trunk is not turned down. Trumpeting elephants are out.

Really, the only fad-free actress whom I have talked to lately is Hungarian Ilona Massey. Ilona has certainly been on a shopping spree in New York—we talked clothes until the sun went down. But caprices? Never a one.

Wait a moment, though. I was tucking into a rich pound-cake at tea-time—no need for the Press to fret about its figure—and caught a wistful glance from those glorious golden-brown Massey eyes.

"Dieting is very hard," said Ilona on a laughing sigh. "You know, I like to eat and eat that cake. But it puts on real pounds."

So there's just one glitter-girl who cannot afford to indulge her whims.

Notion for knitters

★ A cute new idea in lapel gadgets is a miniature hand-knit sweater, about two inches square, attached to a suitable pin.

June Preisser, MGM starlet, showed me one the other day—a tiny white affair, trimmed in red, and complete with long sleeves.

Made from left-over wool, it was an exact duplicate of a full-size sweater June knitted herself.

Here is one Hollywood whim which anyone can afford to copy.

● Ilona Massey in a superb fantasy of Russian dress for "Balalaika."

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1 **NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS** Williams (on roof) and Redgrave plan escape from collieries, Redgrave through political studies, Williams by dishonest schemes.

2 **BUT REDGRAVE'S** marriage to Margaret Lockwood, whom his family distrusts, drags him down again to poverty and colliery life.

3 **AVID** for luxury, Margaret constantly nags at the disillusioned Redgrave.

4 **HER FLIRTATION** with Williams, who has escaped and prospered, leads to the break up of their marriage.

5 **LEARNING OF PLAN,** sponsored by Williams, to reopen unsafe mine, Redgrave urges the miners to strike.

6 **BUT WILLIAMS,** giving their private quarrel as reason for Redgrave's opposition, wins support of harsh mine owner Allan Jeayes.

7 **THE MINE** is opened and immediate disaster claims David's father and brother among the victims.

TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT — Shows soap-washed side head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.

RIGHT — Shows special Colinated "Foam" shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair . . . .

BUT NOT WITH SOAP !

MY DEAR, how your hair does sparkle . . . How attractive it makes you look.

I know, you're too wise to use alkali laden soaps and powder shampoos on such a head of hair — they would have ruined it long ago and left it dull, brittle, colourless and hard to manage. I've guessed your secret . . . Colinated "*foam*" Shampoo!

You discovered it years ago . . . and it has certainly kept your hair beautiful. And you know why so many famous beauties and society leaders prefer Colinated, the only shampoo that has been through the amazing "Colinating" process.

Every woman who appreciates the youthful lustre of her hair, delights as you do, in washing it herself. To feel the magic bubbling foam creep deep down amongst the hair roots, and then revel in the glorious "loosening up" feeling of a refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this wonderful Colinated "*foam*" Shampoo is enough to give a rich, sparkling foam (five times more foam than any alkali-laden soap).

Watch then how one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film and acid perspiration—and then—with Nature's own sun and wind to dry it, your hair becomes so soft and manageable it can be quickly set in any style — right after shampooing.

Yes, my dear, by all means keep on washing your own hair. Don't let anyone take away this sacred rite from you. And . . . Insist on Colinated "*foam*" Shampoo to do it. . . . Get some to-day from your Chemist or Store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonder-beauty cleansing — know why it's Australia's biggest selling shampoo.

Important . . .

New films will be made in England this year

AMERICAN COMPANIES REOPENING THEIR STUDIOS IN LONDON NOW

A. J. CRONIN'S brilliant novel, "The Stars Look Down," comes to the screen, with Michael Redgrave playing the role of David Fenwick, Margaret Lockwood as his self-centred, shallow wife, Jenny, and Emlyn Williams in the role of Joe Gowlan, his trickster friend.

This Gaumont-British film is one of the most important English productions to be released since the outbreak of war.

But it is only one of a number of unusually fine English films you will be seeing in the next few months.

It is heartening to note this renewal of activity in the British studios.

Those who gloomily predicted that the war would kill this country's film industry have been proved wrong.

Already three major Hollywood companies have reopened their English studios, which were hurriedly closed when war was declared. Numbers of Hollywood personalities have contracted to make films in England shortly.

Warners' English studio at Teddington has three films ready for production. The first will be a comedy called "That's the Ticket," with vaudevillian Sid Fields. The other two are "George and Margaret" and "The Hawk Gang."

While Anglo-American studios closed their shutters when war broke out, a number of English studios have been continuing production all through the war.

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, who have not been in a film together since "Cavalcade," are now working on "This German Freedom." Novelist Louis Golding wrote the story, which concerns the German Freedom Station.

When Diana finishes this film she will star in "Gas Light," a screen version of the successful stage play.

Conrad Veidt has delayed his return to Hollywood to make "Blackout," a story dealing with contraband control in the present war.

Jean Colin, who made a lot of friends in "The Mikado," is returning to the screen in "Laugh it Off," a film designed for wartime needs.

George Formby has already finished his next, "Let George Do It."

But Gracie Fields, after a long spell from pictures, is now discussing plans in New York for her new film, "Molly Bless Her," which Monty Banks will make for her in England. This is a biography of Marie Dressler.

Michael Redgrave has spent the past few months playing in theatres and opera houses. But he will return to Ealing studios next month to make "Alibi."

Laughton and Korda have transferred their production units to Hollywood, but Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox are now in England working on preliminaries for their next film, "Marie Lloyd," a biography of the famous music-hall star.

Then there is producer Gabriel Pascal, who is collaborating with George B. Shaw on Shaw's "Major Barbara." Wendy Hiller, who had the lead in "Pygmalion," will be in the screen version, as will Robert Morley, who made his name as Louis in "Marie Antoinette."

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

(Week's Best Release)

Feature-length color cartoon. (Paramount.)

HERE is tremendous enjoyment for all ages, "Gulliver's Travels" is a full-length color cartoon, adapted from the famous tale. It is cheerful and charming with never a bogy to make the children shudder, and plenty of rollicking laughter.

Paramount has taken good-humored liberties with the original. In the cartoon, Gulliver's main job is to settle an enormous problem for the tiny people. Lilliput and Blefescu are at war. The reason: What song shall be played at the wedding of Lilliput's Princess Glory to Blefescu's Prince David.

You will meet a new screen favorite—Gabby, the town crier of Lilliput. This pompous little person, who orders about everybody in sight, is delicious.

Paramount artists have brought delightful skill to the production of "Gulliver." Watch for the wizardry in the scene where Gulliver is captured. And, most important, prepare to hear some splendid new tunes. "Farewell Forever" is a haunting hit. — Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY

Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant. (Columbia.)

THIS is a re-make of the classic hard-boiled film of the Chicago newspaper world, "The Front Page." The producer, Howard Hawks, has feminised it. Instead of a red hot reporter—played last time by Pat O'Brien—he has made the lead a "tough-sister" portrayed by Rosalind Russell.

The role of the editor who, to retain Rosalind's services, puts her fiance in gaol and kidnaps her future mother-in-law, is taken by smooth Cary Grant. The combination of Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant makes the picture a bit less tough than the old "Front Page" of O'Brien and Adolphe Menjou. But the film is exceptionally fast and funny just the same.

And here is a sign of changing times. Before the film starts, a notice on the screen assures the audience that the characters in it are not really anything like typical modern newspapermen. — State; showing.

★★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

A DRAMA of the American wilderness during the years when settlers were fighting the British and the Indians.

Filmed in magnificent Technicolor, and directed with realistic gusto, "Drums Along the Mohawk" gives a fascinating view of frontier life.

The story is unfolded in leisurely fashion—but when the Indians raid the settlement of the Mohawk Valley, the action flares into excitement.

The great merit about this adventure is the reality of its people. The men and women who live in the Valley have their humorous and joyful experiences, as well as their perilous struggle for existence.

Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert take the leads. Fonda is particularly good. He suits this type of adventure well. Claudette is lovely to look at—and singularly different from the sophisticated star of other films.

The supporting cast includes Edna May Oliver, as a doughty widow.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ DAYTIME WIFE

Linda Darnell, Tyrone Power. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

IN the light, inconsequent manner, with scenes set in luxurious New York business apartments, penthouses and night clubs.

Linda Daniell makes an attractive wife to shaggy-haired Tyrone Power—so attractive that one wonders why ever he stayed out nights with his secretary—more so when the secretary appears.

Wife decides to win him back by discovering "what secretaries have got that wives haven't," and lands a job with worldly Warren William. Situation complicated by husband's business associations with her boss.

Plot culminates in a mirthful scene in a night club, where Linda goes with her boss, to be joined by Tyrone plus his secretary.

Linda's method of bringing back an erring husband is scarcely novel, but still seems to be the orthodox film solution.—Plaza; showing.

★★ INVISIBLE STRIPES

George Raft, Jane Bryan. (Warners.)

STRONGLY appealing melodrama, with spots of gangster excitement.

Story centres on George Raft, who comes out of prison determined to run straight. He resists all big-money temptations from fellow ex-convict Humphrey Bogart. He takes on the chin every reverse, such as girl-friend's disloyalty and difficulty of getting jobs. But when his brother, William Holden, shows signs of following in his early footsteps Raft returns to bank robberies to get the lad enough money to remove all temptation. Raft pays heavily for the sacrifice—but so does Bogart, who never reformed.

Acting all round is remarkably good. Jane Bryan with her sincere, forceful portrayal of Holden's sweetheart rates special mention.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ PROUD VALLEY

Paul Robeson, Edward Chapman. (Capad.)

PAUL ROBESON returns to the screen as star of an English mining drama.

It is a moderately entertaining film, but you will be disappointed with Robeson's part in it. He sings only two numbers, "Deep River" and "Land of Our Fathers"—and these with a choir.

Against the background of South Wales mining towns, the film tells a story of the efforts of a band of starving miners to have an idle pit reopened.

Robeson, negro stoker, heads the successful deputation to London owners. Later he engineers the escape of men imprisoned in a gas-filled mine.

Robeson acts with his usual charm and simplicity. He has good support from Edward Chapman, in the role of the Welsh miner and choral leader who befriends him. — Embassy; showing.

★ BLACKMAIL

Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Hussey. (MGM.)

THOSE much-misused adjectives, "gripping" and "intense," are rightly applied to this Edward G. Robinson drama.

I guarantee you an hour and twenty minutes of unabated excitement.

The action ranges between spectacular fire-fighting scenes and the grim brutality of a chain gang camp.

Robinson plays the head of a firm fighting oil well fires. Having escaped nine years before from a chain gang to which he was sentenced for a crime he did not commit, he is now happily married to Ruth Hussey.

But, double-crossed by blackmailer Gene Lockhart, he is sent back to the chain gang, where he endures physical and mental torture before he escapes.

Robinson, by his virile performance in this sympathetic role, dominates the film. But Gene Lockhart as his craven, oily-tongued enemy is extraordinarily good.—Capitol; showing.

★ LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

Richard Greene, Alice Faye. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THIS story of the struggles of Robert Fulton to launch the first steamboat in New York, about 1807, is stronger in action than acting

The love passages by Alice Faye, Richard Greene, are dull, but the brawls are quite bright.

As regards the achievements of Fulton, Fox has clung closely to historical fact. But the characterisation, not only of the inventor (portrayed by Richard Greene) but of the fictional people in the story, is most unconvincing.

The film takes up the career of Fulton just after his return from abroad to build his steamboat. He encounters many difficulties, including financial troubles and a shipbuilder's enmity. This leads to some rough-and-tumble brawls.

Woven through the story is the double romance of Fulton and Chancellor's niece, Brenda Joyce, and a tavern girl (Alice Faye) and her shipbuilding sweetheart (Fred MacMurray).

Richard Greene as the robust inventor is quite out of his depth. Of the four principals, Fred MacMurray is the only one who is at home in his role.—Century; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Hunchback of Notre Dame.** Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara in magnificent version of Hugo classic. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ **Three Waltzes.** Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay in gay French musical. Savoy, 8th week.

★★ **Hitler, Beast of Berlin.** Roland Drew, Steffi Duna in melodrama of Nazi persecution. Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★ **Balalaika.** Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey in entertaining operetta. St. James, 2nd week.

★ **Remember?** Robert Taylor, Greer Garson in romantic comedy. Liberty, 3rd week.

Here's hot news from the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

FORTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD English actress Gracie Fields and her producer, Monty Banks, were quietly married last week in Hollywood. The marriage took place in the home of Gracie's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Banks will leave for London in a few weeks to begin preparations for their new film, a life of the late Marie Dressler.

Last year Gracie divorced her first husband, actor-manager Archie Pitt, whom she married sixteen years ago.

ANTHONY ASQUITH, who directed Ellen Drew and Ray Milland in an Anglo-French-American cast in Paramount's British-made "French Without Tears," is a son of a former Premier of Great Britain, and brother of Princess Bibesco. The sly digs at Britain's training of its youthful diplomats, which were introduced into "French Without Tears," were due to Asquith's vivid recollection of the years in which he thought he would follow his famous father's footsteps as a statesman.

❖ ❖ ❖

UNUSUAL is Madeleine Carroll's refusal to accept money from her divorced husband. She feels that she is quite capable of providing for herself—even to furs and jewels. So she has made the trip to England in order to return the money to Captain Astley, and to have the trust fund that he settled on her cancelled.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, usually a staid figure in public, was the centre of attraction the other evening, when he was night-clubbing with Paulette Goddard. In a very gay mood, he kissed Paulette and proclaimed his love for her.

❖ ❖ ❖

KATHARINE HEPBURN will return to Hollywood to film "Philadelphia Story," the play in which she has been so successful on Broadway these last two seasons.

The story was specially written for her by Philip Barry, who knows Katie's character intimately. She will get Bob Taylor to play opposite her.

❖ ❖ ❖

JIMMY DUNDEE, who has been thrilling movie audiences for ten years with his dangerous stunts, is playing the role of a gangster's chauffeur in Paramount's "The Woman From Hell." In a scene for the picture, Dundee had to overturn the car while driving sixty-five miles an hour. As he crawled from the wreckage he scratched his hand on a twisted piece of metal. A doctor who was present suggested that the cut be painted with iodine. "Not for me," the stunt man said. "That stuff hurts." He never drives over 35 miles per hour when in his own car, and has received several safe-driving awards from various California auto clubs.

❖ ❖ ❖

JACKIE COOPER, youthful Paramount star, collects guns as a hobby. Many are presents from fans in various parts of the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

WARNERS announce "The Prime Minister" will be the release title of their forthcoming production, formerly called "Disraeli." They don't want the film confused with the George Arliss production of a few years ago, as the new story covers a different period of Disraeli's life. They may have to make still further changes as Laurence Olivier, who is scheduled to do the title role, disapproves the present script.

❖ ❖ ❖

A NEW and surprising screen twosome will be Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. Vic is cast as the first of her five leading men in "Seven Sinners."

❖ ❖ ❖

RULES are made to be broken by Garbo. The very elegant Monte Carlo night club in New York permits no one to enter without formal evening clothes. Yet when Greta and Gaylord Hauser walked in unexpectedly the management were so taken aback that they made no objection to their daytime clothes and seated them promptly.

Although not in evening clothes, Garbo was beautifully and carefully dressed, down to the last detail.

For the first time in her life she is frequenting beauty salons. This sudden interest in her appearance is attributed by many to the new man in her life, Mr. Hauser.

THE LION'S ROAR

In the previous issue of this column of gossip devoted to the finest of motion pictures, we gave a few details about "BALALAIKA," which is *Nelson Eddy's* best role since "Naughty Marietta" and which launches a new and glamorous personality in *Ilona Massey*.

★ ★ ★

"BALALAIKA" has now begun its Australian screen career, and Sydney is wildly enthusiastic about this latest *M-G-M* smash musical hit.

★ ★ ★

Now we want to say a word about another current *M-G-M* success, the romantic-comedy "REMEMBER?" which co-stars *Robert Taylor* and *Greer Garson*. Audiences are laughing themselves hoarse at the clever fun in this bright and breezy film, in which the co-stars have the fine support of *Lew Ayres*.

★ ★ ★

Robert Taylor, one of filmdom's most popular stars, had already established his ability as a comedian. *M-G-M* added to this the fine capabilities of *Lew Ayres*. Then, to top the combination it chose this gay and merry vehicle for the second appearance of the lovely girl who became a star in her very first picture, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (in which she played, you well recall, Mrs. Chips).

★ ★ ★

In contrast to her first screen role, *Greer Garson* in "REMEMBER?" is a completely modern girl, and (as you did before) you'll love her! Other favorites in the excellent cast of *M-G-M'S* "REMEMBER?" include *Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, George Barbier, Henry Travers, Richard Carle, Laura Hope Crews, Sara Haden, Sig Rumann and Halliwell Hobbes.*

★ ★ ★

Don't forget "REMEMBER?" You'll remember "REMEMBER?"

★ ★ ★

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YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day. ...

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A complete set of latest pictures of Ships of the Royal Navy are now being packed in "Fountain" Jellies, "Fountain" Custard Powder and "Fountain" Baking Powder.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Some lucky owner may get a champion yearling for a song

By BETTY GEE

At the yearling sales you will see baby racehorses striving to top the list of high prices at Randwick annual sales, and if there is a contest between the rich magnates of ownership the conqueror with the highest bid will get a hand-clap from the crowd at the ringside.

Sports admire a game spender on a thoroughbred gamble, yet some lucky person might get a champion for a song.

AUCTIONEER Reg Inglis sells 200 yearlings in a day, which means one every two or three minutes.

It is a fascinating business to witness this procession of thoroughbred children passing through the ring, now a chestnut, now a bay, now a black, prancing and dancing like kittens showing off their grace and startled into real mettle at last when the auctioneer's hammer falls with a whang at the final bid.

Some are regal in their magnificence. Big, well-nourished, satin-coated creatures well favored by nature.

These bring the four-figure sums.

Others which look like weanlings, undersized and under-nourished specimens of their race. These bring the grudging 25-guinea bids of the bargain-hunters.

I heard a breeder say of one of these poor little mean-looking creatures the other day, "I shouldn't have brought it to the sales. In fact it should have been shot."

But it was a well-bred youngster of high pedigree, and you can never tell. They often develop marvellously.

But not all of these prove failures in life. Yearling sale history fairly bristles with bargain-priced youngsters who became champions.

Famous Phar Lap, though not exactly a throw-out remnant, brought only 160 guineas, but won nearly £77,000 in prizes.

This year's crack three-year-olds, Reading and High Caste, are busy proving that champions are within the reach of the men of small means.

High Caste was out of a cheap mare, but after he had won four races in New Zealand Mr. H. E. Tancred bought him for Australia for £7000, and he has won just on £19,000.

Reading was unimpressive as a yearling and slightly undersized: But two of the keen noses of the Turf scented out the possibility of his developing championship form, and Gordon Luscombe had to go to 400 gns. to get him

Reading was his mother's first baby. Jack Cush, his trainer, told me at a recent visit to the Reading stable why he picked him. His father is Marconigram, a famed sire of stayers. His mother is half-sister to Journal, with which he (Mr. Cush) won the Caulfield Cup and many other races. "Little, but couldn't help being good with such parents," declared Daddy Cush.

Good investment

SO his patron, Gordon Luscombe, gave the 400gns., and Reading has won £15,000 in prizemoney to prove that Mr. Cush was right.

By the way, Reading is a real newspaper horse. His mother is named Gravure—a process of color printing widely used. Her father was High Art and she is out of Encre (French for ink) by Kenilworth from Linotype, the machine with which they set up newspaper type.

And so far as I could find out Reading isn't the only champion in the Cush household.

Mr. Cush proudly displayed to me a billiard cue of English ash and most ornate design with cork grip, the handsomest cue I've ever seen in my life, all green, gold and ash-colored.

"A handsome trophy, but I didn't win it," he chivalrously admitted. "Dorcas, my wife, did."

And he told of a game of snooker at the house of world's champion Walter Lindrum in which Mrs. Cush made 35 and beat a field of males hollow, with Mr. Ian Burt second and Mr. Cush third.

The trophy is a specially-built lady's cue presented by Mr. Lindrum.

Oh, yes, ladies can play billiards. My granpappy remembers only a few years ago boy and girl billiardists touring Australia for exhibition games and contests. The girl was Miss Ruby Roberts. And whom do you think the boy was? No less than famous Walter Lindrum.

Now we resume racing at Randwick this Wednesday and I'm told by the Head Waiter to follow up Phil for the Hurdle race because he's a downright stayer and the distance is 2 miles and 3 furlongs, which is indeed a long way.

I've had a whisper from Newcastle way that Leeds is saved up for the Coogee Handicap, and mark my word, when Mr. E. F. Smith saves a horse it isn't for nothing.

Ajax ought to win the All-Aged Plate, but High Caste will be pecking at him at the finish if he doesn't hurry.

Look out for Lucrative in the Champagne, and Pen Name in the Bronte Handicap.

Dorcas Cush says the Cumberland Plate is a sitter for Reading, and anything else he starts in at the meeting.

Ajax is again the sitter for the Cropper Plate on the last day, Saturday, and Reading, too, for the A.J.C. Plate.

I have a special Syndicate tip for Panchio for the Fernhill Handicap. This is a mile race for the little two-years-olds, and my information is that he is the best stayer of them all.

Betty selects Leeds as a Randwick winner at Carnival time.

Lucky number for Cup winners

IN naming yearlings, lady owners particularly favor a seven-letter name.

Seven letters are supposed to be the ideal number.

Champions such as Carbine (Melbourne Cup) with 10.5, Poitrel with 10.0, and Phar Lap with 9.12 all were in the magic seven class.

Sydney's best - named mare is Feminist by Pantheon out of Loquacious.

There are two granddaughters of Loquacious at the coming sales. One ought to be called Wrangle.

This handsome Water Set to users of FREE SIREN SOAP

You'll be delighted with this lovely water set, consisting of a 2-pint glass jug and 6 matching goblets. See the graceful shape of each piece—the dainty design etched into the glass. Pick up the jug and notice its perfect balance for pouring out. Feel the goblets—delicate and fine, because they are made from genuine Crown Crystal Glass! Gifts like this are few and far between, so don't miss getting your water set whatever you do. So few crosses are needed that it will be yours in no time if you start saving now!

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Jottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight

• TROOPER gets a carrot from his owner, Mrs. Grant Giblin, before the grand parade in the ring. Mrs. Ken Machay (left), of Dungog, is his rider.

• HENRIETTA LODER and Flight-Lieut. Humfrey lunch at Prince's . . . guests at pre-wedding party for Morna Mackenzie and Phil Ashton.

• CHEERY SMILE from youthful Kathleen Clayton as she arrives at Theatre Royal for Gilbert and Sullivan performance.

• HERE'S TO EASTER, says Thelma Doctor at cocktail hour at the Australia. She wears "stop" red velvet accessories with black velvet.

The passing show . . .

SIMPLY amazed by staying power of country visitors. Dawn rising, all day at horse pavilions, cattle pavilions, woodchopping, leaning on new ploughs, ring events . . . leaves me wilted.

But no sooner do we dash into the Australia for cocktails than it's "Let's go out to the Show——" Then back to town to dance somewhere and perhaps sleep for an hour or two before it starts all over again.

Don't know if it is these droughts which toughens 'em. Me, I'm glad Show comes only once a year.

Lean on the fence with Melbourne's Mary Luxton to watch "Tink" Wright. Phyl White, Daisie Tait, Marj and Lucy Holloway do their stuff in the ring.

Spectating, too, are Dorothy Prell and "Bob" Bell, of Goulburn, Joan Kelly, of Yass, Ailsa Robertson, of Gundagai, and her sister, Peg Whitehead, from Wagga way.

I wave to Margaret Waddell and Diana Downes, who have seats in exclusive council stand. Sue Other Gee, Mrs. Alex Binnie, Mrs. Geoff Halligan, and the small Horderns — Romayne and Edwina—there, too. Hordern hopefuls dressed alike even to immaculate white knitted gloves.

Week's brightest parties . .

INFORMAL cocktails at Government House for naval officers, Henrietta Loder charming hostess . . . all young people.

Same officers entertained by Betty Fairfax at cocktail hour at Barford . . . a dozen pretty socialite spinsters invited to meet them.

Cocktails at Killara, Anne-Marie Fombertaux the hostess, after first day's races.

Private dance given at Romano's by eight hostesses for Red Cross . . . Much applause for exhibition of Viennese waltz and quickstep by Nuttie Mackellar and Bob Bradley.

Coffee is served . . .

COFFEE is served in professional manner to thirsty symphony listeners by Mesdames Cecil Johnson and Pat Levy during Finnish Relief Concert interval.

Anne Hill hands out coffee, too. She gets the habit and hands laurel wreath to Schneevoigt after finale.

Programmes, buttonholes, and coffee are double usual charge—more if you feel generous. All in aid of the poor Finns.

No hope of entering foyer without buying at least one programme. Ursula Barton, Betty Maxwell, Sheila Carter, Margot Ruthven all guard the doorway, and if you escaped them Nancy Baldick and Joan Baldock swooped.

Awf'ly smart audience. Mrs. Neil Mackinnon wears cute little cape of frilled net, pale blue. Comes with Mrs. Lex Albert, in similar blue. Ivie Price's cherry-red ostrich feather cape is bright note. Also Joan Maughan's tucked lime blouse topping off black linen skirt printed with playing cards.

Business instinct . . .

CANNY move by Red Cross Appeal committee . . . Medlar, filly presented by Mr. Arthur White as ten-shilling art union prize, was on view at yearling sales at week-end. Tickets bought on the spot considerably swelled £2000 already in hand.

Is it Prince Philip? . . .

HAVE you heard? . . . There's flutterings in social dovecots. Tall, handsome, fair-haired young midshipman is in town, understood to be Prince Philip of Greece. He courteously denies such title, but bears close resemblance to Marina and Royal family.

Met him dancing at Romano's the other night with charming sub-deb.

Shake the bottle well . . .

GOOD place for a headache—R.P.A. Medical Officers' dance at Australia Hotel. At least 100 doctors in the house.

Judging by remarks from several doctors' wives, who arrive unescorted, husbands can give headaches as well as cure them. Seems no doctor's wife is ever sure when her husband will join her.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate are accompanied by daughter Marcelle, most attractive in powder-blue chiffon with matching bolero sprinkled with rhinestones.

Lovely old rose slipper satin gown, high neck, and short puff sleeves, worn by Mrs. George Stening.

Mrs. Rex Money wears frock formed of tiny rows of white Val. lace, in which she was matron of honor at sister Bunny's recent wedding. Bunny (Mrs. Clive Statham) also present.

Full - skirted white satin for Helen Pilcher and tailored petunia crepe for Enid Halloran.

Did you know? . . .

BOB ASHTON judged the best-dressed lady rider at the Show.

Helen McIlrath has issued invitations to cocktails at her Killara home, April 6.

Nan Killen's engagement ring is lovely emerald with diamond shoulders. Fiance is Jim Walker.

It's camping at Easter for Joan Hodgson . . . down Shoalhaven way.

Ruth Wilson's out of town for a few days . . . in camp with Women's Signalling Corps.

Opal ear-rings are Wallace McIntyre's wedding gift to his bride, Arline Gosper.

Models from Sydney . . .

COMPLIMENT to Sydney . . . Ina O'Keefe is buying her wedding frock and trousseau here to take to America next month. Accompanied by her mother and sister Mary, she will go to Canada to marry Ben Lerer. They'll cross the border after the ceremony and make for their American home.

Several parties listed before she leaves. Hostesses include Shirley Gurton, Judy Brown, Frances Longworth, Dorothy Muller, Nan Cameron.

Seen around town . . .

BETH BUCKNELL and Mrs. Mac. Shannon supping with Ivan Menzies and Evelyn Gardiner, of Gilbert and Sullivan . . . Australia.

Patsy Finlayson dining and dancing with Cyril Ruwald.

Mrs. Bessemer Clark, just arrived from America, in all-black ensemble decorated with two small bumble bees, gold and diamonds, at neckline. Sister Hersey Brookes also in black, platter toque outlined with silver fox.

• GRANDSTAND seats . . . Joan See (left), Amber Bushell and Lorraine See are interested spectators of Royal Show ring events.

• SADDLING TIME. Mrs. H. S. Kennedy, of Urana, gets ready to saddle her mount for early morning exercise on the Showground track.

• ARTISTIC TILT to Mrs. Warwick Fairfax's hat when she attends Denes Holesch's art show, Macquarie Galleries. Her portrait hangs in the show.

• CIGARETTE for Bonnie Field . . . dining at Romano's with Bill Adams.

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Nature—and medicine—have a remedy for premature Old Age. Don't feel that life has ended for you—your days and nights need no longer be wrecked by lack of sparkle, vigour and vitality. The first glass of WINCARNIS—the "No Waiting Tonic"—will give the alertness of youth to your entire system. WINCARNIS is a rich, nourishing blend of the choicest wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. It does you good immediately—your brain, heart and nerves feel the benefit of the first glass. This is not just a vague claim, but a statement supported by over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day. Your Chemist stocks it. Your health needs it. You will like it—WINCARNIS is the most pleasant way of regaining quickly the vigour and vitality of youth.

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Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 22

IT was a new and startling idea. He had never even considered marrying before. But she was beautiful and clever and aristocratic. She might be an asset. Such women were an asset when one needed money and backing. They were in touch with the right people. Still—one woman in one's life? He gave a little mock shudder of horror, amused at the trend his thoughts were taking.

He lit a cigarette, the flicker of flame lighting his weary face, the sleepy lids that covered the dangerous dark eyes. He hoped Sir Benjamin would not give his approval. He had outbluffed the old boy there. Without it he held the whip hand—a whip hand of fifteen pounds a week; all that stood between Sarah and inglorious defeat. Besides, Sir Benjamin's disapproval would make excellent publicity.

The garden door opened with a rush of icy air and closed again softly. He caught the scent of her perfume and the rustle of her gown. He turned swiftly, threw his cigarette away, his hands catching hers, his weariness gone.

"Darling—how did it go?" he whispered.

She shook her head, and a little wave of triumph filled him. She looked stormy and sweet, a hint of repressed tears about her too bright eyes.

"He won't hear of it, Leon."

His disappointment was well simulated. He sat down on a carved stone bench; bitter, hopeless.

"Well, I've tried." He looked up with the faint, humorous smile that she found so attractive. "You've brought me up to this medieval fortress for nothing, pet. I had a feeling it wouldn't work. We live in such different worlds, Sarah. They won't understand me. They don't want to. They're still in the era when to be on the stage was not quite respectable. They think I'm leading you into a life of highly colored sin."

She sat beside him gravely, her eyes angry.

"That's what I can't understand," she said furiously. "Daddy knows me. He's intelligent. He must know I wouldn't do anything beastly, or degrading. Why can't he trust me—it's—it's so humiliating, so unfair."

"Perhaps it's not you whom he distrusts, but me and other men. You're very lovely, my Sarah, and very young."

"But that's nonsense. You're my friend. You're not even in love with me. Oh, it's all so unfair!"

Ferrier recalled Sir Benjamin's offer of dramatic training—yes, that had been fair enough. Better not mention it. His eyes lit at her words, so that her own glanced quickly away.

"That's not quite true, Sarah. You know how I feel about you," he shrugged hopelessly. "There's something to be said for his attitude. Well, I'll go back to-morrow. I don't quite know what I'll do. Lilian Crawley could play it, but she's working. There's only the Morley kid," he winced, "and she'll play it like a musical comedy queen."

"Wait," Sarah's hand came on to his arm, and he permitted his own to cover it. She did not seem to notice. Her eyes were bright, a tiny frown wrinkling her straight dark brows. "Pack now, Leon. Say you think that, as the whole thing's fallen through, you ought to start for London to-night. Wait for me half-way down the drive."

Her excitement infected him. He had expected victory, but not so swiftly or dramatically. He made a show of protest.

"But, Sarah," his voice was tender, "you're such a kid. I can't do that. It will be completely burning your boats."

"Oh, Leon, are you deserting me now?" He smiled, his hand gripping hers, amused at the appeal in her voice.

"Anything you say, if you're sure it's what you want."

"It's what I want more than anything in the world. To be something, to make myself something. I'm so bored here." She turned to him, explaining urgently, "If I stay here they'll never let me go; they'll draw me back into the net; there'll be hunting, the hunt ball, house parties, the tenants' dance at Christmas—all my silly little duties. I'll be put off and off, until I forget, and in the end I'll marry Hugh and we'll talk and think and live horses, until I begin to look like one, as he does."

Ferrier laughed. Ashton's long, gentle face certainly had the expression of a docile polo pony.

"YOU, Sarah, as vivid as a flower, as brilliant as a diamond," his hand tightened over hers, "I've got to save you from that. I have to teach you——"

"How to act," she whispered.

"And how to live." His lips were very near. She rose swiftly, keeping down the little panic that rose to defeat her in these moments. She liked him so much; he fascinated her, yet the nearness of his lips or the conscious grip of his hands made her feel as though a trap were closing down on her. She was being ridiculous, for Ferrier had always been the soul of consideration and courtesy. He saw the doubt in her eyes, and dropped her hands quickly and drew back.

"All right," he said, "I'll go and make my excuses. You pack. How about your clothes? Have you anyone you can trust to send them on?"

"Of course they will send on my clothes," she said, with swift dignity, and he saw his error. Her family would not stoop to anything as petty as that. The flash of the great lady irritated him. She'd have to drop that when rehearsals started. There was one boss in his theatre, and that was Leon Ferrier. Sarah was very pretty when she was imperious, but she would have to learn not to be imperious with him.

He said briefly: "All right. We'd better get going."

Sarah's eyes opened a little at his tone. She had the look of an adored child reprimanded for the first time in its life. She said, a little stiffly: "You're sure you want this? It's not too late to change your mind, you know. I daresay that Clare Morley could play the part quite adequately."

His exasperation faded. A false move, and everything would be ruined.

"You're such a baby, darling." He touched her hand gently, and she withdrew it, again sensing the stupid little wave of panic at his touch. "But you must learn not to try to boss me, Sarah. I'm not Hugh, you know." He paused. "You have ambition, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You're not on your own yet, you know. You're under contract to me. After I have taught you everything I know, then you can be as imperious and commanding as you like. But until then I'm the general." He smiled "O.K.?"

She hesitated. He was right, and she was a silly little fool. She had everything to learn. He suddenly seemed much older, or she seemed very immature and inexperienced. She said quickly: "You're the general, Leon."

"HALF-WAY down the drive then, within an hour? We'll be in London before morning. You can stay with Noreen Manet. She'll be delighted."

Sarah thought of Noreen Manet, and her excitement rose. The great, much-photographed actress, one of Leon's first discoveries. She had been at that first party Leon had taken her to. Thin as a lath she was, with great grey eyes, wide mouth, absurd nose—and yet, seeing her on or off the stage, exquisitely gowned, beautifully poised, one had the impression that she was a beautiful woman.

It would be exciting to stay with her. One could learn a lot.

"I'll go back the way I came." Sarah opened the conservatory door and an icy wind blew into the heated air again. "Ooh! It's bitterly cold. I hope it doesn't snow. Snow is terrible on the moors."

"Run—you'll catch cold." A few feathery flakes were falling, but Leon dismissed them. City bred, he knew nothing of the white monster that can stalk the moors, burying sheep and roads, blotting out landmarks, cutting off villages. He glanced up at the sky. "It's nothing. The wind's getting up; it'll blow it away. Hurry."

She ran across a small open courtyard the way she had come, and into a pointed Gothic doorway, paused, blew him a kiss, disappeared. He turned and went back into the drawing-room.

Sir Benjamin had come down from his study, and was standing with his back to the fire, watching his wife's hand, and giving her advice, to Hugh's politely concealed annoyance. He looked up as Ferrier came in. If he resented him—the outsider—there was no trace of it in his keen blue eyes.

"Ah, Ferrier, we were just thinking of making a four at bridge. Will you join us? Sarah's got the sulks."

Ferrier smiled apologetically. "So have I! As a matter of fact, sir, if you don't mind I think I'll leave right away."

"Come, now, don't take it like that, my boy."

"It isn't that, sir. But we're going into production straight away. As you won't part with Sarah, I have to find someone else for the part, and the sooner I'm back in town the better. If I left now I'd be in the office by ten to-morrow."

Please turn to Page 36

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HOLIDAYS!

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Poignant drama of rural life . . .

Country doctor's case-book is theme of new radio play

Drama and human interest surround the life of the country doctor. He sees behind the facade of modern civilisation, yet few men take a kindlier or more tolerant view of their fellows.

AROUND the daily life of such a man has been built the new 2GB programme, "Doctor Mac."

Starring Lou Vernon in the title role, supported by Arundel Nixon, Enid Lorrimer, and others, "Doctor Mac" will be heard from 2GB on Monday and Wednesday nights at 9 o'clock, beginning on April 1.

Elderly in years, but ever young in mind, the kindly guardian of the private lives of his patients, Doctor "Mac" is the embodiment of all that is best in the general practitioner.

Whimsical and altogether lovable, but as unbendable as cold steel when a life hangs on the thread of his medical skill, healing and helping, he goes on his daily round.

The scene of "Doctor Mac" is set in a country town in which there are few old or young who do not owe something of their existence to his knowledge of medicine or to the sure skill of his surgery. To everybody he is "Doctor Mac."

Homely advice

TO him come the old when they need his help; to him come youngsters for advice in their troubles.

In his battered old car he carries healing and a quaint philosophy which places medicine and humanity above every other consideration.

One of his patients is close to death. An operation is imperative but her sister, who has dominated her life, refuses him permission to operate.

Doctor Mac pleads for her consent, but in vain. Secretly a message is sent to the husband who had ruined the life of the sick woman when he had deserted her years before.

He agrees to the operation; Doctor Mac calls on every ounce of his surgical skill and in a grim fight under the glare of lights in the operating-theatre he triumphs.

And having healed her body, he heals her mind when he effects a reconciliation between husband and wife.

Into the town comes a new young doctor, fresh from the city. Modern in all things even to his streamlined car and his bedside air he attracts a lot of the old man's women patients.

One day the young man turns to Doctor Mac for advice on a child suffering from a fevered throat. Doctor Mac immediately recognises diphtheria. The young doctor ridicules the diagnosis, but as they stand over the child Doctor Mac sees that she is choking and insists that the young Doctor perform a tracheotomy operation immediately.

The newcomer breaks down, admits that he has never operated in his life, and begs the old man to do the job. **Doctor Mac seizes the scalpel, operates, and saves the child's life when she has almost ceased to breathe.**

Under the influence of the old Scot's anger the young doctor agrees to go back to the hospital to learn his job.

Drama comes to Doctor Mac again in strange form when another of his patients in very low health asks incessantly for her son, who had left home a few years ago and of whom she had heard nothing since.

A mysterious telephone call summons the doctor to a rendezvous on a bush road a few miles outside the town. There he finds waiting for him the missing boy with a bullet wound in his shoulder.

Seeks refuge

A FUGITIVE from a hold-up he has turned in his distress to the one man whom he knew he could trust. Detectives are looking for him, and he seeks refuge.

Doctor Mac knows only one thought—one of his patients was dying calling for her son. Home to his house the doctor takes the lad, hiding him in secret till the wound has healed. He smuggles him to the mother's house.

Doctor Mac knows he has broken the law, but he has brought happiness to the last hours of a woman. The end of that story, by the way, sees the lad give himself up to the police to clear the way for a new start.

The essential appeal of "Doctor Mac" it is claimed, is its reality.

Certain of his kindly attention, his patients never hesitate to seek his aid.

In blustery winter weather, with storms raging, Doctor Mac answers his telephone in the early dawn.

An anxious husband is waiting beside his wife's bed and greets the doctor with immense relief.

Fairly soon, he receives the news that his son has arrived in the world, and Doctor Mac leaves two happy people.

Bushfires rage in burning summer, and his faithful old car carries Doctor Mac to homes where fire-fighters have gathered after their tremendous work to have their burns treated.

A major accident or a simple attack of measles needs the help of Doctor Mac, who never fails in his work of aiding his fellows.

In the stories of his daily round there is no straining after effect. Everything in "Doctor Mac" is a record of the lives of ordinary people, and if the actual incidents have not happened, they **could** happen in any doctor's surgery in any Australian town.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.—Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, March 28.—June Marsden—"Solving the problems and choosing careers of boys and girls."

FRIDAY, March 29.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, March 30.—"Swinging Round the World."

SUNDAY, March 31.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Analysing the influence of different planets on humans.

MONDAY, April 1.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, April 2.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

SCENE for "Doctor Mac," new 2GB drama. Left to right: Enid Lorrimer, Lou Vernon (Dr. Mac), Lyndall Barbour.

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M 139

KEEN'S D.S.F Mustard

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 34

SIR BENJAMIN looked faintly astonished: "No sleep? You theatrical people must be tougher than I had imagined."

Ferrier grinned. "Sleep is one of the things a producer must learn to go without, but I'll get a rest in the Turkish baths to-morrow afternoon. I hope you won't be annoyed by my going, sir?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Ferrier," said Sir Benjamin whimsically, "I shall be extraordinarily relieved. Perhaps Sarah will return to normal when you've gone."

There was general laughter; the enemy smiled and went out under a flag of truce . . . "Thank goodness," said Lady Hurst, "that's over."

Sir Benjamin rubbed the back of his head thoughtfully.

"I'm not so sure that it is . . ."

They settled down to their cards. Sarah, standing in her room, her evening dress tossed on the bed, a warm tweed travelling dress half on, heard their laughter faintly, as the drawing-room door opened and closed; then Ferrier's footsteps sounded on the wide stone stairs.

She scurried on with her dressing, ran a comb through her hair, pulled on her shoes, her hat, opened her wardrobe and took down a suitcase of fine calfskin. Her mother had bought it for her when they went to St. Moritz last year.

St. Moritz! She had a momentary glimpse of towering peaks tipped with the rose of dawn, the swift exhilaration of the toboggan and ski run; the lake flowering with multi-colored lanterns at the ice carnival. No St. Moritz this year. She pushed in a bundle of ninon lingerie, stockings, slippers, dressing-gown, a silk frock. It would be a stuffy dressing-room, greasepaint, work, routine for her—but set against that independence, success, applause.

She could get in two more dresses, and a woolly, and she'd take one evening dress, she might need it. She snapped her case shut and locked it, slipped into her fur coat, picked up her gloves. She was ready.

She glanced round the room, trying to still the profound misgivings that seized her. The panelling, the faded chintzes, the bright coal fire in the grey stone hearth. She tried to think of something else.

Oh, yes, the note; one must leave a note. It was the convention when running away from home. To her mother? No, to her father; they understood one another better, in spite of their antagonisms.

"Daddy, darling, I'm going to London with Mr. Ferrier to-night. I expect I'll be staying with Miss Noreen Manet. I'll let you know her address so mother can send on the rest of my clothes. Please don't be cross; come and see the play and judge whether I'm a good enough actress to be forgiven. Then perhaps you'll ask me home for Christmas. Love to mother and Hugh and yourself. Good-bye for the present, darling.—Sarah."

It seemed a little stupid when you read it—but it would have to do. She stuck it in an envelope and addressed it to her father, and balanced it in the open jaws of one of the carved lions by the side of the hearth.

Headlights swept across the leaded window panes. That was Leon's car being brought round. She crept across to the window and looked out. It was a big American two-seater, fast. They would be in London before daybreak. In London, staying with Noreen Manet in her white-and-silver flat, with the great masses of flowers everywhere. Rehearsing—not learning her part, because she knew every word of it. "Unbidden Bloom," by Byron Brown, Leon's mysterious young author. A marvellous play.

SHE heard footsteps pass her door—a soft tap. That was Leon. She saw him go down the shallow stone steps and get into his car; saw the lights sweep around the ancient grey walls of the courtyard as the car swung out under the great archway with its armorial bearing, and off along the winding avenue of elms.

She stood breathless, listening. The door below closed with a clang. Far down the avenue the car had stopped. A flake of snow drifted through the window and touched her face with an icy kiss. She closed the window, glanced hurriedly about her. Now, quickly, while Montrose was still in the hall!

Along the wide corridor, down the back stairs, past Montrose's pantry, through the turret door into the icy wind of the night. It was exciting to be running away, but it was also slightly undignified. One tried to feel romantic, but somehow one couldn't. Sarah supposed it wasn't romantic unless one was going to a sweetheart. But she was going to life! Surely that was a greater adventure.

She paused under the great archway, looking back for a brief moment at the familiar outlines of the huge, rambling old house.

"Good-bye, place that I love. Don't be sentimental. In another moment you'll be tearing back and weeping on daddy's neck——"

"Sarah?" Ferrier's voice was quite near.

She blinked away the stupid tears and went forward eagerly into the darkness between the elms.

"I came back to see if I could help with your bag."

"Here it is." She handed it to him in the darkness. He swung it lightly into his left hand, thrusting his right through her arm, drawing her close to his side. She heard his voice, amused, cynical, but in spite of himself excited; amused perhaps at his own excitement.

"Well, here starts the great adventure. Promise me you'll never regret it, darling?"

Her face, a patch of white against her dark furs, looked up at him; he caught the flash of her teeth as she smiled.

"I promise."

They came to the car, parked on the grass verge at the side of the drive. He put her luggage in the boot and locked it, climbed in beside her and switched on the lights. They looked at each other, really close for the first time in their excitement, smiling.

"Sarah, you're lovely," he said huskily. "You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen. The world certainly ought to pay me for putting you where it can see you."

She smiled mischievously, her eyes demurely veiled by her dark lashes, and huddled down into her furs.

"We'd better start, unless we want an irate parent trailing us."

HE bent his face swiftly to hers, his sleepy eyes alight.

"A kiss to seal the friendship?"

"All right." Her heart was beating loudly, but she raised her lips, and lightly brushed his cheek with them.

"You must learn better than that," he teased. "An actress must learn to let herself go."

"On the stage," countered Sarah swiftly. Her hand pressed his arm, her greeny-gold eyes appealed. "Let's get on, Leon. I'm dying to get to London."

"All right." He slid into gear, and the car shot forward. "First stop Piccadilly."

They ran along a mile of thick, over-arching avenue, then through the great wrought-iron gates on to the road, and into a flurry of snow. The wind had risen. Leon switched on full headlights, and the windscreen wipers cleaned small fan-shaped places for them to peer through, but progress was slow. A million dancing spots of white swept through the yellow path of the lights ahead.

"We'd better go back," said Sarah nervously.

He mocked her. "Where's your courage, fellow adventurer? You mustn't let a little snow discourage you. It's not half so intimidating as an empty theatre. You must have more courage if you're going to be an actress."

She smiled at him.

"I know. But it can be dreadful on the moors. Once Hugh and I were caught in a blizzard out there. It was really terrifying. We might have been lost and died, if Daddy hadn't come after us with the keepers."

They were creeping along. The big fast car that could eat the miles so swiftly was like a monster held in check. Faintly they made out a forked road in front of them, the signpost already illegible with snow. He stopped the car for a moment, and the silence was tremendous, like a real thing; the soft, whispering silence of heavy snow.

"Which way is it?" he asked, a trifle irritably.

"The left fork goes down into the village, and joins the main Leeds and London road fifteen miles down; the other one goes across the moor. It is much shorter, only five miles, but it winds, and on a night like this we might miss our way."

Ferrier swung to the right, accelerating recklessly.

"We'll go the shortest way. This may blow over in a minute or so. It's a lonely road, so we'll take it quickly."

Please turn to Page 38

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BEING TOLERANT

MUCH is said about toleration and non-interference nowadays, but may this not be carried too far?

If I see a friend being unjustly treated, etiquette forbids me even to remonstrate. I am supposed to ignore it.

I have just re-read the story, "Black Beauty," in which the horse (whose autobiography it is) observes that the reason for injustice in the world is the habit of humans remarking that something or other is not their business.

If we object to cruelty to animals, why allow it between human beings?

£1 for this letter to Rose Couper, 68 Nudgee Rd., Ascot, Brisbane.

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QUIET MOMENTS

WHILE attending a public function recently I was seated by myself when a friend came to ask me to join a nearby crowd "because I looked so lonely."

There are times when one appreciates a quiet rest alone.

The prattlings of friends can sometimes become intensely irritating.

Joan Hogg, Barn Hill Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

SHARE AFFECTIONS

WHY condemn single women who share their affections with a dog?

Dogs have proved to be wonderful companions, they are not costly to keep, and one is always sure of a welcome home from them.

I've heard women remark: "If she wants company, why doesn't she spend money on some child instead of a dog?"

Why should a single woman who has no responsibility of children be expected to keep someone else's children?

Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

AUDIBLE READERS

THE greatest of all pests is the woman who, immediately a paper arrives, grabs it up and commences to read the contents aloud.

She quite ignores the fact that others like to read it themselves in peace and quiet.

But no—on and on she goes, just loving the sound of her own voice.

It needs self-control to resist snatching the paper from her.

Mrs. Mary Boyle, Oyster Point, Scarborough, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

USEFUL HOBBIES

WHILE spending a holiday with a well-known doctor and his family, I was greatly taken with the beauty, size, and combination of colouring in the wool rugs which the doctor had made in his spare hours.

Knitting and a beautiful garden were also hobbies which, with a very busy practice, fully occupied his time.

Do many men occupy their leisure hours so successfully?

Miss F. H. Ford, Bethany Home, Geelong West, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

ONLY LAZINESS

HOW often do we hear people at work complaining of "Mondayitis" on Monday morning. I think this complaint would be more aptly termed "laziness."

After a week-end of rest and outdoor sports people should feel refreshed and ready for work again, instead of moaning about feeling tired because of an attack of "Mondayitis."

Joan R. Wilson, 307 Angas St., Adelaide.

Do tram knitters really save much time?

TRAM knitters certainly are a menace to the safety of passengers, Mrs. McCleery (9/3/'40).

They would not be so bad if they just kept knitting, but when they start to talk they wave their needles around frantically to illustrate their meaning.

After a jab with a needle, one realises the danger that is near.

J. C. Clarke, Stawell, Child St., Clayfield, Qld.

No idle hands

KNITTING is the only work some of us can do for the soldiers. If our busy hands inconvenience other travellers, surely this is trifling in comparison with the sacrifices that our soldiers are making for us.

In the last war it was considered that a woman who sat with idle hands was failing in her duty.

We should all have the same feeling now.

F. C. Williams, 49 Cecil St., Kew, Vic.

Out of place

KNITTING and sewing anywhere and everywhere is to be deplored. There is a time and a place for everything, and to ply knitting needles in public is surely as bad as to manicure one's nails.

Both show poor taste and an absence of the sense of the fitness of things.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

In good cause

OUR soldiers need socks and mufflers, and many girls who spend 20 minutes in the tram twice a day can complete these necessary articles in very quick time.

What if we are almost stabbed in the eye with a flying needle and our journey isn't as comfortable as it might be—it's in a good cause.

Miss L. Musk, c/o Lower Mitcham P.O., S.A.

Not only worry

IF the habit of sewing and knitting in trams and trains is wrong—then what of the inconsiderate male who insists on spreading out his newspaper under everybody's nose?

Is not this fad more annoying?

Mrs. J. F. Furlong, 89 Wentworth Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Small sacrifice

WHEN a tram knitter causes you discomfort, look on it as another small sacrifice in the war effort.

Probably the knitter is making socks or mittens for the soldiers or garments for herself and family, a necessary economy with a leaner purse owing to war taxes and rising prices.

So let us all do a little elbow joggling for a worthy reason.

O. Sharlot, G.P.O., Sydney.

Knitters need elbow-room.

Cannot Relax

IT should not be necessary to knit in a crowded train.

One should relax sometimes, and the trip to and fro in train or tram is a good time to do so.

But there are some people who cannot relax: they probably think they are impressing others with their energy and would be surprised to learn that they were a source of annoyance to fellow-passengers.

Mrs. E. Dunn, O'Halloran Tce., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Pros and cons of using best cutlery

IT is a pity that people only use their best cutlery on rare occasions, Mrs. Thomason (9/3/'40).

I believe in using the same things for my family as I do for visitors—the best I have.

But there is a psychological point that may be missed.

The insecurity of present-day conditions makes some people fear to use the best, in case they are unable to replace them when the need arises.

Mrs. L. Higgins, 27a Hyman Ave., Edwardstown, S.A.

Only a habit

SOME people use shabby cutlery when they possess better things just because they have developed the habit of thinking that anything will do.

Life is short, so why not use our best when we can?

Also the meal table is improved by the look of good cutlery.

Mrs. J. Finton, 77 Delaware St., Reservoir N 19, Vic.

Improves manners

I CANNOT understand anyone using the best cutlery for every meal. It should certainly be kept to make the best possible impression on guests.

To use the best cutlery for everyday would be like wearing one's smartest frocks in the kitchen. Also its use when strangers are present has a good psychological effect on the children's manners, so I have found.

Mrs. J. Blore, Brisbane St., Hobart.

The "good old days" were not so good

"IT'S not like the good old days." How often we hear this phrase.

In the "good old days" operations were done without anaesthetics, travelling was torture, and an eight-hour working day was unknown. Electric light, telephones and other modern comforts were not even dreamt of. Surely the present age is preferable to the days of antimacassars and aspidistras we hear so much about!

Miss H. Heath, Box 3326PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

Well-set table

IT is encouraging to see a table well set, with cut glass and good cutlery, and an appetising meal.

Cutlery is an item that does not wear out. In fact, the more stainless cutlery is used the sharper it becomes.

Good table appointments in the home are one of the main factors for home comfort and happiness.

Eileen M. Riordan, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Looks unattractive

MANY a meal has been spoilt through the use of shabby cutlery. A dainty meal cannot be enjoyed if we are given old and scarred cutlery with which to eat it.

It is a pity that some of our cafes do not realise this.

Edith Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

Father insists

CERTAINLY use the best cutlery all the time. I have no other kind but the best, except for a few kitchen knives and forks for cooking.

My father would be most annoyed if our table appointments were not the best we could afford. He always insists on dressing for dinner, too.

Miss Joan Smythe, Alma Rd., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Is early rising habit worth while?

TO get up early is a grand idea, Mrs. Cox (9/3/'40).

I cannot remember a morning when I was still in bed after 6 o'clock.

In the summer-time the early morning is the best time of the day, and though it is harder to get up in the winter I always work in the garden or take the dog for a long walk to warm up for the day.

Up with the lark.

J. C. Moore, Spring Rd., Malvern, Vic.

Prefers bed

ANYONE can have the world exclusively to herself before sunrise so far as I am concerned. And it would not be exclusive if late risers, like I am, rose early, would it?

So don't wonder why we don't get up. Just be thankful that by not getting up we leave it exclusively to those who like it.

I. Leeman, Darnley Hall, Onslow Ave., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

Lose appreciation

WE don't waste the "beauty of the morning" by getting up later. Instead we preserve it, or our power to appreciate it, by not letting the treat become too common and everyday.

I know from experience that habitual early rising dulls one's appreciation of the "dewy morn." Lucky are those who may keep the sunrise for a treat.

Mrs. G. A. Stockwell, Tiaro, N.C. Line, Qld.

LOSS OF HOME LIFE

ARE our children getting sufficient home life?

This question arises when we see adolescents hating the restrictions of home and refusing to take any domestic responsibility. They are charming but irresponsible; which is a bad start for matrimony.

The small child is lured from home by meetings, classes, amusements, and so on.

The ties between a happily united family, willing to make small domestic sacrifices for each other, is one of the most inspiring lessons in this difficult world.

Is there not a danger that continual claims on small children outside the home circle will lead to more and more unconscious selfishness and disregard for the comfort of others?

Miss Olive Leeder, Marven, Barrack St., Perth.

❖ ❖ ❖

PARENTAL RULE

DO fathers make better parents than mothers? I think they do.

I have seen mothers scold children for hours without result. Father says a few words, and the result is perfect peace and behaviour. How many mothers say: "Just wait until your father comes home. I'll tell him what you have been doing." How can that confession of ineptitude be explained away?

Furthermore, mothers are not fitted to bring up sons. They turn them into "sissies" and psychological misfits.

M. I. Norman, Whytecliffe St., Albion, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

CARD "INQUESTS"

HOW often during a game of cards do we find players holding post-mortems on the hands that have already been played. Such individuals are boring with their explanations of the "might-have-been" if such and such a card had been played.

These tiresome inquests not only hold up the game, but exasperate the other players.

Miss N. Lee, Kia-Ora, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

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He says:—*"De Witt's Antacid Powder gave me prompt relief, which has been sustained. To-day I am really well and, for the first time in years, I can eat anything. This remedy fulfils all its claims."*

(Name and address on application).

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder give such splendid results? Simply because of a new-principle, triple-action formula that neutralises excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and digests part of your food. The very first dose does the job.

No more pain after meals, so eat what you like and enjoy *every* meal.

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FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 36

THE road rose steeply, and the snow seemed to clear between the close, thick hedges. "What did I tell you?" he said. "It's clearing already."

But even as he spoke the road tilted towards a steeper gradient and ran out of the shelter of the trees on to the wild moorland. The wind swept across their path like a fiend, and everything was blotted out by the white, whirling snow. Miles of rolling, treeless morland, and the full snowstorm whirling over it from the north-east.

Ferrier crept along cautiously, cursing a little under his breath, angry with himself for being swept away by the girl's sense of romantic adventure. He was not used to this sort of thing, and he didn't like it.

"What on earth made you decide to go to-night?" he said savagely. "We could have got away in the morning."

Sarah huddled down in her coat. The adventure was going wrong at the very beginning. Was that a bad omen? Irritable and angry, Ferrier lost his attraction, his magnetism. He seemed much older. That time when she and Hugh had been lost on the moor, Hugh had kept his head, although he had only been a boy at the time.

She supposed that was breeding. Hugh had no brains and no nerves, but he had breeding. Ferrier had no breeding but was all brains and nerves. She gave a little childish sigh. If one could meet a man who had everything. Brains, breeding, courage—looks, too; looks mattered a lot. But, of course, if one did meet such a man, some other woman, a woman, perhaps, like Noreen Manet, would have snapped him up long ago.

Ferrier spoke again, sharply. She started, and said apologetically: "I felt as though I must go to-night, or else I'd never go."

Peering through the windscreen, his nerves on edge, he said: "You certainly picked a fine night to feel that way."

"Perhaps we'd better turn back," said Sarah stiffly, "as I said before."

His face set angrily. "Not unless we want to make complete fools of ourselves. This was your idea, Sarah, not mine. And I'm certainly not going back to your feudal relations with my tail between my legs. We'd better stop at the first hotel and stay the night there."

He switched on the dashboard light, and glanced angrily at the clock. "We've been on the road over an hour. I thought you said this road was only five miles?"

She looked out of the side window. Faintly, near the roadside, snow-covered, and vaguely like a snowman built by children, she saw an old stone cross by the wayside. She was not afraid of being lost, or of the snow, but she was afraid of Ferrier's reaction to their position. She didn't want him to be angry and irritable. She didn't want him to lose, even for an hour, that charm and power that gave her such confidence in him. She said nervously: "We're off the road. That was Galston Stone Cross. We're heading north."

He stopped the car and lit a cigarette without speaking. She had a feeling he could not trust himself to speak. He was unused to physical discomfort. He was as incapable in these conditions as a tropical animal in the Arctic Circle. Grimly he hung on to his temper, curbed his desire to turn on her with the scathing sarcasm that was his deadliest weapon in rehearsal.

"Nothing to do but turn back, I suppose," he said briefly.

Laboriously he turned the car in the narrow lane; laboriously, for the snow was deep now, and the wheels inclined to spin uselessly as he accelerated.

"Go slowly," said Sarah calmly. "It may be drifting in this wind."

"Your advice has been invaluable so far." He couldn't resist the gibe, and almost unconsciously drove the big car faster. They turned a corner too quickly. There was a slithering skid and lurch. Sarah clutched his arm as he braked, and the car came to a standstill. Viciously, he revved her up. It was useless—the car stuck there, the wheels spinning in an axle-deep drift.

He switched off the engine, and leaned back, regarding the falling snow furiously. "Well, I suppose we're here for the night. Your father will be very amused when he sends laborers to dig us out in the morning—if, of course, we don't freeze to death."

Sarah said huskily, "I'm sorry, Leon."

Her humiliation did not touch him. He looked dismally at his thin, elegant brown shoes. "I suppose I'd better walk along the road, and see if I can find some shelter."

It was bitterly cold. Sarah was well wrapped in furs, but her feet in their thin stockings and fine shoes were like bits of ice.

"Hoot the horn," she suggested. "There may be a farm within hearing."

"A really bright suggestion at last," he snarled, and pressed the button on the steering wheel. The sound rasped out into the impenetrable white night. "I suppose we'll go on doing this until our batteries give out; then we'll have no lights, and no starter."

"Leon," she said, "please believe me. I'm terribly sorry."

There was a hint of tears in her voice. Suddenly all her pride and imperiousness had gone. She was very young, and very sorry. He glanced at her. It was an opportunity and he missed it, because he was too cold and angry to sympathise. He pressed again hard on the horn, and suddenly, faintly, from a long way away came an answering call.

"Somebody answered," he said, hooting again.

"There's a lantern ahead," she said eagerly. "Put the headlights on."

The tiny speck of light came closer. It was a little weird, sitting shivering in the snowed-up car, watching the lantern swinging slowly nearer. Ferrier switched on the headlights and they picked up a large dog bounding over the snow towards them.

Then suddenly a man appeared. A tall man carrying a lantern. He was in breeches and leggings with an oilskin, and a cap pulled well down. He came slowly towards them, bending against the wind and the snow. The dog reached them first, standing, poking its great head through the window, whining a little excitedly, bounding back to its master and then towards the car again.

"Some farmer," said Ferrier thankfully. "I hope he's got a fire and a bottle of brandy. I'm in urgent need of both."

BUT the voice that called to the dog was an educated voice, with none of the slow dialect of the moorland farmer—a curiously arresting, vibrant voice. Sarah had a sense of being dead. She and Ferrier were sitting there in the white winding sheet of snow, and this voice, with its curiously vital quality of strength, stung her to life again.

She leaned forward curiously, anxious to see the man who owned the voice. He was speaking to the dog.

"All right, Rex, all right, boy. You've been very clever. Down, now, boy."

He came slowly nearer, plodding through the snow in his heavy boots, the dog leaping round him, excited as a puppy in the flurry of snow. She could not see his face, but he was a giant of a man. Broad of shoulder, long of limb. He came up to the car, calling: "Anybody there?"

"No," snapped Ferrier. "The horn has been hooting itself."

The man halted by the window. In the faint light from the dashboard, Sarah saw strong, even teeth flash in an amused grin. She could not see his eyes. But when he spoke again she had the same sense of warmth, of personality.

"I beg your pardon," the voice chuckled. "It was an idiotic remark. I should have asked what I would do." He stepped back, and glanced at the car. "You won't get this out until the morning. You're over the ditch, and if you did get it out the drifts are terrific up the road. Would you care to follow me to my place and put up for the night?"

"Thank you," said Ferrier, a little ungraciously. "Is it far?"

"About three-quarters of a mile."

"As far as that?" he shrugged. "Well, there's nothing for it." They scrambled out. Sarah, who had drawn a little apart with their rescuer, while Leon ungraciously unloaded their cases from the car, felt her thin shoes sink ankle deep into the snow, and the icy moisture creep through the fine strands of her stockings.

"I'm afraid," said her escort, "you'll get your feet wet. But there's a good fire back at the farm."

"You're a farmer?"

"Yes." The answer was good-tempered, but uncompromising. No further information was volunteered.

"Are you one of my father's tenants?" asked Sarah curiously. "Sir Benjamin Hurst?"

"No. The land is my own."

There was something a little grim about the voice.

"You're not very gracious, are you?" said Ferrier irritably, drawing closer.

"And you're extraordinarily inquisitive," said the tall man coolly. "I assure you I had no desire to tramp three-quarters of a mile to your rescue on such a night. Still, I take it, when the young lady has finished her cross-examination, you would like to accept my hospitality?"

To be continued

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Take your labels to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY, or to:—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.
If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written:—
1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
3. The gift you require.
Enclose with stamps to cover freight and packing on gifts marked *, and post to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

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1/- & 2/- everywhere. The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of 1/- size.
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Excess Weight Easily Dissolved by New Natural Method

Dr. D. McClaskey, New York, says:—"*Acid conditions in Intestinal Tract (Self-Poisoning) is real cause of the deposit of adipose tissue.*"

Self-poisoning (autoxima) overthrows the body's alkaline reserve and develops acid conditions which impair the normal functions of the body. Instead of the body eliminating the fatty acids (which result from digestion) in a natural way, these fatty acids are absorbed into the blood stream with other waste residues.

Was 10 st. 6 lbs. Now 9 st. 3 lbs.

Hamilton, December, 22.

"*Your wonderful Coloseptic has been the means of reducing my weight over 17 lbs. . . . I tried all kinds of things before I used Coloseptic, but they had no effect . . . COLOSEPTIC keeps me so well.*"

—Miss J.M.

COLOSEPTIC overcomes acidity, activates nutrition, dehydrates the excess moisture weight, breaks up the fatty acids, sweeps the intestines clean of all heavy fermenting residues and other acid products and passes them smoothly out of the system. It also activates the dehydrating action of the other vital eliminative organs—the kidneys, pores of the skin and respiratory apparatus. COLOSEPTIC is the one natural, safe way to permanent weight control.

Trial Offer . .

Send 3d. in stamps to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Coloseptic

How to Overcome Fear of

FALSE TEETH

that "refuse to stay put"

The illustration shows how receding gums cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel tighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wabbly, slipping plate. Thousands overcome loose plate worry in this simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you eat and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), FASTEETH soothes tissue made tender by chafing of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

Dorothy Dix

Intimate Advisor to Millions of Women

Dear Dorothy Dix—Can you help me analyze my problem? I am young, dress well, I am not unattractive, I dance well and I love to dance, but boys just do not ask me to dances and I do not know why.

"Every girl needs a true perspiration check—one that is still effective after a bath, after an afternoon of shopping or an evening of dancing".

Perhaps you have not given sufficient thought to this aspect of your grooming. Only a deodorant like Odorono that stops underarm perspiration (and this practice is recommended by doctors and has been proved safe by hundreds of thousands of women) can be depended upon to keep you free from perspiration odour through an evening of dancing. Use Odorono regularly according to the directions on the bottle label. •••

Women Also Serve

Makes hot scones daily at Anzac buffet

Behind scenes at buffet kitchen.

WITH her hands covered in dough, Mrs. G. F. Brackstone prepares scones for the Diggers.

MORNING callers at the new Anzac buffet and lounge at Anzac House, Melbourne, will find Mrs. G. F. Brackstone busy making batches of scones for the soldiers.

She is in charge of the buffet and with her five daily helpers she makes scones and sandwiches, and serves them with pies and cakes at a small charge. Tea, coffee, and biscuits are served free.

All the helpers are members of the women's section of the R.S.L. Service Fund and the Central Women's Auxiliary.

Mrs. Brackstone stated that the buffet is visited by many soldiers from other States, and the women helpers meet troop trains to take soldiers who are new to Melbourne to the buffet lounge.

Provided by the Victorian branch of the Returned Soldiers' League, the room has been comfortably furnished and is open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

❖ ❖ ❖

Now wield knitting needles instead of golf clubs

WHEN associates of South Australia's Kooyonga Golf Club head towards the links every Friday morning they go armed with knitting—instead of golf bags.

Captain of the associates, Mrs. J. R. Campbell, is president of the knitting circle, which has some of Adelaide's best-known women golfers among its 38 members.

Mrs. E. R. Lawrie acts as supervisor—keeping a check on garments and wool. She assists less expert knitters to follow directions for making soldiers' woollies, too.

Members have sent over 90 garments to the Red Cross and are now directing their energies to help the Fighting Forces Fund.

Wishing to do "their bit," too, the men's committee donate tea, milk, and sugar to enliven meetings with morning tea. Seizing the opportunity of raising more money for war funds, the circle makes a small charge for this.

❖ ❖ ❖

Is organising schools' fete for Lord Mayor's appeal

NO job of honorary organising for war work is too big or too small for Mrs. I. Green, of Melbourne.

Her present activities include the organisation of the schools' fete for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross war appeal, to be held at the Town Hall on April 5 and 6.

Schools will each take a stall and decorate it in their colors, and children will give programmes of music and physical culture every afternoon and evening.

This large undertaking, in charge of Mrs. Green, follows closely on her recent war fund effort, when £2000 was raised, and the Royal Melbourne Hospital appeal fete which raised £1000.

When troops were recently billeted at the Exhibition Building, prior to their march through the city, Mrs. Green acted as telephonist-messenger for nearly twenty-four hours.

She took hundreds of messages and delivered them to the "Toms," "Dicks," or "Bills" of the 2nd A.I.F.

❖ ❖ ❖

First woman doctor to leave Australia for army work

DR. MARY THORNTON, whose special effort during the last war was mainly to wash dishes at Wirth's Park Rest Rooms, Melbourne, is doing something very different this time.

She leaves Australia immediately for London to join the British Army as a radiologist in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and will probably go overseas.

She will have the rank of lieutenant, and, like all the other women doctors in the R.A.M.C., will be eligible for promotion to the higher ranks on the same footing and the same pay as the men.

She will wear uniform similar to that of officers in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

War funds to benefit from travelling "tuckshop"

LATEST contrivance swung into action for the Fighting Forces Fund is a travelling tuckshop. It is the invention of members of the Auxiliary to the Home for Incurables in South Australia, which has Mrs. F. J. Fraser for president.

Mrs. F. L. Weiss —Rembrandt.

It is a double-decker tray-mobile, laden with home-made delicacies.

The travelling tuckshop is wheeled round wards at the Home on certain days and does a great trade among the 200 patients. Everything sold returns a clear profit.

The arrival of the tuckshop laden with cream puffs, gem scones, vanilla slices, jam tarts, and light sponge cakes is quite an event.

"Patients' likes and dislikes are carefully studied," explained Mrs. F. L. Weiss, enthusiastic secretary to the Auxiliary. "From time to time we make inquiries and find out what dainties are most in demand. Members then get out their recipe books and bake accordingly." One week there was a unanimous cry for cream puffs!

Since the Auxiliary was formed it has done very fine work.

At the patients' own suggestion a weekly collection is taken up for war funds. Quite a number of them are knitting and sewing for the troops.

Only woman scientist to join 2nd A.I.F.

THE only woman other than nurses and masseuses to go abroad with the 2nd Australian General Hospital with the A.I.F. will be Miss Mavis Freeman, of Melbourne, bacteriologist and bio-chemist.

She will be a member of the Army Medical Corps, but as there is no special uniform for women doing her work she will wear the trim navy-blue outdoor uniform and the saxe-blue working dress of the V.A.D. She will be specially useful in the event of epidemics among the troops, as part of her work will be the isolation of organisms causing diseases, so that they can be identified for treatment.

Miss Freeman is a graduate of Melbourne University. After taking her degree of Bachelor of Science in 1928, she continued her work as Bio-chemist Research Fellow at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Melbourne, till 1934, when she was awarded the Victorian Women Graduates' Association's second travelling fellowship to enable her to continue her work in protein research at the Lister Institute, London.

On her return she was again attached to the staff of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, this time as assistant to Dr. F. M. Burnet in the virus department.

Recently she has been helping to prepare the sera used for inoculating members of the A.I.F. against various diseases, and has helped inoculate members of the A.A.M.C. who go to the institute for that purpose.

War work includes A.R.P. lectures and Red Cross duties

AUSTRALIAN troops up at Darwin receive parcels of comforts from the Queensland Red Cross.

Mrs. G. S. Crouch, the honorary secretary of the Brisbane Red Cross receiving and despatch depot, has packed many parcels for the boys "up north."

She is on duty all day every Thursday and visits the Red Cross rooms almost daily.

Before the war Mrs. Crouch took a special A.R.P. course under the direction of Captain Rutherford, and she has given lectures regularly for some months.

In the last war Mrs. Crouch worked for the Red Cross, and she was an original member of the handicraft classes to teach returned soldiers various handicrafts.

MRS. G. S. CROUCH packing a soldier's parcel at the Red Cross depot in Brisbane.

NO-RUB QUIZ NO. 2

WHY DID HE FALL IN LOVE WITH *you?*

Was it that day at the beach when he so much admired your smooth, shapely knees? Keep them shapely! Avoid the out-dated rubbing and the polishing that cause misshapen knees and coarsened skin.

There is no kneeling, and no hard labour in polishing the NO-RUB way! Use the special lambs wool applicator and a mop to spread an even film of NO-RUB over the floor. You don't rub it in—a gentle to and fro motion is all that's needed.

and a daily mop-over keeps the floor bright for weeks!

NO-RUB

NON-SLIP LIQUID FLOOR WAX

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The Makers of Supreme Shoe Polish.

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To keep your make-up fresh and beautiful hours longer

—first tone up your skin with Pears Tonic Action

A months-long maturing process removes all harshness from Pears—leaves it wonderfully mellow, transparently pure.

You can't put on a glamorous make-up over drawn, tired skin. Your skin must be made firm and smooth . . . radiantly fresh! So first give it a rousing wash with Pears' Soap. Pears' tonic action tones up your skin . . . prepares it for a gloriously lovely make-up that lasts for hours.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, softened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A. & F. PEARS LIMITED 10.193.39

Saddled With a Wife

Continued from Page 6

As for his son, Colin learned something in quite a roundabout way. Paul Travis, manager of the local bank, meeting him in the street, inquired, "How's Norman getting on?"

"All right," Colin answered guardedly.

"He gave my name as a reference when he went to work for that Electric Company. Where's he living now?"

"In town," Colin ventured.

"I heard he was married."

"Yes."

He had no doubt that Norman knew the whereabouts of his mother. Well, he'd settle down into a temporary routine of living without Harriet. After all, what else was there to do?

But the routine was not without its irritations; he had supposed that the servants, the cook, the maid and the chauffeur who had been with them some time, could function without constant authority. But apparently they couldn't.

At last he phoned an agency for a housekeeper.

It was a stroke of genius. An intelligent Mrs. Block assumed control; vital household questions were settled out of his hearing.

There were intervals in the day, however, when he was accustomed to talk to Harriet—at breakfast, at dinner, sometimes in the evening—and he was annoyed at having to sit down at these periods alone and in silence.

Where the devil was Harriet? She had no right to subject him to this loneliness. Should he try to get in touch with her? Well, how?

He had an inspiration. He would address a letter to his own house and it would be forwarded. He was elated at the idea, went straight into the library and wrote:

"What have I done to you, Harriet? Won't you let me see you and talk it over? Please don't take this 'action' you spoke about in your note until you've explained to me the reason for leaving me like this."

The letter must have been forwarded all right; it did not come back to the house. But days went by and when still no answer came he was at first astonished and then baffled, and faced for the first time the suggestion of finality.

Then he thought of another idea, an idea which he first rejected, then nervously considered for several days, and finally acted on.

Abashed, he went to see his son, ready to make any concessions.

In overalls, khaki-colored and stained, his hair dishevelled, his young face smudged, Norman met him in the entrance hall of the Electric Company. What troubled Colin as he looked into the boy's inquiring eyes was whether he should shake hands. But Norman solved this by saying simply: "Hello," and displaying his grimy hands, smiling apologetically.

They sat down.

"How are you getting on, Norman?"

"Very well. I'm an assistant engineer. At the moment I'm working on mercury switches. Want to see the plant? I'll take you in—show you——"

"I haven't much time. Where are you living?"

"Joanna and I have a flat about half a mile from here. It's not much, but it's what I can afford."

"Where is your mother?" Colin asked, and waited, watching the boy's face redden with embarrassment.

"I—I don't know that she's made any particular secret about it," he said at last. "I don't know what to say. I feel as if it's my fault. The whole thing. I—I feel like the devil about it all."

"I want her back under whatever conditions she cares to make."

"I could tell her that."

He won't tell me where she is, Colin realised. For some reason she has made him promise not to tell and he won't.

Colin tried a new tack. "You needn't feel it was your fault. I was angry, acted on impulse——"

Colin waved his hand and smiled nervously.

"——but you see what I mean. If your mother knows that I've forgiven you for running off and getting married before you even had a job——"

"As a matter of fact I had got a job. The electric people engaged three of us before we even took our degrees."

"Oh! Well, if she knows how I feel now she'll come back."

"I'll tell her what you've said."

"Now that everything is straightened out—as long as you won't tell me where she is, if you'll promise that." How easily the boy could have humiliated him. He appreciated that. There was a fineness about Norman. He was capable, too— looked capable and at home in these surroundings. Colin's eyes were thoughtful as he got to his feet.

"Of course I'll promise," Norman said.

They shook hands then and Colin limped out, his heart light.

But still he received no word from his wife. He considered going again to see Norman, but rejected that. He knew his son had done what he could. It was unfair to involve him further in his parents' distress.

And at last Colin said to himself miserably, "Well, I'm beaten."

He was sitting in the library. He leaned forward in his chair and put his head in his hands, staring in front of him, and suddenly leaped up. Harriet's photograph, which had always stood on his desk, had vanished.

He limped to the doorway shouting for Mrs. Block. She came in from the kitchen. "What happened to the photograph in the silver frame that stood on my desk?" he demanded.

Please turn to Page 42

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—Gazing upon the lovely Easter moon last week, did you pause to consider that, to reach the earth, its light requires

Ten hours—three years—under two seconds—about three minutes—a month.

2.—When very young, how many of you thought that, to jug a hare, one had to stuff it forcibly into a milk jug. And how many have since learnt that it is more correct to

Bake it—fry it—pickle it—bruise it—stew it.

3.—If you are well up in current topics, you doubtless know that a navicert is a certificate which states that

A naval vessel is seaworthy—a vessel's cargo contains no contraband goods—a seaman is to be transferred from one ship to another—a vessel is entitled to travel in a convoy.

4.—And if you are a good Australian, you most probably know that sorghum is

A disease attacking sheep—a wheat fertiliser—a fodder plant—a root crop.

5.—Which of these composers was deaf?

Wagner—Grieg — Beethoven—Mozart—Liszt—Gounod.

6.—No doubt you've already started knitting a cardigan, with autumn upon us. And by the way, this garment was called after

An English nobleman—a famous London tailor—a popular actress—the manager of famous knitting mills.

7.—Talking of names, did you know that Mavis is a poetical name for a

Kingfisher — nightingale — song thrush—blackbird—dove.

8.—No question of it, it IS hard to keep up with the map of Europe. Montenegro, for instance, which used to be a kingdom, is nowadays merely a State in

Yugoslavia — Czechoslovakia — Albania — Herzgovina — The U.S.S.R.

9.—Which poet dared to sum women up as "uncertain, coy, and hard to please"?

Shelley—Keats—Byron—Browning—Scott.

10.—Deal is the wood of what tree?

Poplar—pine—fir—oak—elm.

Answers on Page 42

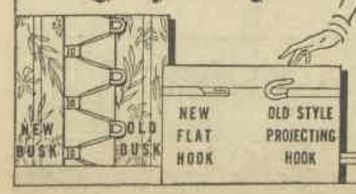
No other corset is "just as good" as

LADY RUTH

THE ORIGINAL PRACTICAL FRONT

Just look at this Lady Ruth "Wunlace" Practical Front Corset 5218 and note how different it is from ordinary corsets. It has the new flat busk with smooth flat hooks that can't "catch" on undies and won't show through. And look—only one front lace to fasten, instead of two. The elastic thigh sections "give" comfortably when you bend or sit, and the elastic side-waist gores ensure a snug-fitting, tailored look. Exceptionally well made, this garment is adequately boned for hip control. A perfect-fitting corset for the medium average figure. Sizes 23-33.

Lady Ruth



5218

4.129.

It isn't cooking that makes the saucepans look old....

. . . IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

Don't spoil the look of your saucepans by harsh cleaning methods. Every scratch holds dirt, and possibly germs, and makes cleaning harder in the future. Vim gives *smooth* cleaning because Vim grains are soap-coated. They loosen dirt so that you can wipe it all away with one swift, light rub. Vim keeps your kitchenware bright and shining!

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

7.97.2.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716833

Poor girl wanted to shine in society

Maysie Grieg's romance of ambitious beauty

Maysie Grieg's publishers will soon have to provide two pages in the front of her books if she wants to continue listing all the novels she has written.

She has a most inspiring number to her credit. Looking back, one can't remember a time when she wasn't writing. And yet, despite changing literary fashion and a fickle public, she is as popular now as ever she was.

MAYSIE GRIEG, Australian writer, whose romantic novels are among the best sellers.

HER latest novel, "Grand Relations," is well up to her best standard.

That this standard is not one that is likely to enthuse the more serious critics won't matter a thing to the vast mass of readers whose first demand of any story is that it should be entertaining.

Whatever opinion you may have of the kind of material Maysie Grieg likes to handle, one thing must be admitted: she is a capable craftswoman; much more capable than many so-called writers who talk self-consciously of their art.

She knows just what things wring the susceptible feminine heart; and has served long enough at her trade to be able to use them deftly.

In this new book, the heroine, Judy Groves, fresh, unspoiled, leaves Canada to visit her cousin, Cicely, in London.

Judy has £1000—a legacy from her father. This, to her, is riches; indeed, quite unwittingly, she conveys to Cicely and her fiance, Ivan, that she is rich. It is this misconception on which the whole intrigue of the story is founded.

Judy is dazzled by London, and the fashionable, cocktail-drinking crowd among whom she is thrown. Cicely takes her up because, thinking she is rich, unsophisticated Judy seems an easy victim to pluck.

Emotional complications are gratifyingly many. Judy falls in love with Ivan's brother, Peter. Peter, in turn, loves Diana Furber. Judy is loved by Barney Lester, whom she has left behind in Canada. Cicely and Ivan love only themselves.

Affairs reach a climax when Peter, discovering how Ivan and Cicely have been exploiting Judy, has a rush of nobility, and engages himself to Judy as a gesture of amendment for the sins of the other two, giving up Diana as part of his sacrifice.

Diana blasts this by calling on Judy, and telling her what lay behind Peter's proposal.

Judy then makes her own sacrifice by returning to Canada, agreeing to marry Barney, and bringing him back to England to be reconciled to his uncle, Sir Rupert Lester, whose heir he now becomes once more.

Keeps you guessing

TRUE to the ancient traditions of story-telling, Miss Grieg refuses right up to the last page to let the reader guess whether Judy will end up with Peter or Barney. Having lost her, Peter has found that it is Judy and not Diana he really loves, but, by now, Barney Lester is the man in possession. It is a very complicated situation.

Heartache in plenty is provided in this story, but it is the kind of heartache the ordinary reader enjoys—knowing all the time that everything must come out all right in the end.

The characters are cut to conventional and easily recognisable patterns: Cicely and Ivan represent the heartless, worthless side of a great city; Judy is the fresh, unspoiled epitome of the great open spaces and everything that is admirable in young womanhood.

Most readers like people in fiction to be like that.

They know what to expect, and, knowing, are not disappointed halfway through the story by finding a character they either admire or dislike doing something which forces them to revise their opinion.

"Grand Relations" will have a wide public—the name Maysie Grieg on the jacket is enough to ensure this. There are a great number of books that deserve success for less.

Grand Relations, Maysie Grieg. Hodder & Stoughton.

At 72 she takes up ski-ing

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

AGE is no barrier to ski-ing, as can be shown by Mrs. Maybelle Miles, 72-year-old mother of ten children, who is just beginning to learn how to manipulate the slippery slabs.

With the first real snowfall of the season, the pink-cheeked little lady, still hale and cheerful, packed her shiny new skis and boots—a present from her son—and headed for Cannon Mountain to learn the art.

Her son is a skier, she explained. Besides, she loved to ride on the aerial tramway and watch the quizzing figures gliding below. Now she has decided to take an active part.

Fifteen-year-old author started book as homework

From our New York office

Fifteen-year-old Rosemary Lamkey, blue-eyed, curly-headed author of "The Lonely Dwarf," is New York's youngest author.

NOT only did she write the book, but illustrated it as well.

"I got the idea while doing my homework," said this high school girl. "At first it was a piece of homework and nothing else.

"Then I decided to write a book about it."

As the title infers, she created the character and pictures of a lonely dwarf "who dreamed and dreamed until the room was filled with his dreams of things that he never had had, mainly of being loved and happy."

Geobles, the elf servant, enters the plot here to inject a novel twist to the yarn by his tidy nature.

Unable to stand a room full of dreams, cluttering up the place, and fearing for their safety, he folds each dream up neatly and puts it away as soon as his master has dreamed it.

The use both dwarfs make of this gigantic bag of dreams furnishes such a gay story that she has been asked to do a sequel.

The vivacious Rosemary already knows what the next story is going to be and has thought up some of the illustrations for it.

The young author lives with her mother, Mrs. Suzanne Lamkey, her sister Monique, 18, and grandmother. The Lamkey girls are French on their mother's side and American on their father's side. They both speak French and English fluently.

"Most children like stories of torture and loneliness," said Rosemary, "and by arousing their pity or sense of justice, these thrilling yarns may do more good than harm."

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

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Saddled With a Wife

Continued from Page 40

"WHY, there's been no photograph there since I came here, sir."

"Call Anna," he snapped.

Anna, the maid, came in nervously.

"The photograph of Mrs. Norton?" she echoed. "She took it herself when she went off—to Scotland. I saw her put it in her case."

Colin dismissed them. He couldn't believe it but he had to; he had to realise that Harriet's photograph, which she had given him ten years ago and which had sat on his desk ever since, had been gone all this time and he had never noticed it!

. . . . . .

A row of chairs stood against the grey bare walls of the waiting-room off the accident ward at the Central Hospital. Waiting there in cold anxiety, after an hour or so Harriet Norton finally turned her thoughts to her husband.

She would never go back to him. He wants me back under whatever conditions I care to make, she reflected. He forgives Norman. Ah, yes, Colin, I suppose you are lonely, but it is not your capitulation I want. There is something you would have to learn, something you will never learn about women.

She expected him to appear at any moment. She had telephoned him at the office but he had just gone; she had rung up the house and had left a message: "Tell him his son is in the Central Hospital." She had felt that Colin, Norman's father after all, should know about this.

A Mr. Kendall from the electric plant had explained what had happened and Harriet had listened, trying not to let the horror show on her face.

Norman had been testing the effect of various gases in mercury switches, bending over a bench. He didn't know that one of the engineers had turned on the hydrogen. It was not clear to her what had happened or whose fault it was, but when Norman took a lighted glass-blowing torch to seal a switch, half a dozen gas bottles and apparatus had exploded in his face.

Now she waited, she and Norman's young white-lipped wife. Somewhere in this vast place they were taking particles of glass out of him. Terrified, she wondered if his eyes had been touched. His wrists had been lacerated. They had given him a blood transfusion.

Her head turned sharply at the opening of a door. A nurse entered, behind her Colin. "Here they are," said the nurse.

"I've been here half an hour," Colin explained in an unnecessary whisper. "Came in the main entrance. Been trying to find out something. You needn't wait in here."

He led them out to a silent corridor and up the stairs to the main entrance. There a lift took them up three stories. "I got a room for him on this floor in the private wing," Colin said. "When they bring him down—here, we can wait in a room over there."

They sat waiting, avoiding each other's eyes.

It was dark when the group suddenly appeared in the corridor, men and women in white rolling a trolley and vanishing, almost before the three of them stood up, into the room which Colin had arranged for Norman.

Then as the nurse came out they stood in anxious silence, afraid to hear her verdict. But:

"He's all right," the nurse said quietly. "Yes, his eyes are all right. They weren't touched, his glasses saved them. He'll have to be here a few days. You can see him. For just a second."

From his pillow Norman smiled wanly and reassuringly at them all. He had been given an injection, and almost before they backed out again he was asleep.

It was when they were outside the hospital that Joanna finally gave way, laughing and crying hysterically as Colin caught her in his arms. They got into a taxi with her to take her home and Harriet thought of something practical.

"You pack a bag for him," she suggested, "and my husband and I will take it back. Then he'll have his things in the morning." It was simply the reaction and Joanna grew calm again, even before the taxi stopped.

There were only three rooms in their flat, meagrely but attractively furnished, now in some confusion. Colin peered at a portable typewriter on a paper-strewn desk.

"What's this?"

"Norman is making a report to the patent department on work he's been doing on mercury switches," Joanna said with pride. "I've been typing it for him." She had emerged from the bedroom with a small bag. She pushed her pretty fair hair back, recollected something. "I'll have to phone his lecturer. I mustn't forget that. When do you think he'll be able to go back?"

"IS he taking classes?" Colin asked.

"Yes, he's taking an extension course in electrical engineering to get a further degree."

"Will you be all right?" Harriet asked. "Don't you want me to stay here to-night?"

"Oh, no. I'm all right."

"Then I'll see you at the hospital in the morning. Good night." Harriet kissed the girl on the cheek and went ahead of Colin down the stairs.

A thought occurred to her—wasn't it all strangely like that when we started life together? But you wouldn't remember, Colin. You are so sure of yourself now, needing no help. So self-sufficient.

When they had left the bag at the hospital she said to him at last:

"Well, good night."

"I'm going to take you home," he answered gruffly. "Where are you staying?"

"In an hotel."

"I need some air, it's so hot. Let's taxi."

Twenty-one years ago they had brought him back and Harriet had met him at the dock. Harriet had taken him home. So many memories were awakening in his mind. Memories and an awareness which had lain deep, so deep he had forgotten it.

In the flat they had just left, Norman's young wife standing there, pale and still trembling after her ordeal—it had a queer haunting effect. He had felt ashamed, recalling then something he had once said—now he's saddled with a wife, some inspired remark of that sort. He glanced shamefacedly at Harriet, and away. There was something he must say to her but he couldn't think of words, words to express this thing in his heart.

He rode in silence beside her to her secluded hotel and got out with her on the quiet deserted pavement. He understood so much now. He finally said futilely:

"Harriet, won't you come back?"

She shook her head. "I'm not ready to. I don't think I'll ever be ready to."

But perhaps after he'd had time to think how to put it into words.

"Will you let me see you again—to-morrow?" he pleaded desperately.

"I don't see any point in it. If you want—perhaps—you can ring me up. Good-bye."

But she would never go back, Harriet vowed to herself, standing there in front of her hotel. She hadn't left him on impulse; she had carefully thought it all out. She watched him turn and walk away. Her eyes followed him, took in his hat, the light grey flannel suit, his heavy stick, his polished tan shoes. Her hand flew to her mouth. "Colin!" she cried.

He whirled and started to come back. His face was radiant.

"Stop, Colin, I only want to tell you—you've got a hole in your sock. You look so uncared-for and a little ridiculous with it. I haven't changed my mind—stop, stop!" For he was taking her by the shoulders and stammering:

"I need you—I need you so much." He was taking her in his arms, there in the street.

Suddenly she clutched him.

"Oh, Colin, how I've missed not having you!" and began to weep.

GERMAINE LECOMTE'S classically simple frock with box-pleated shirt. Made in deep coral silk crepe with a surge of palest blue blossom.

It didn't take her long to pack while Colin waited for her downstairs. She closed the suitcase and straightened up as her telephone rang. It was Colin speaking from the hall below.

"Harriet," he demanded, "the photograph, the one I had on my desk—please don't forget it."

"No, I won't."

She looked a little guilty. She had forgotten it. She called a porter, went out and rang for a lift. Dear Colin. She closed her eyes for an instant, smiling, and went down to him.

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The answer is—

1.—Under two seconds.
2.—Stew it.
3.—A vessel's cargo contains no contraband goods.
4.—A fodder plant.
5.—Beethoven.
6.—An English nobleman. (Lord Cardigan).
7.—Song thrush.
8.—Yugoslavia.
9.—Scott. (In "Marmion").
10.—Pine.

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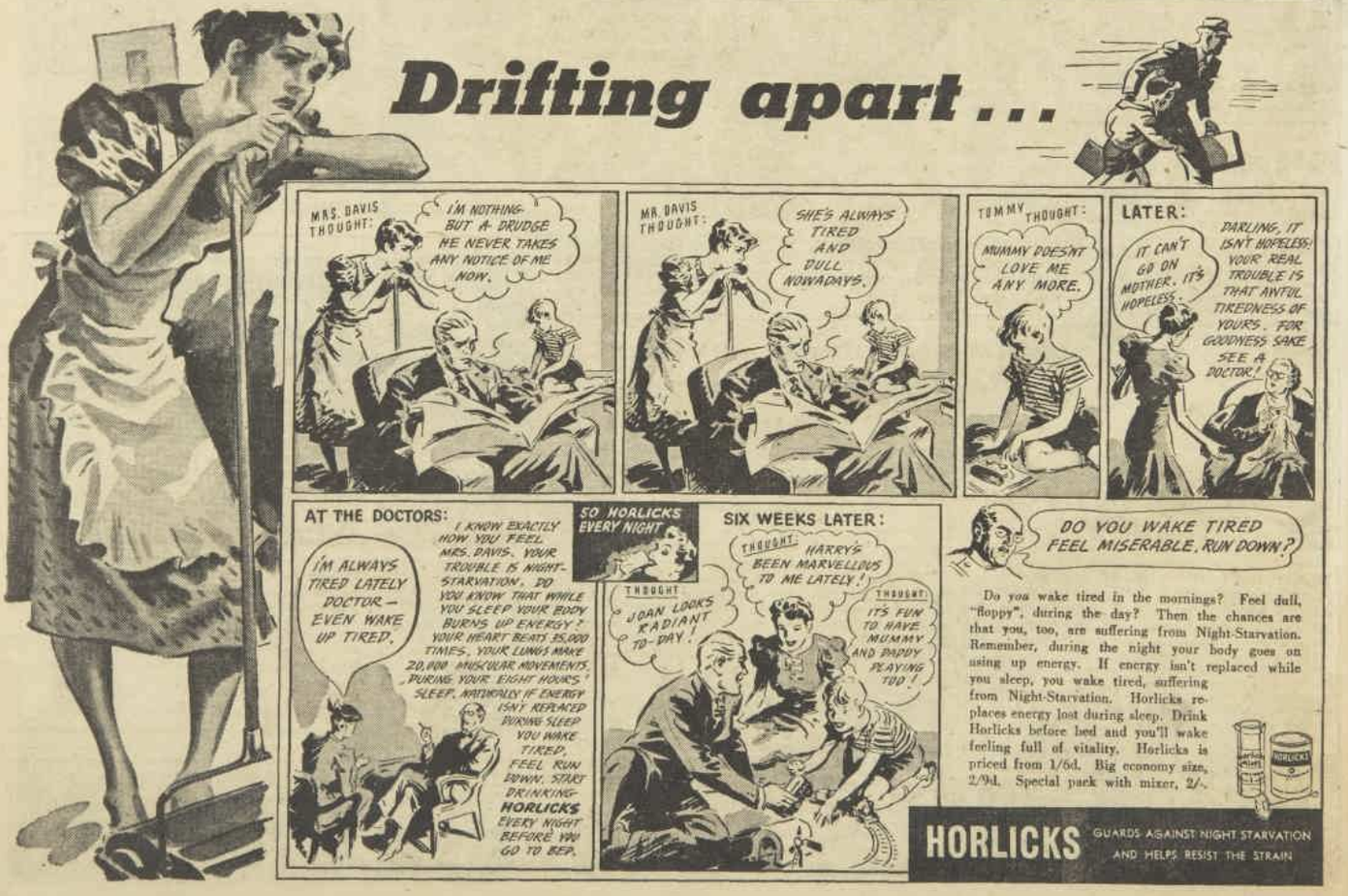

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COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter. The Colonel's daughter
DOT: Has accompanied Mandrake and Lothar to investigate the story of the ghost,
OL' JEAN: Who is supposed to haunt the place where once a pirate band hid their treasure. A terrific storm bursts, and when queer, sinister figures dressed as pirates surround them Dot and Lothar are terrified. There are also numerous mysterious happenings and Mandrake suspects that another magician is at work.
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The Sentimental Streak

THAT was easier, for local authority had recently been busy and of the original grey stone dwellings only a handful remained. Three of them stood in a row at the top of the main street, four more were scattered over the hillside itself, and all seven were still in the possession of their occupiers. Considerably encouraged by this fact, and with the reflection that Glyn-David at least would know his own birthplace, Meredith went back to Penyrhyndeudraeth to meet the afternoon train.

"Well?" said Camilla at once. "Have you got it?"

"No, of course not," replied Meredith lightly. "I don't put good money down till I'm dead sure. Is he here?"

Camilla nodded towards a carriage farther up the train, whence Glyn-David was even then descending. He carried a small Gladstone bag, which he refused to give up to the porter, and without a glance to right or left walked briskly towards the exit. From his demeanor he might have been using that station every day for the last 20 years.

"The wanderer returns!" declaimed Camilla sardonically.

Meredith said nothing, but picked up her suitcases and followed. Outside the station Glyn-David paused to consult what looked like a cheap guide-book; then, having taken his bearings, walked confidently on till he arrived at a small temperance hotel. Here he deposited his bag and at once re-emerged.

"I'm not going to stay in this hole!" muttered Camilla. "I tell you——"

The next minute she found herself alone. Glyn-David, after another brief pause, had turned his face towards the hillside and set off at his usual brisk pace; and Meredith, dropping the suitcases on the pavement, at once went after him.

Twenty minutes later, before the end cottage of the grey stone row, he saw Glyn-David come to a halt and stiffen like a pointer.

It was like all the other cottages, small, high-pitched, built of grey stone; it had a tiny front garden, well cared for, and fenced with green palings. Each paling ended in a sharp point, but the two gate-posts squared; and upon the left-hand of these posts, its single leg wedged into a split in the wood, stood like a sentry a big old-fashioned toy soldier.

For perhaps three minutes Glyn-David stood perfectly still, staring at it. Someone, quite recently, had given the scarlet tunic a fresh coat of paint; it was that conspicuous bit of color that had caught his eye ten yards off. And someone had repainted the face, adding an unfamiliar moustache that turned up, whereas the one that had been so black fifty years ago used to turn down. Fifty years!

"It must ha' been a good bit of wood!" thought Glyn-David. And so it was; he could remember even now the struggle he had had to carve his initials deep into the hard grain . . .

Glyn-David leant across the fence until he could see the scarlet back. The new paint had not dried quite smoothly, but showed two curving grooves.

They formed the rough outlines of a G and D.

The owner of the cottage came so quietly down the path that until she spoke Glyn-David was not aware of her presence. Then he looked round and saw a thin, middle-aged woman with a lady's carriage and a lady's pleasant, unselfconscious smile.

"Are you looking at my sentry?" she asked.

"Yes," said Glyn-David. "Yes, I am. Where did you get him?"

Miss Jones pointed towards the green hill.

"Up there. I found him in a tin box, pushed into a cranny between two rocks. And I left him for about a year, because I thought some child might have hidden him, and would come back. But no one ever did, so I brought him down here for company. It does sound foolish, doesn't it?"

"NO," said Glyn-David stolidly, "that's a very good piece of wood." Then the fear of giving himself away, the instinct not to praise anything he coveted, made him hastily seek a change of subject. Turning his attention from the soldier, he fixed it on the cottage; and at once remembered—a fact automatically registered by the business side of his brain—that he had not passed a single tea-shop since leaving Penrhyndeudraeth.

"D'you get many visitors here?" he asked casually. "It's a pretty place."

"Isn't it?" agreed Miss Jones eagerly. "My dear father, who was an artist, called it the home of the True Picturesque. That's why he came to live here. In summer we have motor cars going through nearly every day—and no wonder! Just look at the sweep of that hill!"

But Glyn-David was still looking at the cottage. In imagination he had brightened it with awnings, set tables and chairs, hung out a sign . . .

"I'd like to buy it and turn it into a tea-shop," he said. As usual he spoke literally, by "would like" meaning simply "I would enjoy," and not "I intend if possible"; but Miss Jones flushed indignantly.

"A tea-shop!" she repeated, actually retreating as though in horror from the idea. "A tea-shop—where my father used to paint his pictures! There's nothing he would have hated more!"

"All right," said Glyn-David. "It was only an idea." And a very sen-

Continued from Page 5

sible one, too, he added mentally; since the artist was evidently dead, and since Miss Jones herself was obviously as poor as a church mouse . . . But that was no business of his, and he turned back to the soldier. "There's what I've taken a fancy to," he now admitted. "How much do you want for it?"

"I'm afraid he's not for sale," said Miss Jones stiffly.

Glyn-David hesitated. If he told her the whole history, she would naturally put the price up; on the other hand, if he did not tell her, she might simply turn stubborn. He pondered this dilemma for a moment or two, then for the first time in his life decided to pay for a whim.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it used to belong to me. I played with it as a kid. I don't know about

Animal Antics

"I'M AFRAID Alice isn't old enough to choose her friends after all!"

proving possession, after forty years, but if you look on the back you'll see my initials. They're G.D."

Half unwillingly, Miss Jones looked. Then her expression changed and her face, when she raised it again to Glyn-David's, was soft with emotion.

"So you have come back!" she said quietly. "How strange! And of course you must have him."

"How much?" asked Glyn-David.

"How much? Why, for nothing, of course!"

For a moment he gaped at her, unselfishly aghast at such neglect of a business opportunity.

"But—you must put a price to it!"

"How can I, when it hasn't any value?"

"But it has!" persisted Glyn-David, quite carried away. "It has a sentimental value to me, and I'm a wealthy—comparatively wealthy—man. How much do you want?"

But the extraordinary woman still stood there smiling at him, while he extracted his pocket-book and slowly opened it. Then she reached out and with a strong jerk pulled the soldier from his post and thrust him into Glyn-David's hands.

"There!" she said. "Don't be so silly! It's yours really, isn't it?"

Glyn-David stared first at the soldier, then at her.

"You're a nice woman," he said at last. "You're about the first nice woman I've met. If you'll walk back to Penrhyndeudraeth with me, I—I'll give you a cup of tea."

It may be stated at once that he did not marry her. From that extremely promising encounter no romance blossomed, nor did Glyn-David's nature undergo any startling change. But in his own way he liked Miss Jones very much indeed; he felt a benevolent interest in her; and being certain that she would never take anything from him directly, determined that if opportunity arose his indirect benefactions should be as large as possible.

He therefore listened attentively the next morning, when, as he paused for a chat at her gate, she recounted an extraordinary incident of the night before.

"A gentleman, a Mr. Meredith," announced Miss Jones, her eyes still wide with amazement, "called just as I was sitting down to supper, and he wants to buy this cottage too!"

"How much for?" asked Glyn-David at once.

"Two hundred pounds—which is just about what it's worth. But of course I don't want to sell, and I told him so. Though he didn't want to turn it into a tea-shop . . ."

"So you told him about that?" said Glyn-David with a grin.

"I just mentioned it. And then—this extraordinary part!—he absolutely insisted on giving me ten pounds to promise not to sell it to anyone else. He had a paper all ready, with a place for me to sign, and a lady with him who signed as witness!"

"And did you?"

"Yes, I did," admitted Miss Jones, looking a trifle guilty. "I don't know whether it was strictly honest, because of course I shan't sell at all—but I told him that, and he seemed very well off, and he's staying at the Royal, and the ten pounds was such a temptation. I can have the chimney put right, for one thing." She paused, and anxiously searched Glyn-David's face for any sign of disapproval. "You wouldn't call it actual cheating, would you?"

"OH, it's legal all right," returned Glyn-David absently. "I hope you got the money in cash?"

"Two five-pound notes," she said. "I'm going to take it to the bank to-day. They will be surprised!"

Glyn-David, however, when he came to think the matter over, was hardly surprised at all. He spent the rest of the day walking over the hills, and on his way back stood for five minutes contemplating Miss Jones' cottage. And that evening, for the first time, he allowed himself to be met by the fair Camilla.

She did it very neatly, stepping out from a stationer's and strolling right across Glyn-David's path. Nor did she display any exaggerated surprise, but observed at once that she thought she had seen him on the train.

"That's right," agreed Glyn-David blandly, "and I saw you. Having a good trip?"

"Grand," said Camilla. "Everyone's been lovely to me—except you, Mr. Glyn-David. You said you'd look me up in London, but you broke your word."

"I said I would if I had time," corrected Glyn-David, "and I hadn't." It was a perennial source of wonder to him that people could be so slipshod not only in their own speech, but in listening to the speech of others. "But I've time now if you care to come for a stroll."

Please turn to Page 46

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The Sentimental Streak

WITH rising hopes—for despite her rebuff on board ship she had all the invincible self-confidence of a very pretty woman—Camilla overestimated her charm.

"I'd rather have a drink, you know!"

"I'm a teetotaller," returned Glyn-David; and since a walk was better than nothing she fell into step.

The mere proximity of a millionaire was agreeable, and as they left the town behind it really did appear as though he were beginning to take an interest in her. He gave her some very good advice as to her mode of living, about which he seemed to have so few illusions that Camilla, remembering the story of her legacy, almost blushed. "I believe he had us taped from the start," she thought uneasily; and Glyn-David's next words confirmed the suspicion.

"This fellow Meredith you go about with," he was saying, "he's no good to you. I don't suppose he'll even be able to pay the hotel."

"Oh, yes, he will!" retorted Camilla, stung. "I'm not quite such a fool as you think. I know exactly what Jimmy's got, and it's a pile."

"Then he shows great confidence in you," said Glyn-David. "Quite unusual. Or did you take a look at his money belt?"

Camilla stopped to stare.

"No. I didn't! How could I?"

"While he was asleep," said Glyn-David crudely. "And you needn't tell me he doesn't wear one, because I know that sort. He hasn't a banking account in South Africa, and he won't have one here. He carries every cent he's got on him—ready to skip. When you find more than fifty pounds, my dear, you'd better look out."

For one moment longer prudence and the desire to score struggled in Camilla's breast; then the more natural emotion won.

"Fifty!" she cried scornfully. "Fifty! D'you know how much there is in that belt at this minute? Two thousand pounds!"

At least she made an impression, for after expressing suitable astonishment and admiration, Glyn-David said hardly another word all the way back. A sudden burst of rain, indeed, blowing straight in their faces, discouraged conversation; but Camilla felt that he now regarded her with more respect. She was glad she had told him; and so was Glyn-David.

It was raining so hard when they reached the temperance hotel that common humanity compelled him to ask Camilla inside. At the provision of shelter, however, his hospitality stopped, and he made no scruple of asking her to excuse him while he wrote an important letter.

"Of course!" said Camilla, with a gracious gesture towards the writing-table.

BUT Glyn-David, after extracting an envelope and a directory, excused himself further and went upstairs; he wanted to use his own headed notepaper. When he came down again it was still raining, but his anxiety to catch the evening post was so apparent that Camilla, eager to ingratiate herself, and despairing of refreshment at once rose to her feet.

"Let me take it for you," she offered. "I pass the post office on my way back."

So Glyn-David handed over the envelope, and Camilla, as she hurried through the rain, was rewarded by some useful information.

"He's written to a firm called Morgan and Bartholomew, in Aberystwith," she reported to Jimmy Meredith. "You'd better find out who they are."

This proved extremely simple. Even the clerk at the hotel could identify Morgan and Bartholomew, for they were the best-known firm of architects in Wales.

. . . . . .

"He's been again!" announced Miss Jones, next morning. "And I think he must be mad, because he's offered me—can you believe it!—a thousand pounds!"

"You didn't take it?" said Glyn-David quickly.

"I said I'd think about it. I don't really know anything about him, and I couldn't believe he was serious. If he is——"

"Now, listen to me," said Glyn-David, "because I've been looking into things for you. He's serious all right; he's got money, and he's set on buying your house. If it was worth your while, would you mind moving?"

There was a long silence, while Miss Jones' gaze turned from the lonely hillside to the tiny hamlet, and from the hamlet back to her own small dwelling. She seemed to be the prey of conflicting emotions; and at last they burst forth.

"No, I wouldn't!" she cried defiantly. "You'll think me dreadful, because I know how much you admire this place, and so did my dear father, but really I wouldn't mind leaving it a bit. I don't think I'm artistic at all. I'd like to go into Penrhyndeudraeth, where there's some life. I'd like to be near the chapel, and go to the working-parties, and have people to tea. And—and picturesqueness is all very well, but when you get to my age I

Continued from Page 45

think there's much more to be said for gas laid on . . ."

"Right," said Glyn-David. "Then ask for two thousand."

"Two——?"

"—— thousand," repeated Glyn-David, "and see you get it in cash. By the way, if a man I'm expecting turns up, may I bring him here after tea?"

"Bring him to tea," said Miss Jones, still round-eyed with astonishment; and thus the architect from Aberystwith got at least a very pleasant meal for his pains. He was the junior partner, for though Glyn-David's letter had requested no more than a schedule of fees, the headed paper did its work.

"I didn't ask you to come," said Glyn-David, "and I'm not going to pay for your time."

"Of course not!" returned the young man. "It's a pleasure to have made your acquaintance, sir. And if you ever should think of building——"

"If I do, I'll remember you," promised Glyn-David truthfully; which made the young man so happy that he stayed two hours in Miss Jones' cottage while she showed him every one of the fifty-nine paintings left there by her late father.

At half-past six Glyn-David, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly announced that he would take a short walk on the hillside and call in again for his companion on the way back; to which suggestion the architect, by this time completely at Glyn-David's disposal, at once agreed. As the millionaire walked down the garden path he crossed Jimmy Meredith coming up it, and for a moment hesitated, as though to turn back; but finally, without a word, continued on his way.

He did not go far. He had promised, if all went well, to relieve Miss Jones' mind by carrying the sum of two thousand pounds back to his hotel, where it could repose in the manager's safe until she called next morning to take it to the bank; and the sight of Meredith had convinced him that all was going very well indeed. He waited, therefore, until the figure of that gentleman reappeared, then slowly descended. Meredith saw him, and stood his ground.

"Good evening," said Jimmy Meredith. "You've cut it rather fine, haven't you?"

"Cut what?" asked Glyn-David.

"Our little deal over this house. But it's largely your own fault, you know; you've been behind that woman all along."

"If you're referring to Miss Jones——"

"Of course I'm referring to Miss Jones." Meredith suddenly showed his teeth in a grin. "It's darned funny, too; I knew you'd go sentimental, but I never guessed how. You've done her a good turn, haven't you?"

"From your manner," agreed Glyn-David thoughtfully, "I believe I have. How much did you pay?"

"Two thousand," snapped Meredith. "Signed, stamped and witnessed by your own architect—and not so dear either, for the house where you were born. What's your offer?"

Glyn-David stared up at the grey walls, at the high-pitched roof, at the chimney that wanted putting right.

"The house where I was born," he repeated grimly. "I came all the way from London just to have a look at it. Want to hear why?"

"I know already," retorted Meredith impatiently.

But the millionaire shook his head.

"I don't think so. The trouble with you is that you're full of preconceived ideas: you imagine that because a man's spent his childhood in a place, he's bound to have happy memories of it. Well, he hasn't. My childhood, for instance, was a hell on earth . . ."

For a moment Meredith stared in silence. Then, because he did not wish to believe, he smiled incredulously.

"If that's true, why did you come back?"

"To lay a ghost," said Glyn-David slowly. "I wanted, for once in my life, just to stand outside here with enough food in my stomach, and enough clothes on my back, and not be scared to go in"—his voice was suddenly deep with passion—"for fear of a belting . . . The house where I was born—and, heaven forgive me, but I was glad to get away from it!"

Then the bitterness faded from his eyes as he laid his hand on the left gate-post and passed up to the house.

It was Miss Jones who had finally laid that ghost for him, giving him a memory of gratitude for one of fear; and he was pleased to see, as she came to the door, that the loss of her old home evidently caused her no bitterness either. Her face was radiant, her eyes were already bright with visions of Penrhyndeudraeth . . .

Meredith, on the other hand, as he walked slowly back to his hotel, looked very bitter indeed.

(Copyright)

LYRIC OF LIFE

The Beholder's Eye

I often wonder, when folks say
The world and man are bad indeed,
That human nature's decadent,
An edifice of hate and greed,
Of twisted thoughts and fear and shame
And man unworthy of his name.

I wonder, for it seems so strange
Their eyes have not beheld the sun,
The green wide fields, the flowers of spring,
The lasting good mankind has done.
So strange, I think they must have trod
Some road that leads away from God.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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THE HOMEMAKER

March 30, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

War-time brings new ideas for . . .

COMFORT *in* LIVING

IT'S an ill wind . . . even war-time restrictions and blackouts over England have brought compensation in the form of fascinating new notions in home decoration. Published on this page are some that are adaptable to our less rigorous Australian conditions.

THIS TINY but charming guest-room uses built-in furniture to give cosiness and comfort in a small space. The room was formerly a store-room. Color scheme is raisin and cream.

ALTHOUGH designed primarily for furnishing private air-raid shelters in England, these chairs, which can be converted into sleeping-lounges, are also becoming popular for ordinary lounge-room use.

[BY AIR MAIL FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE.]

COCKTAIL BAR in bleached sycamore with top of gold tiles.

PARADOXICALLY enough, blackouts, petrol restrictions, and the closing of theatres have meant, for many people in England, an extension of home entertaining!

Somewhere in even the most modest home there is to-day a guest-room—for hostesses cannot inflict the doubtful safety of the high-road on the guest she has bidden to her table.

The bedroom photographed above was formerly a store-room. To convert it into a guest-room the walls were stripped and lined with three-ply, and a small window was enlarged, built-in furniture cleverly fitted into the small space, so that no cramped feeling spoils the cosiness.

On the left is the divan bed, the cover toning with carpet and curtains. On the right a large wardrobe flanks the built-in dressing-table with drawers, flat glass top and oblong mirror attached above to the wall.

Warm and restful

BENEATH the window tambour shutters enclose cupboards for shoes, and the bedside pedestal fits under the long window shelf. The colors are warm and restful. Two shades of raisin and cream blend with the silver of sycamore and burnished copper of walnut.

The carpet is in the deepest raisin, bedcover a lighter shade, while rayon curtains embody both shades of raisin in a leafy pattern on a deep cream background. The dressing-table stool matches the divan.

Entertaining at home has established, in a place of permanent importance, the cocktail bar, which up till now has made a rather apologetic appearance in all but the most sophisticated households.

The picture shows a modern cocktail bar in bleached sycamore, with top of gold tiles, matched with bronze high stool. The side of the cocktail bar swings in, when shaker, bottles and glasses have been replaced, the bar then forming a partition between sitting-room and dining-room.

The next problem of the war-time hostess is to see that the air-raid shelter is as cosy as space and A.R.P. allow.

Thus chairs, easily converted into lounges for finishing the disturbed hours of slumber, are grouped together in the basement.

This corner of a Mayfair basement was furnished with three chairs, a small table and walnut cabinet containing rations.

The chair on the left has a foot-rest which is folded underneath in the picture, but can be opened out, making a comfortable chaise-longue. In the corner an easy chair with new roll-type seat and back is stuffed with rubberised hair, upholstered in a woven cotton that is thick and rich looking; while the chaise-longue on waxed oak frame is designed so that it follows the line of the reclining figure. It, too, is upholstered in a thick woven cotton in folk-weave design that tones with the colorings of rugs and long curtains concealing the gas-proofed entrance to the shelter.

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Pack up your . . .

COMPLEXION TROUBLES

AUTUMN is here, with its lovely new colors for the winter clothes. If you're an outdoor girl, you've doubtless noticed that your bronzed skin looks sallow against the subtle, smoky autumn colors; and you're wondering how you can change your suntanned face, arms and back for a clear, white complexion during the winter months.

IT sounds difficult — shedding your summer skin—but it's actually quite simple. Here are some beauty treatments you can carry out at home.

There's nothing like bleaching packs for removing summertime tan and discoloration. Though they sound complicated, they can be done quite simply at home.

But first, you must realise that you can't expect perfect results in a night, or even in a week. You must be content to bleach the skin slowly. If you attempt to use quick, strong bleaches, you may find these will make the skin flake and dry up, and perhaps be damaged.

So be satisfied with two bleaching packs a week. Then, after a month of this treatment, your skin will be clear and lovely, and able to stand up confidently to the murky autumn fashions.

However, if you have an important dance date a week or so ahead, don't try to appear dazzlingly white. Accentuate your suntan by wearing very vivid or very pale frocks. Use a suntan foundation and powder. Keep to your orange or browny-red lipstick—but add turquoise shadow and black mascara round the eyes.

If you have white marks left by bathing suits or sun-suits, it's wiser not to try to bleach the rest of the skin quickly. Instead, give these white patches a good bronze suntan foundation to make them the same shade as the rest of you.

Bleaching packs should be different for oily and dry skins. Oily skins will find a pack of oatmeal, almond meal, rosewater, glycerine and lemon juice most effective.

SUNTANNED and lovely, Lucille Ball, RKO. star, is relaxing in her garden (above). In the summer months she spends time off from her picture duties by working out of doors.

BUT when winter comes, Hollywood's famous actresses change their bronzed complexions for the clear, delicate tones that are required for evening formalities. Very pale and interesting is Merle Oberon, Warner Bros. actress, as she appears gowned ready for a ball.

BY JANETTE

Bleaching pack

TO make this, take two tablespoons of fine oatmeal, two tablespoons of rosewater, four tablespoons of glycerine and the strained juice of one lemon. Mix them thoroughly together and add enough almond meal to form a thick, smooth paste.

Before the pack is applied the skin should be thoroughly cleansed.

In using any bleaching preparation for the first time, it is a wise precaution to apply cold cream or tissue cream first, to moderate its action, until you know the sensitivity of your skin.

Then spread the paste evenly and thickly over the face and let it dry. When the pack is quite dry it should be gently removed with tepid water and a soft cloth.

In order to close the pores and tone up the skin, apply a mild astringent, and if your skin seems at all dry, a little cold cream or tissue cream should be smoothed over the face.

Of course you will not stop short at your face if you want to have a really lovely complexion. Always include your throat and neck in any such beauty treatments, for these usually need them quite as much as your face. And if you want to look lovely in evening dress later in the season, apply the packs to shoulders, back and arms as well.

Sensitive skins should not use the pack given above, as its action is too strong for delicate textures. Instead make a pack of milk and almond meal. This will be found not the least harmful for dry skins, for the warm milk reduces the drawing action of the almond meal and makes the treatment such a mild one that it can be used on even the most sensitive skin.

For this pack you will need to make a mask of cheesecloth or gauze. Take a square of the material and cut holes for the eyes, nostrils, and mouth.

Then make a smooth paste of almond meal and warm milk. Dip the mask into a little warm milk and fit it over your face, patting it till it is touching the skin all over. Next spread the almond paste thickly over the cloth mask. Leave it to dry thoroughly. The pack is removed by simply lifting it off the face. Dab all over with some cotton-wool soaked in warm milk, and, after gently drying, apply a mild astringent or skin tonic.

Another almond meal mask can be made by adding enough peroxide of hydrogen to one cup of almond meal to make a thin paste, and then adding rosewater until the mixture is a creamy consistency. Stir it well until quite smooth.

For sunburnt neck

APPLY the paste to the skin and let it remain for about 15 minutes. When it is quite dry, rinse off with cold water, dry the skin, and massage in a little cleansing cream. This should be applied in the morning, or any time during the day—but not at night.

For sunburnt neck, an excellent bleaching pack is made with a lemon and the whites of two eggs. Beat up the whites, add the juice of half a lemon, and spread this foam over the burnt part. After half an hour wash the pack off.

Another pack that is good for skin eruptions, either on face or back, is made with Epsom salt. After cleansing with cream, apply another lot of cream and leave this on the skin while you prepare the facial. Fill a bowl with very warm water, and another with water and ice. Into each bowl put two tablespoons of Epsom salt.

While the salt is dissolving, wipe the surplus cream from face and neck. Then saturate a cloth with hot Epsom salt water, wring it out a little, and hold it to the face. Repeat this application three times.

Dip another cloth into the iced water and apply to the face and neck twelve times. Pat the face dry. If your skin is dry, apply a little cream for a few minutes.

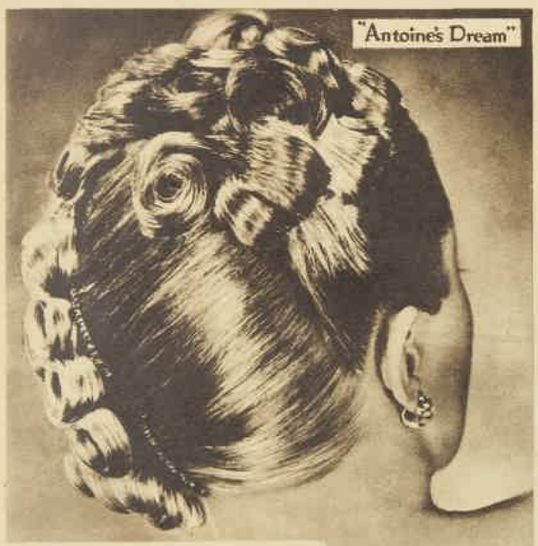
Beneficial effect

YOU will be delighted with the fresh, clear look your skin has achieved after this simple facial treatment.

Most face masks bleach even when they do not pretend to contain actual bleaching ingredients. The reason is that the stimulus they give the skin carries away the poisons which are the main cause of dull complexions. They also hasten the shedding of the old brown skin scales and their replacement by the new pink skin from beneath.

If used in moderation bleaching packs for the skin will be found to have a beneficial effect on the skin. But do not attempt to use them more than twice a week. And to achieve the best results you must, of course, use them regularly.

Bleaches may have a slightly drying effect on the skin, so it is advisable to use lots of cream before and after your mask.



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Ross of Christie Salon.

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Delicate in texture—brilliant in color . . .

GIANT

Perennial Poppies

THESE perennial poppies often provide a splash of color in garden corners where other shrubs fail to bloom well. Giant poppies, too, will flower for months of the year if carefully tended—

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER.

THESE giant perennial poppies have a fairy-like quality about them, yet they will bloom with brilliant color for many months in corners of the garden where other shrubs fail to do well.

FROM the wild annual poppy, immortalised in song and story during the Great War, to the tall Oriental poppy which sometimes grows to four or five feet, these blooms are amazingly brilliant and gay.

Blood-red, so-called corn poppies of England probably reached that country from Europe, or they may have spread to Flanders from the Old Land—who knows?

But they have provided color and gaiety wherever they have been introduced, and so it is with the bigger, longer-lived types that we call today the Oriental giant poppy.

Originally they were only reds and whites, but in recent years plant breeders have taken them in hand, and now we get them in a variety of colors, ranging from snowy-white through shades of apricot, salmon, to deep scarlet.

Like most poppies they are difficult to keep true to color, for they carry a lot of pollen, some of which blows from plant to plant, crossing naturally, and receive a lot of attention from bees, wasps and other pollen collectors.

That is why most seedsmen sell the colors mixed, for no one knows, as in the case of the fairy, Shirley, and Iceland poppy, what may come from even one pod of seeds.

Oriental poppies are easy to grow, and do well if given a patch of soil that has been heavily fertilised with old manure.

They dislike too much overhead watering, and have a bad habit of developing mildew, which may kill the plants outright in a few weeks.

With ordinary care, dusting regularly with sulphur, or spraying with lime sulphur, this disease may be prevented.

The lovely blooms, which are often 6 inches or more across, and borne on thick, strong stems, are highly ornamental, and produced profusely throughout the season.

And I want to introduce you to another lovely member of the poppy family, known to botanists as the Asiatic poppy or meconopsis.

But I want to warn you that not all of them can be obtained in Australia just yet, although they have been grown for years in Europe following their introduction.

Meconopsis Balleyi is a lovely pale blue with yellow centre, and is rather tender in the warm parts of this country.

It grows to 4ft. or more in gully gardens where it receives some shade and protection from the fierce sunshine in summer.

Being a native of Sikkim and Kashmir, in the Indian mountains, it naturally follows that this blue poppy, which has lovely foliage, should be partially shaded. In its native land it is always found growing among rhododendrons, small trees, and on the sides of hills that are in shadow during the afternoon.

Ivory-yellow flowers

ANOTHER lovely meconopsis, and one that is widely grown in Victoria and other cool parts of the Commonwealth, is the Nepal variety known as Dhwojli. This is not so tall as the other variety mentioned, but has ivory-yellow flowers borne on 24-inch stems and lovely bluish-green leaves.

Meconopsis Prattii is another lovely variety that I have not yet seen here, although it blooms profusely at Kew Gardens, London, and in the hilly country of Africa, where it was introduced some years ago.

The color is a clear waxy-blue with creamy anthers, and sometimes the petals vary from pale to inky-blue.

If you can obtain these poppies locally, they are sure to become very popular, but only a few specialists stock them.

But if you prefer annual poppies I can recommend quite a number of them that may be sown now from seed, ranging from the lovely Burbank's Silver Lining Shirley poppy to the new tomato shades of Iceland poppy.

Most popular

IN the last 20 years the Iceland poppy has risen from a few poor colors of white, yellow and orange to one of the most popular flowers in the market.

The two-color type known as Gartref, which is pastel-shaded, with narrow edges of a different color, is one of the best.

The petals are a fine size, well crinkled, and the stems strong and sturdy.

Noonday is the name of another variety recently introduced, the stems being very long and the cups up to 5in. across.

Sunray poppies are also newly selected types of great depth of color, with long stems and huge crinkled cups.

The deep pinks, reds and other new colors in this new variety are tremendously favored now, and as they are very popular on the show bench seed is usually hard to obtain.

Light loamy soil is best for most poppies, but they have adapted themselves to a wide variety of soils and can be successfully raised almost anywhere.

Ordinary garden soil should be enriched with well-decayed manure or vegetable compost, and the addition of bonedust is always beneficial to this family, which likes its phosphates supplied slowly.

How to make the real

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It's demure but so flattering

BEDTIME JACKET

THIS pretty bed or boudoir jacket shown on the right is knitted in 2-ply leaf-green wool. Its unusual design, round close-fitting neck tied with matching ribbon, and attractive stitch make it a very flattering garment to wear.

YOU'LL soon be needing a light wool bedjacket, and here's one that is easy to knit, delightful to wear and dainty to look at.

And if you have to spend a day or so in bed some time, you'll find this jacket just the very thing to make you look the most appealing of invalids.

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2136 (green), 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 11, 3 small buttons, 2 press studs, 1yd. ribbon.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches. Bust, 32/34 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 6 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make; sl., slip; psso., pass slip-stitch over.

Tension, 6 sts., 1 inch. 6 rows, 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K 4, * m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., psso., m 1, k 3. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and Alternate Rows: P.

3rd Row: K 1, * m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., psso., m 1, k 3. Repeat from * to last 4 sts., m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., psso., m 1, k 1.

5th Row: Repeat 1st row.

6th Row: P.

Work 4 rows st.-st. These 10 rows complete the pattern. When work measures 12½ inches shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. When armholes measure 4½ inches work as follows:

Next Row: Work 23 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 31 sts., work 23 sts. Continue on last 23 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 10 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 6 sts. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

Next Row: Work 71 sts. in pattern, k 4.

Next Row: K 4, work 71 sts. in pattern.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 4 border sts. in garter-st., and when work measures 12½ inches shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row twice.

Next Row: Cast off 21 sts. at neck edge, work to end of row. Continue in pattern and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 18 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 6 sts. Cast off.

Continue in pattern and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 18 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 6 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front working border at opposite end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row, increasing in every 4th and last 3 sts. (101 sts.). Work in pattern for 4 inches. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 29 sts. Cast off.

YOKE

Join the 6 sts. for shoulder. With right side of work towards you, using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 266 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches. Change to No. 11 needles and continue in rib for 1 inch.

Next Row: * P 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on left basque, crochet 3 lengths of chain and sew on right basque to form loops for buttons. Sew press studs on yoke, sew on ribbon and tie in bow. Work rosebuds around neck edge.

KNITTED in leaf-green—a dainty bedjacket. The design is unusual, the close-fitting neck, tied with ribbon, little puff sleeves and neat basque being demurely flattering. Instructions for knitting on this page.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF you are a knitter remember that buttonholes play an important part in the neatness of the finished garment. Instructions are given for making these in the pattern, but if you have not made them before it is wise to experiment on a sample strip until you have perfected them. Sagging buttonholes, with loose gaping stitches round them, can completely spoil the fit of a cardigan or jumper, so it is worth while perfecting them before you start making them on your garment.

❖ ❖ ❖

POCKETS must be worked at the correct tension, with even edges, and loosely cast off stitches, to look smart. When sewing patch pockets on to the garment, be very careful not to stretch the stitches of either pocket or garment, as this will prevent it from lying flat.

❖ ❖ ❖

OF course if you want to keep your wool beautifully clean, you will use one of those pretty new knitting holders, into which you can pop your knitting between working periods.

❖ ❖ ❖

SOME women like to shrink the wool before they make it up. This is quite easy to do, if you soak the loosened skeins in warm water, and hang them on the line to dry before rolling into balls. But be careful to dry them on a windless day, or the unwound wool may tangle.

❖ ❖ ❖

HOWEVER, as so many of the lovely new wools are already pre-shrunk in the factory, this is not often necessary these days.

Brunettes can have all the LURE of Blondes!

True that natural blondes have natural allure, but this is because blondes pay more attention to their hair than Brunettes. They use the special shampoo. Now! Brunettes can have lovely hair, with thousands of pleasing reflections like lights on satin—For BRUNITEX contains 5 secret ingredients which make your hair prettier than you've ever known it, and give it that beautiful healthy "alive" look. Try BRUNITEX today.

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is never evident until they have commenced their damaging work, yet the smallest scratch is an open gateway for them. Use 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic, on every occasion *before* trouble can develop. It is three times more powerful than pure carbolic acid, yet *absolutely non-poisonous.* Moreover 'Dettol' is both gentle and pleasant to use. Ask your doctor.

Feminine Hygiene—Write for free booklet on this subject post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 2515 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney.

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without Operation

Shrinks and Heals Piles, often in 5 days

THE primary cause of haemorrhoids is ***internal*** . . . stagnation of blood in the lower bowel. . . . Acting on this basis, Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, the specialist in rectal troubles, first tested his **internal** method of treatment on 1,000 patients with complete success in 980 cases! Now Dr. Leonhardt states that any pile sufferer may expect definite relief, beginning in 24 hours, simply by taking these pleasant tablets.

Vaculoid tablets, within 24 hours, begin to restore a normal, healthy, strong blood circulation through flabby, relaxed veins. Bleeding quickly stops — while broken, bloated blood vessels start to shrink and heal in about 4 or 5 days.

Many report that even in cases where an operation seemed the only hope, the use of **Vaculoid** *tablets has led to complete and lasting relief!*

Don't delay any longer. Relief comes so quickly, you will wonder why you did not resort to this simple, pleasant method long ago!

Many may escape shadow of surgeon's knife with this doctor's remarkable *internal* remedy.

VACULOID

4/-.. All Chemists

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . BY A DOCTOR

You can conquer ANAEMIA

PATIENT: I'm always so tired these days that I can't find the energy to do anything. It has been suggested to me that I might be anaemic. Please tell me something about anaemia.

DOCTOR: Constant tiredness and lack of energy can point to an anaemic condition.

There are different sorts of anaemia and some yield to treatment more easily than others.

Pernicious anaemia is a particularly tenacious variety and for many years it resisted all kinds of treatment. In such cases it was often necessary for the sufferer to give up work.

But doctors now have pernicious anaemia under control along with the other kinds of anaemia.

Anaemia is frequently referred to as lack of blood.

More correctly, it is a lessening of the power of the blood to carry oxygen due to insufficient of the red-colored substance, haemoglobin.

In pernicious anaemia the red blood cells fail to develop, because of a deficiency of some substance which causes them to ripen.

But fortunately for those people who suffer from the complaint, it is now possible to make good this deficiency artificially by injections of liver extract.

As to the other types of anaemia, such as that indicated by the symptoms of tiredness and lack of energy described in the patient's query at the beginning of this article . . .

Years ago

FIFTY years ago a doctor might have pronounced this complaint as "love-sickness" or "green sickness" and predicted that the patient was about to go into a decline like the heroine of a Victorian novel.

Anaemia of this type, chlorosis, we call it, was very common among young girls in grandmother's day, and was usually attributed to "love."

It usually affected girls from 14 to 25 years of age.

The trouble usually began between these ages and sometimes returned later in life with debilitating causes.

Work and sleep in badly-ventilated rooms, unsuitable diet and irregularity of meal times producing indigestion and irregular elimination can bring on anaemia.

Fortunately anaemia has decreased greatly in all countries in the last twenty years until it is now far less common than it was in grandmother's day.

In those times girls were shut up almost in glass cases, and it was considered unladylike to look healthy and rosy-cheeked.

Of course rosy cheeks are no dependable sign of health to-day, but a doctor can tell which roses are put there by Nature and which by the art of the cosmetician.

Nowadays, girls live a more unrestricted, open-air life, and fewer of them suffer from the so-called "love-sickness."

One other factor which also contributed to the prevalence of "green sickness" in grandmother's day was a lack of iron in the diet.

Most anaemias met with in young girls now, and incidentally in babies under a year old whose sole diet is milk, are nutritional anaemias due to this lack of iron.

Iron is essential to the body's well-being, not only to the proper functioning of the blood-stream, but to all the bodily tissues.

Soon feel better

MAKE up this deficiency if you suspect you are anaemic and you will soon feel much better.

Palpitations should stop, you won't be so short-winded, and you won't be so easily tired or so emotional.

Milk is good, too. Everybody, as well as anaemic people, should drink a pint every day. Milk is especially indispensable in a person whose resistance to infection has been lowered.

But though milk is the almost perfect food, it lacks iron in any quantity. You'll need to absorb iron from other sources—liver, eggs, oysters, lean meat and so on.

Liver, of course, is one of the richest foods in iron, and that is why it should be served at least once a week in every home for the general well-being of the whole family.

TWO YOUNG MODERNS who, because they eat sensibly, are never likely to be threatened with anaemia. Here these girls are lunching on a fresh salad and wholewheat bread rolls—the most nourishing meal for a business girl.

Some people think that underdone meat is good for anaemia, but this is not necessarily correct. It's merely an old wives' tale that "blood will make blood." Actually, it is doubtful just how much of the iron in red meat can be used by the body.

To safeguard against a lack of iron eat the articles of food already mentioned, and in addition take plenty of fruit and fresh salad vegetables such as lettuce.

Eat beans and peas, and always cook potatoes in their jackets.

The iron that is so valuable lies immediately beneath the skin of potatoes and is lost by peeling.

Nourishing foods

ANOTHER thing you must be certain to do is to eat wholemeal bread and whole-grain cereals; for the part containing the iron has been milled out of white flour.

Keep up your milk ration, too, because, although milk does not contain very much iron itself, it has the peculiar property of being able to make the iron in other foods more easily used by your body.

Anaemia is most common to-day among those women who live largely on what we call a "tea and bread and butter" diet—an anaemic diet.

On the other hand, you may not be a "tea-and-bread-and-butter" addict, yet feel run-down and that anaemia is threatening.

It is most probable that your three meals a day have still lacked sufficient iron, and this, coupled perhaps with lack of fresh air, may be making you feel so listless.

If you can take a holiday do so, and see that you get a maximum of fresh air and sunshine, plenty of sleep, exercise, and good food. Egg-flips are good in such cases.

For advanced anaemia rest in bed for two or three weeks is often advisable. Your doctor may prescribe an iron tonic in addition to food rich in iron.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Fresh vegetables in the well-balanced diet

FRESH fruits and vegetables daily are needed if we want to have and maintain good health.

Young, fresh vegetables should play a very important part in the diet of every one of us, but they are especially needed by the babe and toddler, first being given as raw juices, and then as vegetable broths, purees, and salads.

There is often much waste of vital elements in wrong methods of cooking vegetables, and very often valuable parts of vegetables rich in vitamins and minerals, such as turnip-tops and the outer green leaves of cabbage and lettuce, etc., are discarded and thrown into the rubbish tin.

It should be the aim of every parent to grow a few vegetables if possible, to ensure that those used for their young, growing family shall be young and fresh to give the best value in the vital elements needed.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet on this subject. Any reader interested can obtain this leaflet free by sending her request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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New White VEET Removes HAIR

WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4.

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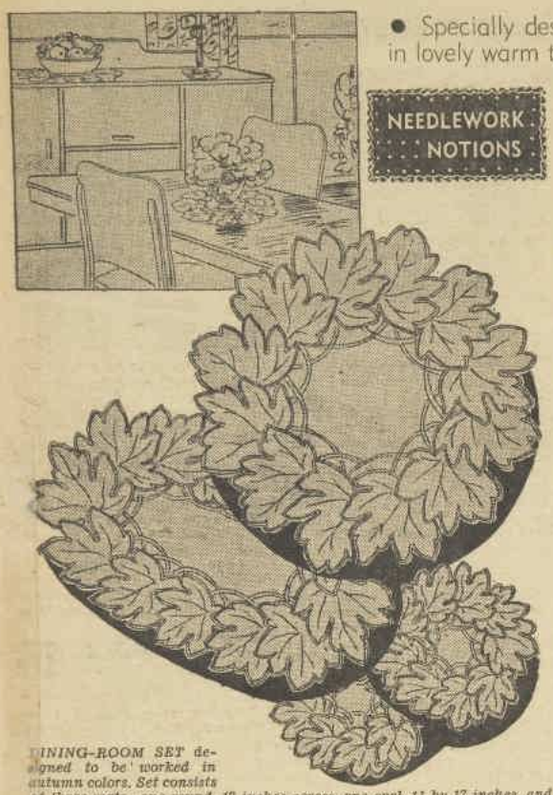
Autumn leaf set for dining-room



DINING-ROOM SET designed to be worked in autumn colors. Set consists of three mats—one round, 17 inches across, one oval, 11 by 17 inches, and two small, 8 inches across. Obtainable traced on linen or crash.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● Specially designed to be embroidered in lovely warm tones of brown and yellow on crash, or white or colored linen.

THIS autumn leaf dining - room set may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen.

It is also obtainable traced on crash, which looks most effective when worked in autumn colors.

The set consists of one round mat, 17 inches across, one oval mat, 11 by 17 inches, and two small mats, 8 inches across.

Price of complete set is 6/3.

Or bought separately prices are:

Round mat, 17 inches, 2/9.

Oval mat, 11 by 17 inches, 2/3, small mats, 8 inches, 1/-, postage free.

The mats should be worked in buttonhole around the whole outside edge of the design. The stamens may be worked in stem-stitch, and the bars in buttonhole. Use stranded cottons for working in autumn tonings of browns and yellows.

The stranded cottons are obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2d. a skein.

A NEAT knitting bag, traced ready for making up and working on green, blue, pink, or cream linora, or on natural crash. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.

To hold your Knitting wools

● Dainty bag all ready for making up and working with pretty flower motif.

NOW that everyone is knitting again— for themselves, or socks for the men in the Army — you'll need this handy accessory to keep wools tidy and garments spotless.

The bag is 13 inches in length, and wide enough to hold a full ball of wool.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for making up and working with a bright flower motif on green, blue, pink or cream best quality linora, or on natural crash.

The price for the bag in crash is 2/3, and in the linora 1/9, post free.

For baby, the sweetest

Party dress

● It's obtainable all ready for making up in dainty ripple georgette.

YOU can buy this frock from our Needlework Department traced for cutting out, making up and embroidering on white, pale pink or pale blue georgette.

All you have to do is cut out the frock, stitch up and embroider.

Sizes are infants, 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months.

Price is 6/11, postage free.

Or, if you would like to make up the design in your own material, you can obtain paper pattern in same sizes for 1/-, but no transfers are available.

Embroidery should be done in filoselle silk in pretty pastel shades. This is also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 3½d. a skein.

BABY would look so adorable in this beautiful frock of ripple georgette. It's obtainable traced for cutting out and working from our Needlework Department.

Cutwork guest towels

AN ideal gift for the bride-to-be, these guest towels measure 15 by 24 inches in size and will launder beautifully.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white huckaback, cream linen or on blue, green, yellow or pink silk huckaback.

You can choose from these three designs, although we suggest working the whole set, if you have a really attractive gift in mind for somebody.

No. 1. ROSE DESIGN: This is worked in buttonhole and satin - stitch, with the centres in stem-stitch, and the spots in eyelets or french knots.

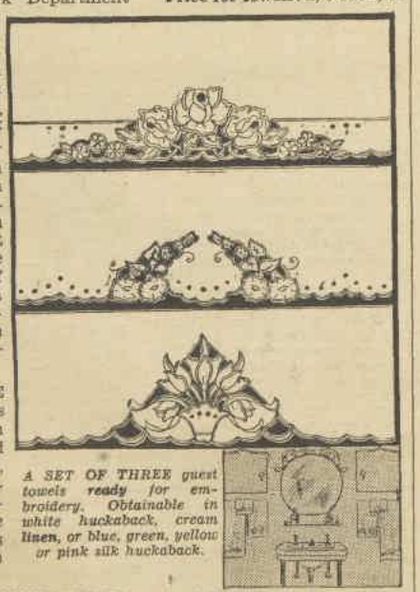
No. 2. MORNING GLORY: A delicate design that looks charming when finished. Buttonhole the edge of the flower, the scalloped edges, and leaves. The small flowers are worked in satin-stitch, the spots in eyelets or french knots, and the stamens stem-stitched.

No. 3. TULIP: Work the flower design in satin-stitch, and buttonhole the scalloped edge.

These designs would look attractive worked in the natural colors of the flowers.

Cottons for working are obtainable from our Needlework Department, stranded cottons 2d. or broder cottons 4d. per skein extra.

Price for towels: 2/6 each, or set of 3 for 6/9. Postage included.



A SET OF THREE guest towels ready for embroidery. Obtainable in white huckaback, cream linen, or blue, green, yellow or pink silk huckaback.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 469F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

New CUTEX SALON POLISH breaks all records for NAIL POLISH WEAR!

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest-wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier, wears for days and days longer.

And though it's dry to the touch in two minutes, it goes on hardening underneath! That's why it clings to the nail as old-fashioned polishes never could. It won't chip . . . it won't peel for days longer. Cutex Salon Polish contains no acetone—will not cause splitting, brittle nails.

Choose from these exciting shades
CAMEO
CEDARWOOD
CLOVER
TULIP
OLD ROSE
ORCHID

• NEW SEASON'S SHADES

Hijinks The slickest of clear, soft flattering reds.

Gadabout A new exciting blend of pink and cyclamen.

CUTEX Salon Polish

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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SAVORY PIE *wins first prize this week*

JUST out of the oven, a batch of Irish pea scones. See recipe on this page.

OTHER recipes are awarded consolation prizes in our weekly best recipe competition—an exciting contest open to all our readers. If you want to compete, just send in your favorite recipe. It may be worth a cash prize.

HERE'S something new in savory dishes—a pork pie with sweet potato crust. It wins first prize of £1 as the most interesting recipe for the week.

Remember that first prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

Don't forget to attach name and address to the recipe you enter, and write on one side of the paper only.

LOOKS LUSCIOUS, DOESN'T IT? Fruit cake is a popular favorite, so if you have a good recipe for one send it in to us.

PORK PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

One and a half pounds shoulder of pork, 4 tablespoons dripping, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 onions, 1½ cups hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 3 tart apples.

Mince pork and onions and fry in fat for 5 minutes, add water and simmer 10 minutes. Stir in flour mixed to a paste with a little cold water, add seasoning and cook 3 minutes.

Peel apples, cut into thin slices and sprinkle with sugar. Fill a baking-dish with alternate layers of apples and meat and cover with:

Sweet Potato Crust: 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup mashed sweet potato (previously cooked), half cup milk or water.

Sift dry ingredients, cut in butter, and lightly mix in sweet potato. Add milk or water, and mix. Roll out to half-inch thickness, and cut into rounds. Place rounds close together on top of meat and bake in a hot oven ½ hour.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Dyson, 21 Constance St., Cottonville, S.A.

IRISH PEA SCONES

Boil 1lb. green peas, drain, and rub through a sieve. Mix 3oz. plain flour, 6oz. butter, pepper and salt to taste, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Milk to moisten if necessary.

Roll out on a floured board. Roll out to one-inch thickness. Cut into scones, bake 10 minutes.

Have ready some hot, cooked sausage meat. As the scones leave the oven slit them open and insert as much sausage meat as possible (or a lump of butter only).

Return to the oven to keep hot. Handle these scones carefully, as they rise well and are very light.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

APPLE BLOSSOM CAKES

Cream 3 dessertspoons butter and ½ cup sugar, add 1 large or 2 small eggs and beat well. Add a little essence lemon, sift ½ cup self-raising flour and ½ cup plain flour into mixture and blend well.

Grease patty tins and put 1 teaspoon mixture into each, hollowing the centre slightly. Put a little apple pulp in each cake, cover with a little mixture and bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. When cold decorate with pink icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. L. May, Donnybrook, W.A.

BANANA FOAM

Bring to boil juice of one lemon or orange mixed with ½ cup water and ½ cup sugar. When slightly cold add 1 dessertspoon of gelatine, which has been dissolved in ½ cup of hot water. Stand aside until cold and then add stiffly-beaten white of one egg, 3 bananas well mashed, and, if liked, 2 passionfruit. Let set and serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Delaney, Gormanton Rd., Moonah, Tas.

TASTY CHOPS

Two level tablespoons flour, 1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 level dessertspoon sugar, 3 cups water, 1lb. chops, pepper and salt, and 2 or 3 onions.

Mix sauce, vinegar, flour and sugar together, then mix with water. Lay chops in dish, cut up onions fine on top, pepper and salt them, and pour the mixture over. Bake in oven slowly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joyce E. Jeanes, Box 333, Mildura, Vic.

MELON PRESERVE

Put 2lbs. slaked lime into a large earthenware vessel and cover with 2 gallons cold water. Allow to stand for a few days, stirring occasionally. At the end of 3 days pour off the clear water and strain through two thicknesses of muslin. Remove rind from melon, and cut melon into pieces about 1 inch in thickness, discarding seeds. Put into an earthenware or enamel vessel and cover with equal quantities of lime-water and fresh water. Allow to soak for 8 hours, then drain off liquid. Make a syrup with 1 pint of fresh water to every 1lb. of sugar. Boil for 10 minutes, then drop in the well-drained melon. Boil gently until melon is clear. Add some flavoring essence as ginger, pineapple or lemon. Put melon into clean, dry jars and fill to overflowing with syrup. Cover while hot and store in a cool, dry place.

This will keep indefinitely, and is delicious served with blancmange or custard.

If the melon is old and inclined to be soft, a stronger solution of lime-water is necessary.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

CURRIED ROCKMELON

One small rockmelon, 3 level tablespoons coconut, 1 level tablespoon plain flour, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1 scant dessertspoon good curry powder, 1½ breakfast cups milk, 3 drops Worcestershire sauce, 1lb. rice.

Peel rockmelon thinly; after halving it and removing seeds, cut it into squares; melt butter in saucepan, add flour, curry powder, and coconut; stir until these ingredients are impregnated with the butter, but they must not brown; add milk and stir until sauce is the consistency of cream; add rockmelon and Worcestershire sauce, and simmer over gentle heat until rockmelon is tender. Serve with boiled rice.

This is a delicious and piquant dish, but is spoilt by the addition of salt or pepper, which dulls the delightful flavor of the rockmelon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beryl Paterson, Jesmondia, The Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

One and one-third cups sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon or ½ teaspoon lemon extract, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Blend together condensed milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind, and egg-yolks (it thickens just as though you were cooking it) to a glorious, creamy smoothness. Pour into piedish lined with pastry, then cover with meringue made by beating egg-whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven. Chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Guthirie, Rous Rd., Goonellabah., via Lismore, N.S.W.

PLUM PUDDING
(Without Eggs)

One cup each of flour, breadcrumbs, seeded raisins, currants, sultanas, flaked suet and milk; ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup treacle, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice (optional), pinch of salt.

Sift flour, salt, spice and carbonate of soda into a basin and mix with sugar, breadcrumbs, flaked suet, and cleaned fruits. Warm treacle if necessary, mix with milk and add to dry ingredients. Mix evenly and put into a buttered pudding basin. Cover with buttered paper and steam mixture for 4 hours or longer. Serve with sauce or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. G. Tapley, c/o Mrs. Malm, Harmony, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

PARADISE PIE

Line a deep pie-plate with pastry made as follows: 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon each sugar, butter and lard, milk to mix. Bake in a moderate oven until brown, and to keep its shape line with greased paper and fill with rice.

Filling: Scald 2 cups milk in a double boiler, add, mixed, 5 tablespoons tapioca, 4 tablespoons sugar, and pinch of salt. Cook over flame until tapioca is transparent, then remove from stove and pour on 2 egg-yolks well beaten. Return to double boiler and cook till mixture thickens. Add ½ cup desiccated coconut and teaspoon vanilla. Fill pie-shell with the tapioca mixture and spread with a layer of red currant or apple jelly about 1/8th inch thick (1 cup). Beat the 2 egg-whites with 2 tablespoons sugar and top pie with meringue. Brown in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Beak, Broadmeadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

SHORTBREAD MACAROONS

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 3 eggs (separated), little milk, jam, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Make a stiff dough with 6oz. self-raising flour, butter, sugar, yolks of eggs. Add a little milk if necessary. Roll out thinly and cut into small biscuits. Bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. When cold, spread with jam. Beat the whites of 3 eggs to a stiff froth, add 6oz. of castor sugar and enough coconut to make a fairly stiff paste, about a cupful. Spread this mixture roughly over the biscuits and bake in a slow oven for 20 minutes or until nicely browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Stuart, Post Office, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Luxury eating for everyone costs so little with rich, spicy Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding. Full-flavoured . . . top-full of the finest ingredients . . . and hermetically sealed in tins of exact quantities.*

SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING

*Allow for "extra" helpings, ½lb., 2 serves; 1lb., 6 serves; 1½lb., 9 serves; 2lb., 12 serves; 3lb., 18 serves.

SWALLOW & ARIELL LTD.
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Exciting fare for a . . .

CHILDREN'S PARTY

SMALL folk adore party food, brightly colored and served in attractive and novel ways. But the dishes need not — indeed, should not — be rich or elaborate. Here are recipes for dishes that will be hailed with delight by tiny guests . . .

. . . By . . .
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FRUIT CUP

One dozen oranges, 3 lemons, 1 small pineapple, sugar, 4 bottles lemonade.

Cut two oranges into thin slices, squeeze the juice from remainder of oranges and from the lemons. Cut pineapple in dice, sprinkle well with sugar. Mix all together and chill. When required, add the lemonade and place slices of orange in each glass.

JELLY or fruit salad looks twice as tempting served as shown above in individual orange cups made by cutting the fruit into halves and scooping centres out.

LEFT: Here's an idea for you. If you are any sort of an artist try cutting plain cake into amusing animal or bird shapes. Of course, if you can buy special baking-tins in various shapes so much the better.

TRANSPARENT jellies, hundreds and thousands, cakes with pink icing, fruit, and some amusing condiments—these are the basic favorites which will ensure the success of a children's party. But try the new and exciting ways of serving them given here.

JELLY CAKES

One cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, some red and yellow jelly, coconut, jam glaze, and a little royal icing for decorating cakes.

Sift flour and cream of tartar three times. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs very gradually, then the sifted flour and cream of tartar, and lastly the milk with the soda dissolved in it.

Cook in a square baking dish in a moderate oven 30-40 minutes. When cooked, turn onto a sieve to cool.

The next day cut cake in rounds two and a quarter inches in diameter, cut cake through into two, cut centre from top slice, leaving a ring. Jam rounds and put rings on top, brush edge with jam glaze (jam with a little water made hot), and sprinkle with coconut. Pile chopped jelly in centre of cakes, using two colors. Decorate border of cake with roses of royal icing forced through a rose-pipe.

LITTLE PRINCESS CAKES

Using Centres Cut From Jelly Cakes

Small rounds of cake, ½lb. warm icing, cherries, jelly, wafer biscuits, royal icing, cachous.

Make warm icing, cover some cakes with white icing, then add yellow coloring to icing and ice more cakes. To remainder of icing add green coloring. Decorate cakes with pieces of cherry, angelica, jelly cut into fancy shapes. Place on a wafer and decorate with roses of royal icing and top with cachous.

DOLLY VARDEN JELLIES

Three packets jelly crystals (1 orange, 1 lime, 1 lemon), glace cherries, cream.

Make jelly in the usual way, but using a little less water. When cool, but not set, whip to a stiff froth, and fill moulds or cups. When set, turn out on plates and insert a cocktail stick in the centre of each jelly. Fix on this two glace cherries, one folded over the other, to represent the body, and a small portion of whipped cream to form the head. The hat is a circular piece of stiff paper, topped with cream. Decorate the crinoline skirts with the whipped cream and pieces of cherry.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS ROLLS

Thin slices of condensed loaf of bread, butter, hundreds and thousands.

Make this old favorite of the kiddies in a more attractive way. Butter the slices of bread and roll up on a paper spread with the hundreds and thousands, press edges together to keep the roll in shape. Pile on plates to serve.

FRUIT SALAD IN ORANGE CUPS

One pineapple, 4 bananas, 12 oranges, ½ doz. passionfruit, cherries, sugar and whipped cream.

Cut oranges carefully into two. Remove the pulp and place cases on one side.

Prepare fruit and cut into even pieces. Sprinkle well with sugar and mix all together. Fill the orange cases with the salad. Decorate with whipped cream and place a cherry on top. Serve one to each child.

COCONUT MACAROONS

One egg-white, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 cup coconut, vanilla.

Beat egg-white stiffly, add icing sugar and coconut alternately, then the vanilla. Place in small rough heaps on a buttered swiss roll tin, and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until a golden brown and very crisp.

CUSTARD AND CHOCOLATE BOATS

Half-pound shortcrust pastry.

Custard: 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, ½ pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, vanilla, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, meringue made from whites of eggs.

Make pastry, roll out thinly, line boat-shaped tins. Prick well to keep them hollow. Cook in hot oven 10 minutes. Fill with custard or chocolate custard and decorate top with meringue. Return to oven to set meringue without browning.

Custard: Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, beat smooth, and cook well, add milk, stir till boiling. Remove from heat, add egg-yolks and sugar well beaten, return to heat, and cook without boiling, stirring well. Divide into two, add vanilla to one and cocoa to the other.

FRENCH JELLIES

One scant pint water, 1½oz. gelatine, 2lb. crystal sugar, pinch cream of tartar, coloring and essence.

Soak gelatine in half the water for fifteen minutes, put remainder of water and sugar on to boil, add soaked gelatine and cream of tartar, and continue boiling for 20 minutes, skimming frequently and stirring well. Pour into wetted dishes. Color and flavor. Allow to set, cut in squares and dip in icing sugar.

MARSHMALLOWS

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, coloring and flavoring.

Soak gelatine in one cup cold water. Bring other ingredients to boiling point, add soaked gelatine, stir well, and boil steadily 20 minutes.

Pour into large basin, allow to cool. Add flavoring and beat until thick. Pour into swiss roll tins thickly dusted with equal parts of icing sugar and cornflour. When set, cut into cubes and toss in icing sugar.

SUGAR COOKIES

Two - and - three - quarter cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add vanilla. Add flour and blend. Chill 10 to 15 minutes. Roll one-eighth inch thick on floured cutter and sprinkle with sugar. Place on ungreased baking sheet and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen 3½-inch cookies.

ORANGE MILK FOAM

For a small party of four or so, this recipe makes a most nourishing and simple drink:

One cup orange juice, 1 cup milk, 1 whole egg, beaten, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Shake ingredients together thoroughly and serve. Serves two.

"Do have your breakfast, Bill!" "I don't want it. I won't!" Day after day we went through scenes like this. Bill just wouldn't eat, and he was getting terribly thin.

Then by a lucky mistake the grocer sent out a different breakfast food . . . Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. "Perhaps Bill will like these" I thought when I saw the packet.

"Snap! Crackle! Pop!" "O-oh, listen to that, Mummy" said Bill when he poured the milk on his Rice Bubbles next morning. "Golly, I'd like Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning." Was I glad! And Rice Bubbles are a splendid food too — so nourishing and easy to digest that children thrive on them.

NO COOKING NEEDED! Just pour those feathery, crunchy Rice Bubbles straight from packet to plate and serve with milk and sugar. Sold at all grocers, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive waxtite innerseal packet.

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win £255 in A NEW ROBUR COMPETITION!

IN PRIZES

LADIES! READ THIS—

At the right is a list of the hundreds of prize-winners in the first big ROBUR competition conducted last month. To-day we announce a second quick and easy competition with equally luxurious prizes, £255 worth of glamorous Mignon Silk Stockings and delicious MacRobertson's Chocolates.

Make sure that you have at least one entry in for this grand FREE competition which CLOSES ON APRIL 30th, 1940.

The conditions are simply—

1.—There is no entry fee, nor is there any limit to the number of entries you may send, but each entry must be accompanied by a WRAPPER from a ½ lb. packet of Robur Tea (1 lb. wrappers entitle you to two entries).

2.—The winners will be notified by post and a full prize list published in the "Women's Weekly" (issue MAY 18th), but no other correspondence can be entered into.

3.—The judges, whose decision will be final and legally binding, will be the principals of Richardson-Cox, "Women's Weekly," Mignon Hosiery, MacRobertson's and Robur Advertising Sections—no employees of these firms being eligible to enter for the competition.

4.—Queensland residents may substitute KING TEA PACKET TOPS for Robur wrappers—the KING TEA and ROBUR TEA blends there being identical.

5.—This competition does not apply to South Australia, where legislation does not permit same.

See particulars of competition in central scroll.

THE BEST HOSIERY

There is no more reliable Hosiery obtainable anywhere in Australia than Mignon

LADIES! DO THIS

Write your name, address, State and date on a sheet of paper, then write down six words (either dictionary words or terms in common use) which you consider most suitable for the spaces in the following rhyme.

The King was in the parlor drinking Robur ....1....

The Queen ate Old ....2.... Chocolates in heights of ecstasy!

The Princess ....3.... Mignon Stockings

To greet ....4.... charming lad;

They all looked very happy,

And they said "We're ....5.... ....6...."

Now attach to your entry a complete OUTSIDE WRAPPER from a ½ LB. packet of Robur Tea (1 lb. wrappers entitle you to two entries). Mark your envelope (or parcel): ROBUR WOMEN'S WEEKLY COMPETITION, Box 4332, G.P.O., Melbourne, and mail it to reach there NOT LATER than APRIL 30th, 1940.

DO NOT SEND ROBUR COUPONS WHICH YOU SAVE FOR FREE GIFTS—SEND OUTSIDE WRAPPERS OF ROBUR PACKETS!

New South Wales Entries may be sent to 263 Castlereagh St., Sydney, and Queensland Entries may be sent to 535 Queen St., Brisbane, if desired.

THE BEST CHOCOLATES

Whenever you buy Chocolates or Confectionery you may be sure of MacRobertson's for perfection in every line

MacRobertson's "Golden Glory" ASSORTMENT

NOTE ½ lbs. are eligible

SEND ROBUR Wrappers NOT COUPONS

Prize Winners - 1st Competition

(Women's Weekly, Issue February 17)

(All have been notified by post—space precludes full addresses below)

MIGNON HOSIERY WINNERS

[illegible]

MacROBERTSON'S CHOCOLATE WINNERS

[illegible]

NOTE—The judges emphasise that no correspondence can be entered into [illegible] with entries. In the first competition the words were:

BETTER, ROBUR, CUPS, PEPS, YOUNG, MIGNON, [illegible], MACROBERTSONS, GOLD, GLORY, CHOCOLATE, DELICIABLE, WONDERFUL, with variance amongst several of the words points were lost by entrants who failed to send WRAPPERS and in some cases names and addresses.

Why not Enter a Robur Wrapper Every Week—A Good Habit that may Win You a Handsome Prize!

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NEW SOUTH WALES

WEEP FOR LOVE

SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT BE
SOLD SEPARATELY

By
RUBY M.
AYRES

★

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
March 30, 1940

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WEEP FOR LOVE

By RUBY M. AYRES

WHENEVER Elizabeth looked back on her childhood she invariably dated the beginning of things that mattered from the moment when she woke in the night conscious that close at hand somebody was crying.

Before that, there were just ordinary memories of ordinary things; of playing games with other children, of seaside holidays, of learning to read, and of a well-beloved doll who had gloried in the name of Miss Ponsonby for no better reason than that it was the grandest name the young Elizabeth knew. But there was nothing outstanding in the first seven years of her life until she woke one night in the darkness to the muffled, indefinite sound of sobbing.

Elizabeth could never bear to hear or see anyone crying. It broke her heart to feel that even the clasp of her loving arms and kisses pressed on wet cheeks could not dry other people's tears, and as she lay there in the darkness of the night nursery, half afraid to move, the sound of that muffled weeping hurt her intolerably.

The loneliest, saddest sound in the silence!

Elizabeth stared at the window, glad to see that there was a narrow rim of grey just where the curtains met, which meant that it was getting light. She moved a cautious hand along the edge of the bed where the clothes were securely tucked in. Slowly—slowly, until they came into contact with something very soft and familiar and reassuring—her mother's hair!

Elizabeth's little fingers stayed motionless before, with a quick sigh of relief, she sat up in bed.

"Mummie!"

Yes, there she was, the person whom Elizabeth loved best in the world. She could just make out the outline of her slender figure crouched against the bed, her face buried in outflung arms.

"Mummie!"

There was a wavering fear in her voice because her mother did not raise her head or answer quickly as she usually did, "Yes, darling?" but just went on sobbing as if her heart would break.

Elizabeth tugged at the folded arms in vain, and then, spurred on by her passionate desire to comfort, she slipped from under the bedclothes and knelt down on the floor, pressing her face close to her mother's bowed head.

"Mummie!"

She answered then, sitting back on her heels and trying to brush away her tears, keeping her face averted from the child's sorrowful, searching eyes.

"All—right—d-darling." And then, presently, with a catch in her beloved voice: "Get back to bed, Betty; I didn't mean to wake you."

"Why do you cry?" Elizabeth asked painfully.

They both spoke in whispers, perhaps because, in spite of the creeping dawn, it still seemed to be night, or because each of them realised that this was a secret which could not be shared with the outside world.

And then Elizabeth wriggled her little form into the circle of her mother's arms.

The two heads, so alike in their fair beauty, lay close together on the tumbled pillow, and presently Elizabeth repeated her unanswered question:

"Why are you crying, Mummie?"

"Because"—she felt her mother's lips on her hair—"because—I am going away."

"Oh!"

Elizabeth turned the answer over in her mind, wondering that it should be a sufficient reason for tears. Her mother often went away, to London or to Paris, or to some other far-away-sounding place, and she did not cry then.

"Where are you going?" she questioned at last, vaguely conscious that this time things must be somewhat different.

"Darling, I—don't know!"

"And when will you come back?"

Elizabeth always asked that question when she knew she was to be parted from her mother, for it seemed the most important of all things. A broken sob was her only answer, and again the nameless fear turned in the child's heart.

"Can I come too?"

"We—we'll see."

Elizabeth moved her little hand to her mother's wet cheek.

"You're still crying," she whispered.

"No, darling. They're just the old tears."

Elizabeth said nothing, for she always believed everything her mother told her. Then, after a pause:

"Betty, don't believe them—don't believe anyone if—if they ever tell you that I didn't love you. Promise."

There was a ring of anguish in the beloved voice which the child could not understand, but she offered the only consolation she had to give—kisses and the whispered assurance:

"I do love you!"

And presently, held fast in her mother's arms, she fell asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining into the room and she was alone.

At breakfast-time her step-sister, Penelope, who was seven years her senior and who seemed to know a great deal about everything, said, with a sort of triumph:

"Mother's gone away."

Elizabeth's grey eyes opened very wide.

"Gone—away?" she echoed.

"Yes." There was a little secret smile around Penelope's lips.

"And she's not coming back," she added with deep satisfaction, for Penelope did not like her stepmother.

Elizabeth flushed crimson.

"She is coming back," she cried shrilly. "She always comes back. You know she does."

"She's not! Ask Baxter."

Baxter, the nursery-governess, appeared opportunely to say quickly:

"Don't quarrel, children, and don't shout. I will not have you shouting at each other."

Elizabeth looked at her with brimming eyes.

"Nelope says mother's not coming back," she faltered. "And she is, isn't she?"

Baxter shot a warning look at the elder girl.

"Of course she's coming back," she said comfortingly. "Penelope is very naughty to say such things."

But although Elizabeth wandered about the house all day asking questions of the maids and even the gardeners, they either could not or would not tell her anything, and when at last in despair she stole along to her mother's bedroom and tried to turn the handle, she found the door locked against her.

And then blind fear closed down upon her childish heart like a steel shutter which excludes the sunlight, and she began to beat her hands on the door and to cry her mother's name over and over again.

"Mummie! Mummie! Mummie!"

Baxter came running at the sound of the distracted cry and drew her away determinedly.

"You're very naughty," she scolded, "making all that noise. You're not a baby any more. You're nearly eight."

Elizabeth looked into Baxter's prim, unemotional face.

"I want my Mum-mie," she wailed.

"She won't come if you cry," Baxter answered. "If you want her to come you must stop crying and behave yourself."

Elizabeth stopped crying. She shed no more tears either that day, or the next day, or the day after, but always at the least sound her tragic eyes turned to the door and her ears were continually strained to hear a light, beloved footstep which subconsciously she knew she would not hear again.

She grew ill.

"Fretting," the doctor said ruefully. "One would almost have thought she was too young. Was she with her mother a great deal?" he asked.

Baxter shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, she came and went," she answered vaguely. "Always made a great fuss of the child before visitors," she snorted. "Not

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much of a love that can leave her, anyway," she added.

The doctor who was young and not above his share of curiosity said, hesitatingly:

"I suppose it's true? One hears so many stories. I suppose she has really gone?"

Baxter nodded.

"Gone right enough," she answered grimly. "Run away from her home and husband and all this luxury with a man who hasn't a penny to his name. Queer taste, isn't it?"

They had both forgotten Elizabeth, but she suddenly raised her head from the tumbled pillows which nobody seemed to be able to make as comfortable as her mother could make them.

"What man?" she asked, for here surely was a grain of hope—something by which she might learn the meaning of the grey conspiracy of silence which seemed to brood about the house like a live thing.

"Never mind what man," Baxter answered. "The doctor isn't talking to you. All you've got to do is to take your medicine like a good little girl and get well."

But Elizabeth could not get well. She drank her medicine because it was easier than arguing about it, and she tried to eat the tempting dishes which were brought to her, but always there seemed to be a horrid lump in her throat which would not allow the food to go down.

The doctor came more often. He was a nice doctor and Elizabeth liked him, and one day he signed to Baxter to go out of the room, and then he sat down beside Elizabeth's bed and took her hand, a very thin, listless little hand.

"Would you like to go to the seaside?" he asked.

"Yes," she said indifferently.

"Then you must get well and strong," he said, "or you won't be able to paddle and play on the sands with Penelope and your little friends."

"I don't want to play on the sands," she answered.

There was a short silence before he asked very gently:

"Then what do you want, Betty?"

It was the sound of that name—which nobody but her mother had ever called her—that broke the ice round the child's frozen heart. She began to sob—dry, tearless sobbing which could not even find the relief of tears.

"I want my Mummie," she wailed.

THE doctor came again that evening and with him was Elizabeth's father.

Derek Challoner was a squarely-built, rather stodgy type of man who was as far away from understanding his children as he had been from understanding his second wife.

He had married his first wife, Penelope's mother, for no better reason than that they had been brought up together and the marriage was expected by their respective families. Then she died and he had been horrified to realise that his chief emotion was one of intense relief, and he registered a vow that never again would he put his head into the matrimonial collar.

But that was before he met Stella Dawson. She was on the stage, playing small parts in a suburban theatre, and for some reason or other Challoner had wandered in to see the evening performance and she had smiled at him across the footlights.

She was beautiful and he was rich, and because she had sufficient common sense to realise that without him her future was a precarious thing, when he asked her to marry him she agreed.

He was many years her senior and the sole descendant of a long line of extremely narrow-minded landowners in the Shires. His family mansion, suitably called Narrow Lane Hall, terrified her from the moment she set foot over its threshold, and it was in vain that she begged him to take her to his smaller and more friendly town house.

"But I prefer living in the country," he answered. "All my friends are in the country. You will be happy enough when you are more used to it."

But Stella never got used to it, and was never happy. She was an imaginative creature, and she fancied that the big mansion was peopled with ghosts who watched her with disapproving eyes, and laughed at her attempts to become the kind of wife Derek expected her to be.

After a year Elizabeth was born.

"Another girl!" people said. "Poor Derek, he so longed for a son."

But for the first time in her life Stella was completely happy. Elizabeth was her baby, her very own, to do with as she pleased, to love as much as she wished.

But her happiness was soon taken from her, for Derek, who had nothing but stereotyped ideas in his square-shaped head, remembered that his own mother and all his aunts had handed their offspring over to the care of expensive and capable nurses and insisted that the same fate should be Elizabeth's.

Stella resisted passionately at first.

"You don't want me to be happy," she accused her husband, her cheeks flaming, "and if you don't want me to be happy, why did you marry me? Betty is my baby and I love her, and now you want to take her away."

The misunderstanding grew until at last Stella gave up fighting and gradually became little more than a lodger in her husband's house, consulted neither by him nor by the middle-aged housekeeper, nor by the grey-uniformed nurse who only allowed her to visit her baby at stated and convenient hours.

So it was no wonder that she began to look elsewhere for distraction, or that when, after seven years of increasing unhappiness, Pip Hulbert came into her life, she responded recklessly to his open adoration.

Hulbert was a man who had never made good. He was attractive and amusing, but as unstable as a bridge built of straw.

When the climax came and Challoner threatened his wife with a divorce, Pip Hulbert merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, why worry?" he asked her. "I'll marry you as soon as you're free, and we'll get along somehow."

And then Stella had voiced the dread in her heart:

"Betty?"

Pip rubbed his handsome chin.

"Will Challoner let you take her? I'm willing enough, but according to the law it's for him to decide." Then, seeing the fear in her eyes he added: "But you'll manage him, I expect."

Stella had tried. Never in her life had she pleaded so earnestly or so passionately that she might be allowed to take her baby with her.

"She's mine, and you've got Penelope. Let me take her, Derek. I'll never trouble you again. You need never see me any more if only I may have her."

As it happened, it was the wrong method of approach, for her words showed him only too plainly her indifference to himself and also brought home the realisation that he still loved her as he had never loved anyone in his life.

"Elizabeth stays with me," he said curtly.

So Stella went away with her Pip, and Elizabeth seemed to be the only one who really suffered.

When her father and the doctor entered her room together she made a pathetic little effort to pretend she was better.

She was always constrained in Challoner's presence. Actually she had no affection for him or he for her, although her great likeness to her mother tore his heart afresh as he stood at the foot of her bed and asked formally if she was better.

"Yes," she said shyly, and added a whispered, "Thank you."

"Like to go to the seaside?" he asked stolidly because he knew she had already been asked the question and he could not think of anything more original.

But this time Elizabeth shook her head. "I'd rather stay in bed."

Her father turned sharply away from the eyes that were so like her mother's, and all he said was:

"Humph, I'll talk to Dr. Lindsey, and hear what he has to say."

What Dr. Lindsey said was:

"She'll die. She's fretting herself to death, and there's nothing I can do. You can see for yourself! I admit that such devotion is unusual in a child of Elizabeth's age, but these things sometimes happen, and when they do there's only one possible cure——"

Challoner stared out of the library window at his magnificent lawns, and wide herbaceous borders, and for a moment he fancied he could see Stella's slim figure flitting about as she cut the flowers. It was a moment before he could control his voice sufficiently to answer:

"Very well—then she must go; but once she leaves this house she will not return. It must be final. I am not sharing the child with anyone."

SO it came that one morning Baxter and the nurse carefully dressed Elizabeth and combed her silky hair, ignoring her weak protests that she "felt so tired," and she was carried downstairs and put into her father's big car.

"Where am I going?" she appealed. Baxter smiled mysteriously.

"You'll see presently," was all she would say.

"Aren't you coming, too?" Elizabeth insisted anxiously.

Baxter glanced towards the open front door and before she could answer Derek Challoner came from his study.

He walked slowly down the steps to the door of the car and looked at his daughter. Her thin little face was flushed with excitement and with the exertion of being dressed, for she had been in bed for nearly a month, but the likeness which he always tried so hard to deny was still there, in her grey eyes and softly waving hair, the upward curve of the delicate brows, the outline of chin and cheekbone.

He saw them all and his eyes softened reluctantly before he said:

"Good-bye, Elizabeth. I hope you'll be happy."

She remembered the words long afterwards and wondered whether he had realised how unhappy she was bound to be, but, before she could speak or answer him,

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he turned away and went back into the big empty house.

The drive to London tired Elizabeth terribly, but at last she fell asleep, only waking when the car stopped outside a moderate-sized house in a suburban street and the chauffeur came to open the door, looking slightly superellious.

Elizabeth rubbed her eyes, disappointed to find that she was not in her own bed, and Baxter began to gather up rugs and wraps and packages with an air of suppressed excitement.

"Ring the bell," she commanded the chauffeur, but it was quite unnecessary, for the door of the house was flung wide and someone who seemed to be all flying hair and excited eyes and outstretched arms came rushing down the narrow paved path and into the car.

"Betty—my own darling Betty."

"Mummie—Mummie," Elizabeth screamed.

"Enough to kill the child," Baxter said indignantly afterwards. "But it was no use my saying anything."

It was no use anybody saying anything, for Elizabeth and her mother were together at last and nothing else mattered.

She slept in her mother's bed that night and a smiling man whom Stella called "Pip darling," stood at the side of the bed and looked at them both admiringly.

"Like two peas in a pod," he said chuckling. "In a year or two I shan't be able to tell t'other from which."

He laughed when Elizabeth asked shyly: "Who is that man, Mummie?"

"I'm the bad boy of the family," he told her breezily. "Your mother calls me Pip, and so if you call me Pop I think we shall all get along together like a house on fire."

"Pop," Elizabeth echoed contentedly, and she turned her face against her mother's shoulder. "I like that man," she whispered drowsily.

"Am I never going back—never?" she asked anxiously a dozen times during the next few days, and Stella answered:

"Never. You'll stay with us now for ever."

"I'm glad," Elizabeth breathed.

But there were many things she missed. Baxter and even Penelope, and most of all the garden and the big nursery. She was left alone a good deal, too, for Pip, it appeared, had a job in a local picture house which took him away during the afternoons and evenings, and generally Stella went with him.

There were occasions when Elizabeth felt jealous of Pop because of her mother's obvious devotion to him, and perhaps it was a childish sense of retaliation that one day drove her to speak of her father.

"Does he ever come to see us?"

Stella flushed. "Never," she said sharply, and then, as if repenting her haste, she added, "but he's been kind, Betty darling, first because he let me have you, and then, well, sometimes he sends us money. So we'll always be grateful, won't we?"

Elizabeth was not quite sure what that meant, and, anyway, she did not worry about it, as she infinitely preferred Pop to the other stiffly-built silent man.

The child took a long time to regain her strength and to lose her look of fairy-like delicacy. For some months she was not sent to school, but just stayed at home being made a great deal of and indulged a little too much. Like her mother, she looked much younger than she was, and so there was some excuse for Pip when, on her tenth birthday, he presented her with a doll's tea-service.

"But, darling," Stella protested, "she doesn't play with dolls any more—not since Miss Ponsonby——"

She looked at Elizabeth with sudden reminiscence.

Miss Ponsonby! So long ago since Elizabeth had insisted upon naming the doll after a wealthy spinster in the village, because, so she said, it sounded "grand."

Derek had been seriously annoyed, and had refused to see the funny side.

Poor Derek! It was strange how often Stella thought about him, even though she was quite happy in her second marriage, and sometimes she wondered whether she had been to blame for the failure they had made, and sometimes she wished it was possible to go to him and lay her hand on his unresponsive shoulder and say: "I'm sorry—I wish I'd tried harder."

It was on her birthday, too, that Elizabeth saw a picture of her step-sister, Penelope, in a weekly magazine.

"She's pretty," was Elizabeth's first thought, and for a moment she was too occupied with Penelope's frock and the way she dressed her hair to think of anything else. Then, with a half sigh, she turned to the caption beneath:

"This very charming and clever girl is the only daughter of Mr. Derek Challoner, of Narrow Lane Hall, and although she is not yet twenty people are already predicting that she will have a very bright future, for Miss Challotier is the fortunate possessor of a wonderful voice."

Elizabeth raised her eyes to her mother's face.

"Nelope isn't his only daughter," she said resentfully, giving her the paper.

A long silence followed till at last Stella said, very slowly and as if she were choosing her words with care:

"When your father sent you back to me, Betty, he gave you up altogether and forever. You see, we couldn't both have you."

Elizabeth's grey eyes met her mother's steadily.

"But that doesn't make me not his daughter," she protested, and again she saw the gardens at Narrow Lane Hall, the thick rhododendron bushes, the mossy paths between the wide lawns, the great herbaceous borders which seemed to contain every flower in the world, and a queer feeling of resentment awoke in her youthful heart, for why should Penelope have them all, while she . . .?

She became almost painfully aware of the throbbing silence and she gave herself a little shake and smiled at her mother.

"I've got you, haven't I?" she said.

But the faint sense of injustice came back when she was alone, and with it a host of bewildering, unanswerable questions. Why had her father and mother parted? Was it Pop who had come between them? What was the use of teaching people that love was a beautiful thing which lasted forever when all the time it died, just as the flowers died, or the animals, or even people themselves?

Once she asked:

"Does anybody love my real father."

Stella turned her face away.

"I—tried to, Betty."

"Did he love you, Mummie?"

"Yes, I think he did, darling."

There was a short silence before Elizabeth said quietly:

"Then I suppose it's all wrong what the books say?"

"What do the books say?" her mother asked gently.

"That love never changes," Elizabeth explained. "Then if you love someone you love them always and always. It's not true, is it?"

Stella shook her head.

"I don't know, darling. Nobody really knows."

Elizabeth looked at her solemnly, and presently she said regretfully:

"Perhaps that's why when you see a picture of Cupid he is nearly always weeping. What do you think, Mummie?"

Stella tried to laugh.

"What do you mean, you funny child?" she asked.

"I mean," Elizabeth answered patiently, "I mean, perhaps he's weeping for love—because he knows it's got to die."

Her mother kissed her.

"Don't worry about it," she said gently. "Some day you'll understand."

FOR four years Elizabeth lived with Pip and Stella in the little house, and presently she went to a day school, where she learned very little, and in her spare time she read a tremendous number of books which taught her a great deal.

One day Elizabeth read in one of the smart magazines that her sister Penelope was engaged to be married.

Elizabeth flushed with excitement as she read the rest of the little paragraph, which stated that marriage was not to interfere with the bride's career, and that she was shortly to finish her training in Milan.

Milan! That was in Italy, Elizabeth knew, and Italy was one of the places of which she had read and which she passionately longed to see. Suddenly, as she looked again at the little paragraph, Elizabeth thought, "I wonder what will become of me when I'm grown-up."

That night when Stella came to tuck her up in bed she said:

"Mummy, what shall I do when I grow up?"

Stella sat down beside her.

"When you grow up? Well, I suppose you'll marry."

"Whom shall I marry?" Elizabeth asked, suddenly realising that she had no friends except the girls at school, none of whom she cared for very much.

"Well," Stella said helplessly, "there's plenty of time—you'll meet lots of men when you're older. Everything always comes right in the end."

It was only a few days later that Elizabeth returned from school to find a car outside the house, the front door wide open, and strange people in the narrow hall talking together in subdued voices.

When they saw Elizabeth they became oddly silent, and presently a man came forward, drew her into the sitting-room and shut the door before he told her, as gently as he could, that Pip had met with an accident and was badly injured.

"Mummie!" Elizabeth said quickly, for she knew what this would mean to Stella, and the man told her that her mother had gone to the hospital to be with Pip, but that she would be back soon. But he did not tell her that Pip was already dead.

In after years, Elizabeth could never look back to that day or the weary months which followed without a little feeling of sickness. They were a grey patch in her life and the end of her childhood.

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WEEP FOR LOVE

Stella hardly shed a tear. She just sat in a frozen stupor from which nothing could arouse her. Even the clasp of Elizabeth's arms and her whispered words of love were of no avail. She would just push her impatiently away and say:

"Leave me alone—leave me alone."

It was then that Elizabeth realised to the full her utter friendlessness.

At first, neighbors tried to be kind, but they had their own lives to live, and after a time they grew a little impatient.

"She should rouse herself for the sake of the child," they said, and began to stay away.

The only soul whom Elizabeth could talk to now was the daily woman who came to "do" as she called it, and, as she was rather pessimistically inclined, the girl avoided her whenever it was possible. Even Elizabeth's beloved books seemed to lose their fascination, for whenever she tried to read she would find herself wondering what her mother was doing, and what would become of them both.

She went out as much as she could, because she dreaded the silence of the little house. Sometimes she would take a bus into the country, and then she would take off her hat and walk miles through woods or over fields and think of the garden at Narrow Lane Hall, and of her father and Penelope, and even Baxter, and wonder why grown-up people seemed to make such a muddle of their lives.

It was on one of her excursions into the country that Elizabeth met the man with the dog. It was springtime and the woods were yellow with primroses, and ignoring the sign "Trespassers will be prosecuted," she climbed a rather broken-down-looking stile to pick some of the primroses which lay like a yellow carpet about her feet.

She was kneeling down engrossed in her task when a voice broke through the silence.

"Hi, you! You're trespassing! This is private property. Didn't you see the sign?" And a man's heavy footsteps came crashing through the undergrowth.

Elizabeth raised a startled face and gave a little cry of alarm as a big mongrel dog came bounding towards her—but instantly the man said, "It's all right. He won't hurt you. Come here, Sinbad. Come here, sir."

The dog turned obediently and Elizabeth said rather breathlessly:

"I did see the sign—but there are so many primroses, aren't there?"

And, meeting the man's eyes, she smiled, for he was not a bit fierce-looking in spite of his authoritative voice. He even sounded a little apologetic as he answered:

"Well, yes, I suppose there are. But you see, people do so much damage in the woods."

"I know," Elizabeth agreed sympathetically. She had suddenly remembered that in the far-away years she had heard her father grumbling about the same thing.

"They trample things down and don't care a hang what damage they do," the man went on, and then he added, "I'm sorry if I frightened you."

"You didn't frighten me exactly," she answered. "It was only when the dog——" She looked at Sinbad, who was wagging his tail, and impulsively she stooped to pat him. "He's nice," she said. "I love dogs."

"You've got one, I expect," the man said.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"No. You see, I live in London. I just came down by the bus."

"I see," he looked a little amused. "I live in London, too, most of the time," he told her.

"Is this your wood?" she asked.

"Yes."

She glanced down at the little bunch of primroses she had gathered. "May I have these, please?" she asked.

He laughed. "Well, it seems a pity to leave them to die, doesn't it?" he submitted.

And then quite suddenly it began to rain. A violent little storm literally tumbled out of the skies without the slightest warning and pattered heavily through the overhead leaves and branches.

"Oh!" Elizabeth gasped.

She looked round for shelter and the man said quickly, "There's a hut along the footpath. I'll show you. Run!"

She ran with him, breathless and laughing, and presently they were standing together beneath the shelter of a roughly-constructed shed in which bundles of faggots were stacked from the ground to the roof.

"Are you wet?" the man asked.

Elizabeth shook the drops from her hat, which she was still carrying.

"No, there wasn't time. It was lucky I met you, wasn't it? Because I shouldn't have known about the hut."

He laughed, his eyes on her charming face.

"Do you often come here?" he inquired.

"I've never been before," Elizabeth said, "not to this wood, but sometimes I take bus rides to other parts of the country when——"

She stopped, and the man prompted her gently.

"When?"

"When I can't bear it any more," Elizabeth said simply, and then realising that he could not possibly understand, she explained: "You see, since Pip died, it's so dreadful at home."

"Pip?"

"My stepfather. He was killed in an accident, and Mother can't forget him or be happy, and so—it's rather dreadful."

"I'm sorry," the man said.

There was a little silence before he asked hesitatingly:

"How old are you now?"

"I shall be seventeen next month."

"Seventeen?" He seemed surprised.

The rain was falling less heavily now and there was a watery gleam of sunshine through the trees.

"Are you going back to London this afternoon?" the man asked.

"Yes, it takes about two hours by bus." She looked down at the primroses. "I hope they won't mind being taken to London," she said.

"Don't you like London?" he asked.

Elizabeth hesitated.

"I like the country better," she admitted.

He half-shrugged his broad shoulders.

"It's all right when the weather's good, but on foggy November afternoons——"

"I know," she said, and again she thought of Narrow Lane Hall, and the long, grey autumn afternoons when they used to be shut in by mists and silence. "I used to live in the country when I was small," she told him.

The man smiled. "You're not very big now," he said, but when she did not answer, he stepped outside the hut and looked up at the sky. "It's stopped raining," he told her.

But the grass and the undergrowth were sopping wet as they retraced their steps to the stile, and the man said, as if he was speaking to a child, "You'll have to change directly you get in or you'll catch cold."

He offered his hand to help her over the stile and Elizabeth looked back at the wet wood and the yellow carpet at the foot of the trees.

"Good-bye, primroses," she said.

"But you can come again," the man reminded her.

She raised her eyes to his face and shook her head, pointing to the "Trespassers will be prosecuted" sign which hung above their heads.

"What about that?" she asked.

The man thrust a hand into his jacket pocket.

"Look here, I'll give you a card, and if one of the keepers or anybody catches you, just show it to him and it will be all right. Wait a minute." He found a pencil and scribbled a few words above his printed name. "There!" he said, and put it into her hand.

She read the name aloud—"Kim Lawless," and the words he had pencilled above it, "A permit to pick primroses."

She laughed and put the card away in the pocket of her woolly coat. "Thank you so much," she said, and would have left him but he explained:

"I'll walk with you to the corner, I know where the bus passes."

Elizabeth looked at him a little shyly as they went down the road together.

Tall—she liked tall men. Pip had been tall, broad-shouldered, with darkish brown hair, brown eyes. She liked his tweed jacket, too, and she liked his name, Kim Lawless. It was the kind of name you would find in a book of adventures.

He waited with her till the bus came swinging along the road on its way back to London.

"Here we are," he said, and then, "I'm quite sorry you're going," he added boyishly.

"I'm sorry, too," Elizabeth answered.

She waved to him as the bus started away and he waved back, and then a bend in the wood hid him from view.

"It was fun meeting him," Elizabeth told herself, and she slipped a hand into her coat pocket to make sure the card was still there.

Kim Lawless. She spoke the name in her thoughts, and somehow it seemed quite familiar, as if she had heard it often and knew it well.

And then she realised that this was the first time she had ever really been in a man's company alone, and then came a quick memory of something her mother had said, when they had been speaking of Penelope's engagement.

"There's plenty of time, and you'll meet lots of men when you are older."

"I don't want to meet lots of men," Elizabeth's thoughts ran on, "but I should like to meet Kim again." It did not seem at all strange to think of him only by his Christian name.

But she forgot him as soon as she turned into the little road where she lived, and the clouds which a few hours in the country always dispersed gathered around her once more.

To her surprise, however, there was a car outside the house—a grand-looking car with a chauffeur standing beside it. Elizabeth's heart missed a beat, and her steps grew hurried as she thought of that other afternoon—nearly a year ago now—when she found strange people in the hall and

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had been told that Pip had met with an accident.

Had something else tragic happened today?

But when she entered the little drawing-room which was so seldom used since Pip died, her mother was there and a man whom Elizabeth did not know, and a tall, smartly-dressed girl, who looked at her critically for a moment before she laughed and said:

"Well, you haven't altered much!"

"Nelope!" Elizabeth said breathlessly.

It was Stella who presently told the two girls to go away for a little because she wished to talk to the strange man alone, so Elizabeth took Penelope up to her room.

She felt a little shy, but then, she and Penelope had never been very friendly, and it was the elder girl who broke the silence to say: "Do you know why we're here? No, I suppose you don't. Perhaps you didn't even know that father died a fortnight ago?"

Elizabeth paled a little.

"No. I didn't know."

"Your mother knew," Penelope told her, and she laughed. "She's changed, hasn't she? She looks quite old and faded."

"It's only since Pip died," Elizabeth said defensively. "She's never got over his death. I don't think she ever will."

"How absurd," the elder girl said a little contemptuously. "I don't believe in fretting about anything or anybody. You only make yourself look miserable and nobody cares." But there was a hard, unhappy ring in her voice and, as Elizabeth did not speak, she went on, "Well, if you didn't know that father was dead, you can't know why we're here, so I may as well tell you. It's about the will."

She sat down on the side of Elizabeth's bed.

"He left a lot of money, you know," she said, "and apparently you and I get half if you agree to certain conditions."

"I get half?" Elizabeth said incredulously.

Penelope nodded. "Yes, but you won't like the conditions—or at least I don't imagine that you will."

"What are they?"

"That you leave your mother and come back to live with me and Aunt Thornley.

"I SUPPOSE," Penelope continued, "you don't remember Aunt Thornley, do you? She was my mother's sister and she has been keeping house for us since your mother ran away. I don't quite know what relation she is to you—it's all so involved with so many step-people in the family—but Mr. Ruff (he's the man downstairs) knows all about it and he's trying to explain to your mother—only she's so stupid she doesn't seem to take anything in. Anyway, those are the conditions."

Elizabeth put out a trembling hand to steady herself against a chair.

"Leave Mummie?" she said intensely.

Penelope raised her eyebrows.

"Do you still call her 'Mummie'? I thought you'd have grown out of that ages ago. Yes, that's what the will says. I suppose father never really forgave her, and this is his way of telling her so." She looked at Elizabeth curiously. "What will you do?" she asked. "You can't be having much of a time here, and it's a lot of money."

Elizabeth turned away to the window, where she stood looking out at the street, and the big car with its imperturbable chauffeur. At last she said, very quietly:

"I think it's a pity you came—because it's just sheer waste of time."

Penelope laughed.

"Oh, well, please yourself. You were always peculiar. Not that I'm quarrelling with you about it, because if you turn the money down it comes to me. Of course, I think you'll be crazy to refuse it. Still, it's your funeral," she added callously.

Elizabeth turned, her pale face flaming.

"I shall never leave mother. Never!" she said.

"Oh, very well. You'd better tell Ruff. He didn't believe me when I said I was sure this is what you would say. He's like me. He can't understand anyone but a lunatic refusing a fortune."

She went to he mirror and began powdering her nose.

Elizabeth watched her silently, and presently she said, a little shyly: "I've seen your picture in the papers sometimes."

"Have you?"

"Yes, and bits about your voice. It must be wonderful to have a lovely voice, 'Nelope."

Penelope laughed shortly. "It's something," she admitted.

"And about your being engaged," Elizabeth said. "I saw that, too, and I'm so glad. When are you to be married? Will it be soon?"

Penelope suddenly dropped the little powder-puff she was using, and stooped to recover it, so that it was a moment before she answered off-handedly:

"That's all finished. I'm not engaged now. It was finished—some time ago."

Elizabeth gave a little cry of distress. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

"You needn't be," the elder girl answered. "Being engaged is a very overrated excitement, I assure you. Anyway, it's finished."

"Then, didn't you like him?" Elizabeth asked hesitatingly, and a kind of despair arose in her heart to think that there was yet another finished romance—a fresh cause for weeping because another love had died.

Penelope was still standing by the dressing-table staring in the mirror, but Elizabeth felt that she was not really looking at herself, not really looking at anything. Suddenly she said, as if the words were forced from her against her will:

"Yes, I liked him. It was he who got tired of me. Men are all the same. If they know that you care too much they get indifferent, and don't want you. Don't ever fall in love, Elizabeth! It's unlucky in our family to fall in love—only somehow" —her voice faltered—"I thought Kim was different from other men."

"Kim!" Elizabeth said sharply.

"Yes." Penelope put the powder-puff away and snapped the little gold case shut. "Kim Lawless, his name was. You'll hear it from someone else, if I don't tell you." She laughed mirthlessly. "He wrote to me —quite a gentlemanly letter." The words were a bitter sneer. "Asked me to forgive him, but he found he couldn't marry me, after all. Told me I could say that I'd jilted him. I did, of course, but I don't suppose people believed me!"

She drew a long breath. "Well, that's that!" She met Elizabeth's eyes defiantly. "Don't ever fall in love," she said again, "It won't last if you do, and you'll only be hurt—more than I was. We're an unlucky family where marriage is concerned. I suppose everybody is unlucky in something. There! Now you'd better come downstairs and tell Ruff the glad news. What's the matter?" she asked as Elizabeth did not move.

Elizabeth gave herself a little shake.

"There's nothing the matter," she said very quietly. "Nothing."

* * * * * *

It was very late that night when Elizabeth at last went to her own room.

For hours and hours, ever since the big car had driven away, she and her mother had talked and argued—had been angry and almost cruel to each other, for Stella had wanted her to go, to accept the terms of Derek Challoner's will and to leave her behind.

"My life is finished," she said. "I'm no use to you, or to anyone now. For your own sake, I want you to go, Betty. I've had my life, and yours is still to come."

Elizabeth looked at her with frozen eyes, faltering, at last: "Why are you so different? You never used to be like this! You loved me before Pip came and you've still got me."

But it was like beating one's hands against a stone wall, trying with human tears to thaw a glacier centuries old.

The clock struck twelve when Elizabeth at last went to her own room. She was so tired that she left her clothes in a little forlorn leap on the floor and almost fell into bed.

"Don't you ever fall in love—it won't last and you'll only be hurt."

It was with Penelope's bitter words ringing in her ears that Elizabeth at last fell asleep, but it was to a very different and more urgent voice that she awoke to find it was broad daylight and that the woman who came in to "do," as she expressed it, was standing beside her bed with a white, scared face.

"Miss Elizabeth! Miss Elizabeth! It's your mother! I can't wake her. She doesn't answer when I speak and I can't wake her!"

Elizabeth was still half asleep as she leaped out of bed and ran across the landing to her mother's room.

The sun was shining through the window, and she could see Stella lying with her face turned away as she had seen her a hundred times before, and yet she knew quite well that the room was empty, and that somewhere far away her mother and Pip were holding hands again and laughing happily into each other's eyes.

IT was intensely hot. Elizabeth had opened both her windows wide to catch what little air there was to be had, and yet the room seemed breathless.

She slipped on her frock and stood for a moment in front of the long mirror, thinking what an effort it was to have to dress and go out when she would so much rather have taken a book and lain down on the bed until the heat of the day was over.

Elizabeth quite liked Aunt Thornley, who was really Penelope's aunt, for during the past three months since her mother's death she had been exceedingly kind and had done her best to make her happy.

She was very rich, too, like all Penelope's relations on her mother's side, and the house in St. John's Wood where she lived was the last word in luxury and comfort.

"This is your home, Elizabeth," she had told the girl, "and although you are not really my niece it will make no difference. I shall do my utmost to make you happy."

Miss Thornley was a tall, masterful woman with a keen sense of duty towards the two girls of whom she was secretly rather proud.

"I want you to know everybody," she told them. "One cannot have too many friends."

It was the beginning of August now, but although the usual exodus from London

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had begun there were a number of Miss Thornley's acquaintances who were still entertaining and, as Penelope put it, "Wearing out their party frocks for the fag end of the season."

Penelope had a way of saying rather ironical things. "Life's such a pretence and a sham," she declared. "And people hate the truth."

"Don't take too much notice of her," Miss Thornley counselled Elizabeth. "She's feeling a little bitter just now, but she'll get over it."

Penelope was not going to the dance to-night, and, although Elizabeth had asked also to be allowed to refuse, Miss Thornley had objected.

"It's good for you to go," she said. "You like the Selbys, and they always do things well. This is quite a friendly affair as you know, in their own home, so I think you will enjoy it."

"If only it wasn't so hot!" Elizabeth thought again as she slipped into the coolest frock she had, a flimsy little affair of white chiffon.

She had a wardrobe full of clothes now which were looked after by Miss Thornley's own maid. A few weeks after Elizabeth's mother died there had been what Penelope had sarcastically called an "orgy" of shopping, during which it had seemed to Elizabeth that she had bought enough clothes to last a lifetime.

"What's money for if you don't spend it?" Penelope said, when Elizabeth protested. "If you save it, someone else will only blow it away."

Downstairs in the drawing-room Penelope was singing. She had a grand piano which was her exclusive property, and of which she never seemed to weary, and sometimes she would get up very early in the morning to spend an hour practising scales and running over particularly difficult passages with which the professor who was training her voice had expressed himself dissatisfied.

Penelope had a lovely voice, clear as the song of a bird, and once when Elizabeth had ventured to ask, "Don't you ever get tired?" she answered: "Tired? Why should I? It's all I've got to live for."

And then Elizabeth knew she was thinking of Kim Lawless.

Elizabeth had never heard Kim's name mentioned in the house, for Miss Thornley believed that least said is soonest mended, and that it is no use raking up a past which cannot be altered.

But sometimes Penelope's voice sounded unutterably sad, as it did to-night, and Elizabeth paused for a moment in her dressing to listen.

Suddenly the music stopped, and Elizabeth gave herself a little shake and went on with her dressing.

There was a string of pearls which had been her mother's, but which she had left behind when she went away with Pip, and Derek Challoner had bequeathed them to Elizabeth.

She seldom wore them, but to-night she took them from the drawer, where they were carefully put away in a case lined with white velvet, and clasped them round her throat.

Her mother must have looked beautiful in them, she thought, and for a moment her eyes were blurred with tears, but she had learned to control her grief, realising that neither Miss Thornley nor Penelope, kind as they were, would be able to understand or to sympathise.

Someone rapped on the door.

"Can I come in?" It was Penelope.

SHE sat down on the side of Elizabeth's bed and looked at her critically.

"We're very smart to-night."

Elizabeth glanced down at her frock.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Um—it's all right." Penelope was never enthusiastic about anything except her own singing. "Why in the world do people want to give a dance on a night like this?" she said abruptly.

"I expect it was arranged before they knew it would be so hot," Elizabeth answered. She glanced through the mirror at her stepsister. "Are you tired?" she asked.

"I'm never tired."

Elizabeth picked up her little handbag and handkerchief.

"Why won't you come to-night?" she asked.

"You know I don't care about dancing. It bores me to career about with some dull young man who doesn't interest me in the slightest. I can't see any sense in it."

"The Selbys are nice," Elizabeth ventured.

Penelope laughed. "And Roy Selby is keen on you, you mean," she said.

Elizabeth flushed. "I hardly know him!" she protested.

Penelope glanced over her shoulder.

"'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'" she quoted mockingly.

"Do you believe that?" Elizabeth asked.

"You know I don't believe in love at all," Penelope answered bluntly, and she turned again to the window. "The car is there. You'd better go."

They went downstairs together and Miss Thornley came from the drawing-room. She cast an appraising eye over Elizabeth's slim figure.

"You look very nice," she said. "White suits you."

"Maidenly charm and innocence personified," Penelope remarked.

Miss Thornley touched Elizabeth's shoulder.

"Have a good time," she said. "How like her mother she is!" she was thinking.

IT was only a short drive to the Selbys', and Elizabeth's heart shrank a little as she saw the many lights in the windows of the house, and the red carpet which stretched from the front door to the road. She had not yet recovered from her feeling of shyness with strangers, and, although the Selbys were kind, she did not look upon them as friends.

She liked Roy Selby, but his open admiration scared her.

The big hall seemed full of people when she entered, but Roy saw her at once and came forward, saying:

"I was afraid you were not coming."

He took her away to dance in the big drawing-room.

"What a ripping frock!" he said.

His mother touched his arm as they passed.

"You're not to monopolise Elizabeth," she said, but she smiled, for she knew all about Derek Challoner's will, and she thought that it would be exceedingly wise if her son elected to marry for love where money was.

It was very hot in the ballroom, although the windows were all wide-flung to the garden, which was cunningly lit with colored lights, with a long buffet table spread beneath the trees.

"It's almost like being in the country," Elizabeth said when, between dances, she and Roy went outside.

"We shall be in the country next week," he told her. "My people have a place in Somerset, you know, and they always shut this house up during August." He glanced down at her a little diffidently. "Any use the mater asking you to come, too?" he asked.

Elizabeth's first thought was, "Oh, yes," for she longed to get away from London, and from what she rather pathetically called "best clothes," and to be free. But would it be freedom to stay with the Selbys? She was not sure. They would probably have a big house party and life would be very much the same as it was in London.

Roy saw her hesitation and he added persuasively:

"I think you'd like it. It's rather a decent old place—garden and all that, and we're not far from the sea. It won't be a full house either. Just a couple of my friends and a girl Barbara is friendly with."

Barbara was his sister who had been abroad "finishing," so Elizabeth had met her on only one occasion.

"It sounds lovely," she said warmly.

"It would be if you'd come," he answered. "You love the country, don't you?"

"I was born in the country."

"I'll get the mater to ask you," he told her eagerly. "She likes you, you know. She was only saying last night that you're not the modern type of damsel and that it's quite refreshing."

"I'm afraid I'm really rather dull," Elizabeth apologised.

"Dull!" he laughed. "Well, all I can say is, if you're dull, I wish everyone was the same."

He stopped by the buffet.

"What about an ice? Or a cool drink?"

"Yes, please—an ice."

"I'll find you a seat—why, hullo!" he broke off as a man crossed the lawn from the house and spoke his name.

"Hullo, Selby!"

Elizabeth turned quickly and there was a startled look in her eyes as she raised them to the man's face, and, meeting them, he smiled in astonishment.

"Why—how do you do?"

"Do you two know each other?" Roy asked blankly. Then he laughed. "Is there a girl in the world you don't know, you old rascal?"

Kim Lawless laughed, too, as he stretched an involuntary hand to Elizabeth.

"We have met before," he said.

Roy shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, don't spirit her away while I get an ice cream," he said, and left them.

"This is a very pleasant surprise," Lawless said. "I have often wondered whether we should meet again, but I did not expect it to be here of all places."

"I wonder you remembered me," she answered. She looked a little pale and her voice was not quite steady.

"Did you ever visit the primroses again?" he asked.

She smiled. "No—I didn't," and she remembered that only a few hours after her meeting with this man she had been called upon to bear the greatest sorrow of her life.

"I did," he said. "I went the next day—and the following week, too. Somehow, I thought you would be there."

There was the tinlest pause before she answered.

"My mother died—soon after you caught me trespassing."

His face changed. "I'm so terribly sorry."

Roy came back with a large pink ice precariously balanced on a plate.

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"Here we are!" he said cheerfully. "I've got something stronger for myself."

Lawless drew up a chair for Elizabeth.

"May I have a dance later?" he asked.

"Much later," Selby said firmly, and then his sister Barbara came running up to them.

"I want you, Kim," she said breathlessly. "It's a Paul Jones. They want some more men to make up the number." She took his arm in the friendliest fashion and led him away, and Roy sat down on the grass at Elizabeth's feet.

"Fancy you knowing old Lawless!" he said, and then added, abruptly: "Of course! I remember now. He was engaged to your sister, wasn't he?"

"Yes." Elizabeth was glad to be relieved of a difficult explanation.

"Pity they broke it off," Roy Selby went on. "He's a decent chap. Why was it?"

"I don't know."

"I expect she's a bit temperamental," Roy said carelessly. "Clever people always are. Penelope rather scares me," he admitted frankly. "She's got such a sarcastic way of saying things."

"She doesn't mean it. Her voice is beautiful——"

"So the mater says. I've never heard it myself."

"Some day she'll be famous," Elizabeth told him. She finished the ice, and he took the plate from her.

"Care to dance again?"

"Yes."

They went back to the ballroom, where the Paul Jones had just finished, and Elizabeth caught sight of Kim Lawless talking to Mrs. Selby. She looked quickly away, her own words a moment since echoing through her mind, "The day you caught me trespassing." But she had never gone back. She never would go back, and she remembered with a pang how she had left the primroses to die. . . .

It was much later on in the evening that Lawless came to ask for his dance.

"I've been very patient," he said.

Lawless was a beautiful dancer, and Elizabeth found herself wondering whether he and Penelope had ever danced together, and if so, if that was why she would no longer dance.

Poor Penelope, she thought, and she glanced up at Lawless' face. It seemed strange to think that he had so nearly married her stepsister. Would it have made any difference if their engagement had not been broken? "Difference to what?" she asked herself quickly.

"Shall we go outside?" he asked when the music stopped, and he drew her hand through his arm before she could answer and led her into the garden.

"Can I get you anything?"

She shook her head and they walked on past the buffet into the shadows beyond.

"It's very strange, meeting you here of all places," he said. "And yet I always knew we should meet again. The Selbys are old friends of mine, but I have never heard them speak of you."

"I haven't known them very long."

"I've known Barbara since she was in the nursery," he told her. "Shall we sit down?"

They found two chairs in the shelter of a tall oak tree.

Elizabeth looked up at the stars. There seemed to be millions of them against a purple background.

"What are you thinking about?" Lawless asked, and Elizabeth started.

"Nothing—I was looking at the stars."

"They're very bright to-night." And then, as she did not speak: "Do you live in London?"

"Yes, in St. John's Wood. I live with an aunt—now." She had almost spoken Miss Thornley's name, but checked herself in time, remembering that as yet this man did not know who she was.

There was a short silence before he said, diffidently:

"Will you forgive me if I say how sorry I am—about your mother, I mean? If you remember, when we met before you had another trouble in your life.'

"Yes." The little handbag slipped from her lap and he stooped to recover it. "Thank you for being sympathetic," she said, "but I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind."

"I'm sorry," he said simply. Swiftly changing the subject, he said: "I suppose that you will not by any wonderful chance be at the Selbys' place in Somerset next week?"

"Will you?" she asked.

"I have been invited." And then, without allowing her time to speak:

"Do you know that nobody has told me your name? Selby seemed to take it for granted that there was no need to introduce us."

She looked away from him toward the brilliantly-lighted house. "The band has started again," she said.

"Does that mean that you wish to go back?" he asked, a little off-handedly.

"Oh, no!"

He laughed.

"Mustn't I be told your name?" he asked, in a long-suffering voice. "I've only to inquire from Selby, you know."

There was a little silence before she said quietly:

"My name is Elizabeth Challoner."

"Challoner!" he repeated sharply.

"Yes."

"Then"—he suddenly flung away his cigarette—"you are Penelope's stepsister."

"Yes."

There was a profound silence before he laughed grimly.

"Talk about poetic justice," he said. She could feel that his eyes were upon her. "Do you know who I am?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes."

"You know that I was—once engaged to Penelope?"

"Yes."

"Did you know that day in the woods when we met?"

"Oh, no!" And then suddenly she rose. "Shall we go back now?"

Lawless rose, too, standing between her and the house so that its many lights outlined his tall figure.

"Does it make any difference?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

"Only that—I was so glad to see you again—that I hoped we should be friends."

Elizabeth forced her lips to smile.

"Why shouldn't we be friends?" she asked.

There was a short silence.

"Then it does make a difference," he said quietly. "I can tell by your voice."

"Shall we go back and dance?" she asked.

But still he did not move, and presently he said:

"Do you think it is dishonorable of a man or of a woman to break an engagement which he or she knows to be a mistake?"

Elizabeth moved restlessly.

"I don't know anything about it. I've never been engaged. Oh, please, let us go back and dance."

"Very well."

He went with her silently, but as soon as they reached the ballroom Roy dashed up to them.

"Where have you been? You said one dance, and you've had three." He squared his fists in pretended anger at Lawless. "How dare you trespass on my preserves?" he demanded.

Lawless laughed.

"A thousand apologies," he said calmly, "but I failed to see the sign, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'" With a little bow to Elizabeth he left them.

"Where have you been?" Roy demanded suspiciously. "I looked for you everywhere? I suppose you were in the garden."

"We were—looking at the stars," she answered.

He laughed.

"I can't imagine Lawless looking at the stars," he said. "He's the most matter-of-fact chap. He hates sentiment and all that kind of slobber."

She looked up at him.

"But he was once engaged to Penelope," she said.

"Probably just a business arrangement," Roy declared breezily. "She's not the sentimental kind either, is she?"

"I don't know," Elizabeth answered. But an unkind freak of memory brought back the words of a song Penelope had sung:

"Beloved, are the tears I shed for thee
Less than white roses thrown for Majesty;
To trample on with cruel, careless feet?"

Stupid words, Penelope had called them, but then, Penelope had a way of pretending to despise the things she held most dear.

. . . . . .

Elizabeth did not speak to Kim Lawless again that night, but when she reached home, Penelope's door was ajar and she could see a light still burning.

She tried to tiptoe past to her own room, but her name was called:

"Is that you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes."

"Well, come and tell me about the dance."

Penelope was sitting up in bed with a bandage round her throat.

"Does it hurt?" Elizabeth asked in concern.

"Of course it doesn't hurt, but the hot weather makes me feel tired, and I have to be careful with my only asset."

She turned the shade of the bedside lamp so that its light fell on the younger girl's face.

"Well, how did you get on?"

"It was quite nice."

"Anybody there that I know?" Penelope demanded.

Elizabeth's eyes wavered.

"I expect you know them all."

Her stepsister laughed.

"I suppose Kim Lawless was there," she said defiantly. "He always is. You need not be afraid to speak his sacred name."

"Yes, he was there."

"Did you dance with him?"

"Only once."

"You could have danced with him all night for all I care," Penelope said, but for an instant she closed her eyes, to open them again quickly as she asked: "He knew who you were?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what do you think of him?"

Elizabeth winced beneath the merciless questioning.

"I thought he—seemed nice," she said helplessly.

There was a short silence, during which she did not dare to look at Penelope until she asked:

"I suppose Barbara was running after

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him, wasn't she? I always thought she was keen on him."

"I only saw her with him once."

Penelope suddenly raised her hand to her throat.

"I'll bet he never mentioned me," she said hardily.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"He wouldn't," her stepsister said, and again she closed her eyes.

"Can I get you anything?" Elizabeth asked.

"No, thanks."

The younger girl turned to go, and then stopped.

"Mrs. Selby has asked me to go and stay with them in Somerset," she said.

Penelope made a little inarticulate sound.

"Did she? Will you go?"

"If Aunt Thornley doesn't mind."

"Mind? She never minds anything! London will be as dead as mutton in a week's time. I'm going to Italy myself. Well—good-night."

"Good-night."

Elizabeth shut the door softly. She wished it was possible to say something kind, just to show that she understood, but she knew Penelope would only have been resentful.

MISS THORNLEY had decided to spend a Holiday in Harrogate. She had offered to take Elizabeth with her, but the Selbys' invitation had come as a relief, for, though she was firm in her determination to do her duty to the end, she much preferred her own company.

"Have you all the clothes you will need?" she asked. "Plenty of tweeds and washing frocks—for those are what you will wear most often in the country. And about trains——"

Elizabeth said a little shyly that Roy Selby had offered to drive her down.

"If you don't mind," she added.

"Mind!" Miss Thornley looked mildly astonished. "Why should I mind? I like Roy Selby."

So Roy Selby duly called for Elizabeth, and they drove away together.

"It's a bit out of the way," he told her. "But it's the prettiest route and there's no hurry. Mater and the rest of the family went down yesterday, and Lawless comes to-morrow."

He glanced down at her, thinking how beautiful she was, wondering whether she could ever—some day—learn to care for him.

Elizabeth was so sweet. Even to his unpoetical mind she was like a delicate flower which one only longed to protect and was half afraid to touch.

But his ineloquence could find nothing better to say than:

"It's ripping to think we shall be together for the next fortnight. I hope you'll like the house. It's a queer, old-fashioned place. It's supposed to have a family ghost, too. People say they've seen our pet spook wandering about the corridors—at midnight, of course."

"A woman?" Elizabeth asked, her eyes wide open with interest. But Roy shook his head.

"No; it's a dog. But it's only supposed to appear when someone in the house is about to meet with tragedy or make a lifelong mistake or some such tosh."

He laughed, but Elizabeth said seriously: "A dog! I think that's rather beautiful, because dogs are such understanding creatures."

Roy had spoken truthfully when he described the house as an old-fashioned place.

"It looks older than Narrow Lane Hall," Elizabeth said when they turned into the drive. "But not so big," she added, eagerly scanning the rugged face of the house, with its tall, knotted chimneys and crooked gables.

"No wonder it's called High Chimneys," she said.

"Supposed to be Elizabethan," Roy answered carelessly. "The inside is old enough, anyway—two stairs up and two stairs down in most unexpected places. And there's a secret room—only everyone knows where it is—and the ghost."

"What do they call the ghost?" she asked interestedly.

He shook his head.

"I suppose it had a name once," he admitted. "But Barbara and I have christened it 'Bingo.' I don't know why."

Elizabeth laughed.

"Poor Bingo!" she said.

ROY rounded the last bend of the drive in fine style and stopped at the front door.

His sister Barbara came running out to meet them.

"I quite expected he'd turn you out into the ditch or something," she informed Elizabeth. "He's so frightfully reckless."

"Reckless yourself!" her brother retorted disgustedly. "Has Lawless come?"

"Not yet. And I'm not at all sure that he will come."

Roy stared at her.

"What on earth do you mean?"

Barbara shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing, except—well, at the dance the other night I thought he didn't seem keen about it. You know how people behave when they're trying to hedge politely."

Roy laughed.

"Rot! He'll come," he said confidently. "You're always imagining things. Hallo, mater!"

Mrs. Selby bent to kiss Elizabeth.

"I am delighted to see you," she said, and she drew the girl's hand through her arm. "Did you have a good run down? Did Roy drive carefully? But I'm sure he did."

"I'll take you up to your room," Barbara volunteered. "I hope you'll be able to find your way about this old barn. Has Roy told you about Bingo?" she asked laughingly.

"Yes."

"I believe it's just a fable," Barbara declared. "At any rate, we've never seen him. This way—down these two steps. I hope you'll like your room; it looks over the garden. By the way, may I call you Elizabeth?"

"Please."

"And you call me Barbara. I hate formality. Here we are."

She crossed the room with its low-raftered ceiling and pushed the window wide.

"It's a topping view," she said, with careless pride. "It's a bit misty now—heat, I suppose—but when it's clear you can see the hills—and a bit of the sea."

She was so bright and friendly that Elizabeth's heart warmed towards her as, for a moment, they stood together looking out over the old walled garden, with its beds of flaming flowers and mossy lawns.

Suddenly Barbara gave a little squeal.

"There's Kim—oh, I am glad he's come, after all!" She leaned out of the window and called to him shrilly.

Lawless, who had just stopped his car at the door, looked up and smiled; but Elizabeth drew back a little with a sudden unaccountable feeling of shyness.

"I'm so glad he's come," Barbara said again joyfully. "He's such a lamb. I was dead nuts on him when I was in the nursery, and I've never got over it." She glanced at Elizabeth. "Of course, that was ages before he knew your sister," she apologised. "I can't understand why she chucked him."

Poor Penelope, Elizabeth thought again, but she made no comment as they went downstairs together.

"Tea outside under the old apple tree," Roy informed them gaily. He gave his sister a little dig. "Who said Lawless wasn't co..ing?" he scoffed, raising his voice to call to his friend.

Lawless shook hands with Elizabeth. "What do you think of High Chimneys?" he asked.

"I think it's beautiful."

"I think old places are a bit depressing myself," Barbara said cheerfully, "but I expect you'll love it."

"Why should she love it?" Roy asked.

Barbara laughed.

"Well, she looks a bit romantic," she answered. "There's a sort of fairy princess air about her." She waved a hand in vague explanation. "I'm sure she adores the Knights of the Round Table and all that, don't you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth flushed a little.

"Yes, I like the Knights of the Round Table."

"Lancelot the Unfaithful?" Lawless asked with a faint smile, but it was Barbara who answered calmly:

"I don't see how you could expect him to be anything else—entirely surrounded by Lovely Ladies as he was." She flung herself into a dramatic attitude, with outflung arms. "To love one maiden only, cling to her and worship her with years of faithful love," she quoted. "It sounds a bit dull to me."

"Really, Barbara!" her mother murmured.

"Not only dull, but impossible," Barbara insisted. "How can anyone know whether they are going to love the same person for ever and ever and ever? Somebody else more attractive might so easily come along, and then everyone would be in the cart. What do you say?" she demanded, turning to Elizabeth.

"I don't know much about it," Elizabeth said, a little shyly. "But Penelope says——" And then she stopped in confusion, with a quick glance at Lawless.

"What does Penelope say?" Roy asked, but Elizabeth would not answer, and Mrs. Selby tactfully changed the conversation.

. . . . . .

It was later on, when tea was over, that Elizabeth found herself alone with Kim Lawless. Roy had gone to put his car away, and Barbara had followed her mother into the house.

"Back in a minute, you two," she announced.

There was a little silence when she had gone till Lawless asked quietly:

"What did Penelope say?"

Elizabeth looked at him and away again.

"She said that she didn't believe in love—because it never lasts."

"And do you agree?" he asked.

She was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"I only know that it doesn't seem to last. People love someone, and then quite suddenly they don't love them any more—but someone else instead." She drew a quick breath. "Yes, I think I agree with Penelope."

"Is it fair to judge everyone by one person's mistake?" Lawless asked.

Elizabeth answered rapidly:

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"But it isn't only one person's mistake. I've seen it so often. There was my mother and father, and they were separated, and then mother and Pip—he was killed, and—and other people, too."

"I know you have had more than your share of unhappiness," Lawless said. "But that does not mean there is nothing better to come. I think we all find happiness—sooner or later."

"Find it—and then lose it," Elizabeth said. "And if it's going to be like that, I'd rather never have it at all."

He glanced at her serious face and smiled faintly.

"Don't be a pessimist," he said gently. "You're much too young—and too beautiful."

He rose to his feet. "Come and look at the garden."

They turned into a narrow paved path bordered by a clipped yew hedge, and at the far end stood a moss-grown sundial with a weeping Cupid.

There was an inscription round the column, but it was so worn away by time and weather that it was difficult to decipher.

"What does it say?" Elizabeth asked, and she bent closer to pick out the words.

"Love makes time pass away; Time makes love pass away."

She read it aloud, and there was a moment of silence before she said with a faint note of bitterness, "There, you see! That's why there are so many pictures and sculptured figures of Cupid in tears."

She looked up at him, and was surprised at the wistfulness of his expression.

"Don't believe it, Elizabeth," he said, and it was the first time he had called her by her Christian name . . . "Don't believe it—at least, not the last part—because it isn't true. Love does last when——"

He stopped abruptly, coloring a little as if afraid he had been too emotional.

"But—yours didn't," Elizabeth said impulsively, and then added hurriedly, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

"No," Lawless agreed. "You should not—because you do not know the facts, and obviously I cannot tell you—not that you would believe me if I did. Shall we go back to the house?" His voice was now coldly polite.

Suddenly as he turned from her, she spoke his name breathlessly, "Mr. Lawless, I'm—so sorry."

"I'm sorry, too—for many things," he answered ruefully.

Her beautiful eyes softened. "Then—can we be friends after all?"

"Can we, after all?" he questioned, but he smiled.

"Yes, I think we can," she said confidently.

They looked at each other happily, and it was Elizabeth who spoke the thought which was in both their minds.

"I'm so glad you came."

"Thank you. I'm glad too."

She glanced at the little weeping figure of Cupid on the sundial, and quickly away, and as if he could read her thoughts, Lawless said:

"There is another motto which one often sees on sundials—'keep your face to the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.'" He drew her hand through his arm. "So we'll turn our backs on our tearful friend, shall we?"

"It's a lovely garden," Elizabeth said.

"And there's a new moon."

Lawless stood still, releasing her.

"Then we must turn our money."

"I haven't any with me."

He dived into his pocket and gravely produced sixpence, which he put into her hand.

"Turn it and wish! The humble penny will do for me. Now then!"

He spun his coin into the air and caught it again, but when Elizabeth tried to follow suit her coin rolled away into the yew hedge.

Lawless stooped to recover it. "Some people do have clumsy children!"

She laughed as he put the coin back in her hand, and there was a moment of silence before he asked:

"Have you wished?"

She nodded. "Have you?"

"Yes."

They looked at each other gravely as if it were a matter of great importance, and suddenly they both said in the same breath, "I hope it comes true."

Barbara Selby came running across the lawn towards them.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Elizabeth," she called. "It's Miss Thornley."

There was a faint feeling of apprehension in Elizabeth's heart as she picked up the receiver.

"Hullo!"

Miss Thornley's voice sounded a little harassed as she answered, "Is that you at last? I've had a telegram from Paris—you know Penelope was spending the week-end there before going on to Italy?

"Yes, well, she's ill—very ill so the message says—and they think I ought to go to her. I don't know whether you feel you'd like to come too. If so, and you can get someone to motor you down to Dover, we can meet there and catch the night boat." She paused. "What did you say?"

Elizabeth said quickly. "Of course I'll come. Can you wait a minute while I speak to Mrs. Selby—or Roy?"

"Be quick then."

Elizabeth put down the receiver and went out into the hall, where Kim Lawless was talking to Barbara. She explained hurriedly what had happened.

"What a shame!" Barbara said disappointedly. "When you've only just come! But, of course, if you must go——"

"I must. Can I hire a car?"

"Roy will take you. I'll find him." Barbara said quickly. She turned to go and then stopped. "But he's gone over to Bridgelake to fetch father. I quite forgot."

Lawless spoke then. "I'll drive you if I may, Miss Challoner."

THE sky was overcast as Elizabeth drove away from High Chimneys with Kim Lawless.

"It's often misty after a hot day. I expect it will clear presently," Kim remarked. "I suppose you're quite sure about the boat?"

"Oh, yes. Aunt Thornley said it left at eleven thirty-six from Dover and it goes to Dunkirk."

"Rather a long way round. Calais is much quicker."

"Is it?" she asked indifferently. Then, after a moment: "It's very kind of you to bring me. If there had been time I would have waited for Roy."

"That almost sounds as if you prefer Roy's company to mine," Lawless said.

Elizabeth flushed sensitively.

"I didn't mean that. I meant that it seems such a shame to take you away from them all when you've only just come."

"I think it's very fortunate I happened to be on the spot," he said. "Otherwise you might have missed the boat." He glanced down at her grave face. "Do you want to go, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, I want to go, of course. Why?"

"Only that it may be rather a trying experience."

She said very quietly:

"It's not very long since Pip and my mother died, and nothing can ever be so bad as it was when mother died." And then, as if she could not bear to think about it, she asked: "How many miles have we to go?"

"I'm not quite sure, but I've got a map. Would you care to look at it?"

He stretched a long arm to the seat behind him for the road-map, and put it in her lap.

Elizabeth turned the stiff sheets carefully to find the right one, her head bent intently, unconscious that more than once Lawless turned his eyes from the road to look at her.

There was a quiet patience in her face which hurt him, a look of loneliness and enforced self-restraint which a girl of her age should not have experienced.

"Have you found the right map?" he asked presently.

"I don't think so. There are so many."

He took it from her with his left hand, turning the parchment sheets awkwardly until he found what he wanted, and then returning it to her.

"There you are! The thick line is the main road we are on. The scale at the foot of the page gives the mileage."

"I see," Elizabeth said, but her attention soon wandered again, and ran on to the journey lying in wait for her.

"Have you been to Paris?" she asked presently.

Lawless laughed.

"More times than I can remember. I know it pretty nearly as well as I know London."

There was a little silence until he said cheerily:

"We're making good time—you'll catch the boat easily."

"Shall I?"

Her voice was preoccupied. She found herself thinking with a pang: "Supposing Penelope dies?"

Would this man care if Penelope died? And again she longed to know why it was that these two who must surely have once loved each other should have parted.

"Love makes Time pass away—Time makes Love pass away . . ."

She started when Lawless touched her hand.

"What are you thinking about? You were miles and miles away. Tired?" he asked, as she gave a little sigh.

"Oh, no, thank you." She sat up with a show of energy. "Have you ever seen Bingo, Mr. Lawless?" she asked interestedly.

Kim laughed.

"Who in the wide world is Bingo? It sounds like the name of a dog."

"It is a dog, a ghost at High Chimneys. Roy told me about him. He's supposed to appear when a tragedy is about to happen."

Lawless shrugged his shoulders sceptically.

"I don't believe in ghosts," he declared, "and I hope you don't."

"I've never seen one," Elizabeth admitted. "But I'm not sure that I don't believe in them. It's the old things that are true."

Lawless frowned, and presently he said impulsively:

"Do you know what I should like to do with you, Elizabeth? I should like to take

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you right away to a place you have never seen before; to put you among young people of your own age, so that you would forget the past and your loneliness—and be happy."

She laughed softly.

"Perhaps the young people of my own age wouldn't like me," she said. "And perhaps I shouldn't like them! Though I suppose it would be all right if you were there," she added unconsciously.

The car suddenly swerved.

"That was a skid!" Elizabeth said in surprise, clutching the door handle.

Lawless laughed.

"It was your fault. You must not say—kind things like that—to me if you expect me to drive properly," he said.

She looked at him in bewilderment, the soft color slowly spreading from chin to brow, and then she turned her head away without answering.

Presently, he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "You were right about the mist. It's getting quite thick." He glanced at a signpost they were passing. "Dover still forty-five miles. It's some time since Miss Thornley and I met."

"She will be surprised when she sees who brought me," Elizabeth answered.

"I should like to show you Paris," Lawless said presently, "to take you to all the places worth seeing."

"I should like it, too," she answered. "I don't suppose I shall see very much as it is, if Penelope is so ill."

There was the slightest pause before Lawless answered formally:

"I hope you will find that she is better." Then, sharply, "Hullo—that's a nasty patch!"

They had turned a bend and run straight into a swirling bank of grey fog which made it necessary to slow down.

"Supposing it's like this all the way!" Elizabeth said.

"It won't be," he assured her. "It's just coming up over the fields. We shall be out of it presently." But, though he spoke cheerfully, he looked a little apprehensive.

"I'm afraid of fog," Elizabeth said abruptly. "It shuts you in so—like a blanket. It makes me feel stifled."

"You're afraid of so many things," Lawless said after a pause.

"What things?" she asked resentfully.

"Of life," he answered. "You insist upon looking at it through a powerful magnifying-glass so that everything seems enormous and terrifying and that makes you afraid. You let your imagination run riot among giants and all the time they're really not such bad fellows," he added humorously.

It seemed a long time before she asked, "Have you a father and mother?"

"No; my father died when I was a small boy, and my mother three years ago."

"And were you very fond of her?" Elizabeth asked sympathetically.

Lawless hesitated.

"Perhaps you will be shocked when I say—not very!" he said at last. "She was not very fond of me, either. She never wanted children. She was a very young-looking woman, young in her mind, too. Like Peter Pan, she never grew up properly. She was always trying to extract the last ounce of enjoyment out of life, always running about in search of fresh amusement." There was a note of pity in his voice. "She sent me to boarding-school when I was seven and, as she was generally away from home during holiday-time, I saw very little of her. She died—three years ago. I think she hated dying," he added soberly.

Elizabeth raised her eyes quickly. "Poor soul," she said. "Perhaps she was happy and that's why she hated it."

Lawless asked with touch of irritation: "Is it so rare a thing to find people who are happy?"

"Yes, I think it is," she said hesitatingly. "I think when you get to know people really well you find most of them sad and disappointed."

"Elizabeth," he broke in ruthlessly, "I should like to shake you."

She laughed then.

They were moving very slowly, and, presently, when Lawless let down the window to peer out, the grey mist swirled into the car like a veil floating from a woman's head. Elizabeth shivered.

"This is a nuisance," he said calmly. "Still, we've got plenty of time. Look out for a signpost, will you, Elizabeth?"

"We passed one just now," she told him. "I think it said Dover forty miles."

Unconsciously she moved a little nearer to him as she added: "I've never been in a fog like this before. Not in a car."

"Haven't you? I have, once, when I was coming down from Scotland with——"

He stopped abruptly, but her quick mind supplied the name he would not speak—Penelope.

"What did you do?" she asked very quietly.

"We were fortunate enough to come across a farmhouse, and we had to stay the night." There was a touch of ironic reminiscence in his voice which Elizabeth was quick to hear, before he added laughingly: "I remember that my bedroom was full of ants—thousands of them . . . Confound this fog!"

They drove some way in silence—silence all the more profound because of the greyness which seemed to shut them in on every side.

"I believe I've missed the road," Lawless said at last. "I must get out and see where we are."

Elizabeth watched him disappear into the fog, wondering why it was that every important thing he had said since they left High Chimneys had made her heart shake. She tried to keep the thought of Penelope before her, tried to remember that she too had loved this man.

She—too?

Elizabeth bit her lip and closed her eyes, speaking her sister's name aloud. "Penelope!" That was how, when she was a small child her mother had taught her to memorise the things she was apt to forget.

"Say it over to yourself again and again, darling, till it is so firmly fixed in your mind that you will always remember."

And something warned her that just now she must not forget Penelope, who was alone in Paris—and ill.

Lawless came back and took his seat beside her.

"I think we're all right," he said, "but it's difficult to be sure. We may come across a cottage or someone who can tell us if we are in the right direction. I thought I saw another signpost just now but it proved to be only a board proclaiming to the world that somebody's bread was better than somebody else's." He turned on the dash-board light to look at the time. "Only nine. We may do it yet." He glanced down at her. "I'm terribly sorry this has happened," he said.

Elizabeth laughed. "As if it's your fault there's a fog!"

She wondered whether he and Penelope had minded about it that time on the moors, when it had been impossible for them to get home.

And then she seemed to hear her sister's scornful voice: "Don't ever fall in love! It won't last, if you do; and you'll only be hurt." She tried to visualise Penelope sitting here where she was sitting—with the same man beside her, only perhaps he had held Penelope's hand . . .

"Have you had this car a long time?" she asked presently. Somehow it seemed tremendously important to know.

"A few months—I forget the exact time," Lawless answered. "Why?"

"I only wondered," Elizabeth said; "it's a nice car."

"I know why you asked," he said grimly. "You were wondering whether Penelope ever drove with me, as you are driving now; isn't that it?"

No use to deny it, she knew.

Lawless laughed. "You're a merciless critic, Elizabeth. I should not be so ready to condemn you if you had made a similar mistake."

"I was not condemning you," Elizabeth said quietly, though her heart was beating fast. "It is nothing to me who rides in your car or—what mistakes you make," she went on haughtily. "Besides, it was Penelope who broke her engagement to you."

"And is that a sufficient reason for you to distrust me?" he asked. "Because your sister jilted me?" His voice was sarcastic.

"I hate you when you talk like that," Elizabeth said sharply.

"Only when I talk like that?" he asked; and as she did not answer he said more quietly: "The fog seems to be clearing. You will soon be rid of me."

For a time he was able to increase speed, only to slow down once more as again the fog thickened.

"We shan't catch the boat, shall we?" Elizabeth said anxiously.

"I am afraid that you will not," he answered. "I had no intention of catching it."

He spoke so harshly that the unwilling tears rushed to her eyes though her voice was steady enough when she said:

"Aunt Thornley will be anxious about us."

Once again he corrected her.

"Anxious about you, but if it is any consolation the boat will not leave if the fog is as bad as this at Dover."

A SUDDEN yellow gleam of blurred light split the greyness of the world and Lawless stopped the car.

"It's a house of some sort. I'll ask if they can help us."

He was gone a long time, and Elizabeth began to feel apprehensive. The fog made everything so still and silent—and the feeling she had known when her mother died, of blindness and of being alone in a dark room, stole over her heart.

Loneliness—surely the most terrible of all things.

She had experienced it so many times during her short life that she dreaded it inexplicably; impulsively she had moved to open the door to go in search of Lawless, when she heard his returning steps along the road.

"The people were very decent," he said. "They let me ring up and ask about the roads. Apparently this fog is pretty general and much thicker on the coast, so it is extremely unlikely the boat will leave tonight. Anyway, I am afraid we shall not be there in time. I rang the Selbys, too, and explained the fix we are in. The

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question is, would you prefer to take a chance and go on? Or shall we try to find some place where you can stay? There is a village inn of sorts a few yards farther on."

"I think I would rather go on if you don't mind," Elizabeth said quickly.

"Very well. Have you got another coat with you? If so, you had better put it on or you may catch cold. I think you will probably be more comfortable in the back seat. You might get some sleep. There's a rug and a cushion."

"I'd rather stay where I am, if you don't mind."

"Very well. Here's the rug."

He laid it on her knees.

"Will you have a cigarette?"

"Thank you."

In the flare of the match he saw the pale oval of her face, the lovely eyes which so determinedly avoided meeting his, and the sensitive lips which trembled a little as she leaned towards him.

"Don't quarrel with me, Elizabeth!" he said abruptly as he threw the match away. "You may never come back from Paris, or, if you do, I may not be here."

"Are you going away?" she asked quickly, and she heard him laugh as he walked round to the other door of the car.

"No, I'm not going away," he said, "but life plays funny tricks with people sometimes. Generally when they are least expecting it. Shall we go on?"

"Please."

It was a long time, during which she travelled an even longer way in her troubled thoughts, before she spoke his name diffidently.

"Mr. Lawless, I'm sorry. I'm very grateful to you—really."

"Grateful? For this depressing ride through the fog?"

She had leaned a little towards him in her earnestness, but now she drew away again.

"You're laughing at me," she said painfully.

"Laughing!" Lawless answered ironically. "If a man of my size was permitted the luxury of tears, I should be shedding them now."

"I don't know what you mean," Elizabeth said, and he answered:

"Shall I tell you?" and then, as she kept silent, he went on: "Yes, I will, just in case we never meet again. I mean that I love you, Elizabeth. I'm not 'in love' with you, as I have been with half a dozen other girls at one time and another. I loved you when we first met, and you were stealing my primroses—you stole my heart as well! There was never any doubt about it but, if there had been, I should have known for certain each time we have met since.

"When you came into the room that night in London at the Selbys' house, I realised it all over again and this afternoon, when I saw you at the window as I drove up to High Chimneys, it was as if I found the answer to every question there is in the world.

"I know you don't care for me—I know, even if you did, there is a barrier between us which your loyalty makes impassable; but, well, I've told you the truth and you can forget it or remember it as you please. Mind! You've dropped your cigarette!"

He stooped to recover it and threw it out of the window. For a moment there was profound silence, until he said more in his ordinary voice:

"The fog seems to be lifting at last."

Elizabeth moved then, peering forward at the blurred glass with eyes that saw nothing. She was only conscious of a wonderful feeling of exaltation as if she had been lifted high above the world with all its sorrows and disappointments and bitternesses, so high above them that it was as if they did not exist.

When Lawless next spoke, she heard his voice as if from a great distance.

"I'll have to look at the next signpost. We ought to be able to pick one up directly. The fog is certainly lifting. Don't you think so?"

She found her voice with a supreme effort.

"Yes. I think it is. I can see the hedges this side quite plainly." Funny to be able to speak so quietly about ordinary things. "Perhaps we shall get to Dover in time after all," she said presently.

"It's past eleven now," he warned her, "and the fog may come down again."

For the rest of the way the road was fairly clear, though occasionally they ran into thicker patches, and it was past midnight when Lawless said:

"Those must be the lights of Dover. Are you very tired?"

"No."

He said, practically: "I think the best thing will be to go straight to the Lord Warden Hotel. We may find Miss Thornley there, if the boat has not sailed."

They did not speak again until, on the outskirts of the town, Lawless stopped the car and turned on the overhead light. Then he sat motionless at the wheel for a moment before he asked, not looking at her:

"Is there peace in our camp, Elizabeth?"

She did not answer in words, but, impulsively, she slipped her hand into his.

He turned his head, his fingers closing round hers, and they looked at each other for a long moment in silence.

"I will—ring you up—when I come back from Paris," Elizabeth said tremulously.

A wave of emotion crossed his face, though there was the echo of a laugh in his voice as he answered:

"If you do—I shall be there," and then he released her hand and drove on.

For the rest of the way Elizabeth kept her eyes closed, only conscious of her overpowering weariness. Her limbs and eyelids seemed to be weighted with lead, and yet the end of this journey was the last thing she wished for.

Her heart missed a beat when presently Lawless spoke.

"Here we are. I think the order of the day must be a double brandy and some hot soup, if we can get it."

He came around the car and opened the door for her, giving her his hand.

"Are you very tired?" she asked gently.

"No—at least——" She did not finish, and together they entered the hotel.

THE blaze of light in the lounge made Elizabeth blink. She stood still for a moment, unconscious that Lawless was still holding her hand, until someone gave a loud exclamation.

"So there you are! I've been wondering what on earth had happened; And—Kim! How in the world?"

Elizabeth stood silently by while Lawless explained.

"I happened to be staying at the Selbys', and, as there was no other car available, I offered to bring Elizabeth. We got caught in the fog, of course. How are you, Miss Thornley?"

She gave him her hand.

"Very well, thank you. A little put out, naturally. They tell me it may be hours before the boat can leave. Still, I'm thankful nothing has happened to Elizabeth. I've been imagining all sorts of disasters."

Miss Thornley glanced at her niece. "You look worn-out," she said briskly. "You'd better go to bed at once and have some food sent up. I've engaged a room for myself, but as I was not sure whether you would ever get here——"

"I'll make arrangements. Lawless broke in, and he walked away to the bureau.

"Well!" Miss Thornley said blankly. "This is a coincidence. You did not tell me Kim was to be at the Selbys'."

"I didn't know." Elizabeth roused herself with an effort. "I tried to hire a car, but I couldn't, and Roy was out, so the only thing was to let Mr. Lawless bring me." Her voice was curiously flat. "The fog was dreadful. I never thought we should get here at all."

Miss Thornley looked at her critically. "Well, let us hope it will be all right in the morning," she said after a moment.

Lawless came back.

"I have engaged the room next to yours for Elizabeth," he told her. "And I have asked them to send up hot soup and brandy."

Miss Thornley nodded approval.

"Good—but what about you?"

"I shan't stay. I'd rather get back."

"Get back? In this fog!" she asked sharply.

"I'll make the effort, anyway," Lawless told her. He turned to Elizabeth.

"I'll say good-night. The porter has your suitcase and coat."

"Thank you." She gave him her hand. "And thank you, very much . . . for everything."

"I wish you'd stay," Miss Thornley protested. She went on trying to persuade him while Elizabeth stood quietly beside her wondering whether there could be any worse suffering on earth than waiting in the presence of a third person to say a calm good-bye to the man you love, trying hard to appear indifferent.

At last it was over, and Miss Thornley touched her arm.

"Come along. Bed is the best place for you."

Elizabeth looked at Lawless.

"Good-bye," she said again.

"Good-night."

Going up in the lift, Miss Thornley said, "I see he calls you 'Elizabeth.' Well, I suppose it's natural, seeing that you were almost his sister-in-law. Kind of him to have brought you all this way, but then, Kim is kind. I always liked him. Is this the floor?" she inquired rather unnecessarily as the lift stopped. "Thank you. Come along, child."

To Elizabeth the long corridor with its red carpets and rows of closed doors seemed endless, and she was so tired that it was a tremendous effort to force herself to keep pace with her aunt's brisker steps. But at last the porter who carried her suitcase stopped.

"This is the room, madam."

"And if there is any news of the boat sailing early, I hope I shall be informed at once," Miss Thornley said.

She followed Elizabeth into the room.

"Have you got everything you want? Ah, here is the soup. Now drink it all, and the brandy, too, and then go straight to bed. We may have to leave very early to-morrow." She bent to kiss the girl's cheek. "Good-night, my dear, and don't worry. We may find that Penelope is much better. I am only next door if you want anything."

Elizabeth gave a quick sigh of relief as the door closed between them. Then she

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took off her hat and coat and flung the window wide; for the room seemed stuffy and the night was warm, in spite of the fog.

Away in the far distance, across the sea, she could hear the shrill screech of a ship's siren, and then presently another, nearer it seemed, answering.

She drank the soup and sipped the brandy, but it burned her throat, and she left it unfinished while she undressed. But every movement was purely mechanical, and, though there were so many things she wanted to remember and to think about, as soon as her head touched the pillow she fell asleep.

She awoke hours later to find Miss Thornley standing beside her.

"They say the boat will leave at half-past nine. It's only eight now, so there's plenty of time. I've ordered breakfast to be brought to my room for us both. Get up and have your bath. I'll pull up the blinds for you. The fog has gone and the sun is shining."

TWO hours later they were on board and slowly moving out to sea under a clear sky.

Elizabeth paced the length of the deck during much of the voyage, her eyes turned to the white cliffs which stood out like stone against the blue sky.

Where was Lawless now, she wondered. Back at High Chimneys, perhaps, having breakfast with Roy and Barbara. She was still thinking of him when they left the boat and boarded the train for Paris.

They reached Paris about four o'clock, and as they drove away from the station Elizabeth looked eagerly through the window at the crowded streets.

"We will stay at a quiet hotel I know," Miss Thornley said. "There is sure to be plenty of room at this time of the year, and I know the manager."

When they arrived she rattled away in French to the commissionaire and to the porter, and later to the man in the office, while Elizabeth stood by, lost in admiration.

She was feeling a little overawed by the strangeness of her surroundings, and a little excited, too. But her spirits fell when Miss Thornley said: "I am going to ring up the nursing home to inquire how Penelope is. It may be necessary for us to go straight there. Stay here in the lounge and order tea. I shall be back in a moment."

But Miss Thornley was gone some time, and when she returned she looked a little flushed and worried.

"Penelope has diphtheria," she said, as she sank into a chair beside her niece. "Goodness knows where she contracted such a thing. The doctor himself is utterly mystified. They have had to send her away from the nursing home to the fever hospital, and, of course, we shall not be allowed to see her."

She was silent for a moment.

"I spoke to the matron," she went on. "She seems to be a very charming and intelligent person. She told me that in her delirium—and apparently she has been, and still is, very seriously ill—Penelope's one cry is for Kim." She sighed heavily. "The matron seemed to think he had come with me. I suppose, in the circumstances, she naturally concluded that he was the poor child's fiance. Pour out the tea, Elizabeth; I am dying for a cup."

She glanced at the girl for the first time.

"Aren't you well?" she asked sharply. "You look so white."

"I'm quite well, but it's rather hot in here."

"Take off your coat," Miss Thornley said practically. "It's always the same in French hotels. They seem afraid of fresh air."

Elizabeth slipped off her coat and laid it across a chair-back.

"I feel so utterly helpless," her aunt went on. "How on earth can I send for Kim, or even write to him that Penelope keeps calling for him?

"Kim probably wouldn't come anyway, and if he did it might only be out of pity." She sipped her tea and put the cup down. "What do you think about it all, Elizabeth?" she demanded bluntly. "You must have formed some opinion. You've talked to them both. You must surely have gathered something!"

"Penelope told me that she didn't care for him any more."

"Penelope would!" Miss Thornley declared. "What else could she say?"

Elizabeth said, very quietly: "But if she broke the engagement she can't care for him any more. Can she?"

"Ah!" Miss Thornley said darkly. "But I've never felt sure that it was she who broke it. All she ever said to me was, 'I've broken my engagement and please don't say you are sorry or ask any questions.' So, of course, I did not do so, and as I never saw Kim Lawless afterwards until last night that is all I ever heard. I'm going to see the matron presently. She may be able to tell me something more."

When she had gone, Elizabeth went up to her room. It was very well furnished and comfortable, with a bathroom leading out of it and a window which overlooked a square, paved courtyard. She opened it to its fullest extent and began to take the things from her suitcase.

"I always seem to be packing and unpacking," she thought. For it was only two days ago that she had arrived at High Chimneys—last night at Dover—to-night in Paris.

She had only brought a very few clothes, and they were soon put away, and then she stood still with an odd feeling of helplessness. What could she do now?

It was very quiet everywhere, except that now and again she could hear the whirring of the lift on the landing outside, rising or descending.

And then Elizabeth's thoughts flew to Penelope—and Kim! Perhaps not very long ago they had called each other by endearing names, and yet at this moment Kim was far away in England and Penelope lying ill in a strange place calling for him.

Elizabeth's hands suddenly clenched as, in imagination, she fancied she could hear her sister's voice—that beautiful voice—crying out for the man she loved, and through the aching pity of her heart there rushed such a storm of jealousy that she was afraid.

She walked over to the window and looked out on the little paved courtyard with unseeing eyes.

With a sharp sigh of pain she realised that she was thinking of Lawless as if he already belonged to her and that complete happiness was impossible because the shadow of Penelope stood between them.

She gave herself a little shake and turned from the window, realising that it was getting dark. She switched on the dressing-table light and began to brush her hair—Stella always loved having her hair brushed, especially after Pip died; she said it was so soothing and made her sleepy. A passionate longing for her mother rose in Elizabeth's heart. To feel the clasp of her arms—arms that had seemed to make everything so safe and happy—just to hear her voice with its soft tenderness.

But her mother had gone too far away for loving arms ever to reach her.

Someone tapped on the door and Miss Thornley's voice spoke her name.

"Elizabeth! Are you there, Elizabeth?"

"Yes—oh, is the door locked?"

She sped across the room to open it, resenting the interruption and yet welcoming it.

"You haven't been long," she said.

"More than an hour," Miss Thornley answered.

She sat down on the side of the bed and took off her hat, absently smoothing the little feather which curled about its brim.

She looked tired, Elizabeth thought—worried, too. She moved nearer to her.

"Did you see the matron?" she asked.

Miss Thornley nodded. "And the doctor, too—charming people, both of them—but they had nothing good to tell me."

Elizabeth gave a little cry.

"She's not——"

"No, no—not that—though it makes me wonder if perhaps it might not be the happiest solution for poor Penelope. They had to operate on her throat—tracheotomy, do they call it? I can never remember surgical words! The surgeon said it was the only chance for her life, and, of course, there was no time to consult me."

She sighed heavily.

"But she's all right now?" Elizabeth asked. "She'll get better?"

Miss Thornley repeated the words slowly.

"Oh, yes, she'll get better, but——" She turned her face away. "They say it may affect her voice, that sometimes such a result of the operation is inevitable, and if so—oh, poor Penelope!"

Elizabeth looked at her blankly.

"You mean—she may not be able to sing any more?"

Her aunt nodded silently.

In imagination Elizabeth seemed to hear her step-sister's voice and a song which always made her feel as if she were shrinking away from an ungentle touch on something that hurt.

"Beloved, are the tears I shed for thee,
Less than white roses thrown for
Majesty?"

And then there was a profound silence until Elizabeth asked faintly:

"But there must be something they can do—something we can do for her. Isn't there?"

She looked at Miss Thornley's white fingers, which were still absently smoothing the little feather which adorned her hat, and it seemed a long time until she answered:

"I've been wondering, as I drove back here, whether I could tell Kim. Whether, perhaps, if he knew, he would come! I think, from what the matron says, there is no doubt that Penelope still cares for him, and so, if he knew the worst—and how ill she is—they might perhaps come together again! What do you think, Elizabeth?"

IT seemed as though they had been in Paris for ever and ever!

Elizabeth looked out of the taxicab in which she was being driven from the hotel to the hospital, where Penelope still lay,

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wondering why she had ever felt excited by the crowded streets and the throngs of people.

It was six weeks since she had left High Chimneys with Kim Lawless, six weeks since she had seen or heard of him.

Now the summer was beginning to fade and already yellow leaves from the plane trees strewed the paths in the Paris streets, and sometimes at night there was a chilliness in the air as if Father Frost were already breathing upon the world on his return journey.

Roy Selby had written to her regularly at first: long letters to say how much he missed her and making tentative suggestions that perhaps he might come over for a week-end. But now those letters had become fewer and farther between, and the last one had been so short that she had not troubled to answer it.

Penelope had nearly died. There had been nights when Elizabeth and her aunt waited in the matron's room at the hospital, to be told that she had at last given up fighting for life; but skilful nursing and medical science had prevailed and it was several days now since the smiling doctor, who wore a beard and horn-rimmed glasses, had rubbed his hands together and had expressed himself as completely satisfied.

"She will recover—yes! It is a miracle but she will recover—yes!"

To-day Elizabeth was to see Penelope for the first time.

"I expect you will find her terribly changed, poor child," Miss Thornley had murmured. "But be careful not to show surprise or dismay, won't you, Elizabeth?"

But it was not the change in her sister which Elizabeth was dreading, as she sat looking out at the Paris street. It was something much more indefinite and yet so very much more terrifying.

They had not actually sent for Kim, though Elizabeth knew that Miss Thornley had written him. A non-committal note, she had called it, "so that if he wishes to come the door is open for him."

But Kim had not come, and Roy Selby had only once mentioned him in his letters, just casually, to say that they had met.

Somehow Elizabeth had thought that he might have written to her, to ask how she was, or how Penelope was, but beyond a short note to Miss Thornley, expressing his deep regret at her bad news, there had been nothing.

The taxi turned in a wide sweep and drew up at the door of the hospital. Elizabeth counted the fare into the driver's hand, together with the necessary tip.

There was a queer choking feeling in her throat as she followed the sister, in her white, floating cap, along the spotless corridor to the room to which Penelope had been moved now there was no longer any fear of infection.

Penelope was lying on a couch by the window, her face turned away, and it seemed to Elizabeth that the polished floor stretched for acres and acres as she crossed it.

"Penelope!"

Penelope turned her head, and for a moment the two girls looked at each other in a silence which was broken by Penelope herself speaking in the ghost of her old cynical voice.

"Well, do you know me?"

"Of course I know you!" Elizabeth sat down beside the couch, only conscious of a profound pity which seemed to run like a flood of slow tears through her heart.

They had cut away Penelope's hair so that now it was short like a boy's, and, although she looked desperately ill, she also, in some strange way, looked many years younger and smaller and infinitely pathetic.

"If I put my arm around her I suppose she wouldn't like it," Elizabeth was thinking painfully, and yet she longed to give some expression of affection. It seemed so cold and callous just to sit still as if this were an ordinary courtesy visit. But she had always been a little in awe of her stepsister, and the old unfriendliness which had existed between them in their nursery days had never been quite eliminated.

"Isn't Aunt Thornley coming?" Penelope asked listlessly. And Elizabeth explained that she had one of her bad headaches and was lying down.

Penelope turned her eyes again to the window and to the late September sunshine.

"Are you better?" Elizabeth asked.

Penelope laughed faintly.

"They say I am," she said. "So I suppose I must be, if it's 'better' to feel as if you are floating in the air with nothing to prevent you from falling. I tried to walk across the room this morning. I might as well have tried to cross Niagara on a tightrope."

She looked again at her sister, and a faint envy filled her eyes.

"There's nothing the matter with you, anyway," she said impatiently. "How long have you been in Paris?"

"Six weeks."

"Why did you stay? You weren't allowed to see me, and there was nothing you could do."

"I wanted to stay."

"The loving sister!" Penelope said cynically, and then she was silent for a moment before she broke out with sudden deep feeling: "I want to leave this place. I shall die if I stay here much longer. I'm so tired of it—so tired of all the people around me. I know I should get well much more quickly if they would only take me away."

"As soon as you are strong enough to travel," Elizabeth said, in distress. "I know Aunt Thornley wants to take you home as soon as ever you can travel."

"Home!" Penelope echoed. "If you mean London, I don't want to go there. I want to go to Italy. I want to go on with the life I have planned. I want to sing. My voice is all I've got left."

Elizabeth turned her face sharply away, remembering that when Miss Thornley had asked about Penelope's voice the bearded doctor had shrugged his shoulders and had avoided answering.

"What have you been doing all the time?" Penelope asked presently. "Sightseeing I suppose!"

"I've seen a good deal of Paris," Elizabeth answered gently.

"You ought to see Rome," Penelope said dreamily. "Perhaps you'll come out there and stay with me later on, when I'm working again." She put her hand to her throat, gently caressing it with thin fingers. "They say I mustn't try to sing yet—and I can't, of course—but soon——"

She stopped to ask, after a moment, with apparent irrelevance:

"What happened? Were you still at the Selbys' when you heard about me?"

"Yes; I'd only just got there and of course I left at once. We wanted to catch the night boat, but there was a fog and so——"

She broke off with a keen remembrance of the long drive and of the man who had been her companion.

Penelope was looking at her again now, and Elizabeth braced herself for the question she could feel was coming.

"Was Kim at the Selbys'?"

"Yes."

"I thought he would be," Penelope said, and then she was silent for a little before she went on: "I can never understand why he and Roy are such friends. They never used to be. Unless it's because of Barbara," she added slowly.

"Of Barbara?" Elizabeth asked faintly.

"She always liked him," Penelope said indifferently. "He used to get angry when I said so, but I know she always liked him. Not that it mattered. Not that anything matters if only I can go on with my career."

Suddenly she moved her thin hand to clutch Elizabeth's as she asked feverishly: "They haven't said anything, have they? About my voice, I mean? I've asked Sister and Doctor Favielle, but they only tell me not to be impatient. They treat me as if I were a child," she added fretfully. "They won't tell me anything."

"When you're stronger," Elizabeth said desperately. "It takes a long time to get over—all you've suffered, but I am sure that when you are stronger——"

"All I've suffered," Penelope said in a whisper, and then she laughed as if at herself. "Yes, I've suffered—more than you will ever know—but I've put it behind me. I never think about it. I only look forward—forward all the time—to the day when all the world will know my name and——"

She stopped with a little choking cough, and Elizabeth said quickly:

"You mustn't excite yourself. It's bad for you. Oh, Penelope, I wish I could do something to help you! I wish I could, but——"

Penelope raised herself weakly from the pillows, leaning feebly on her elbows for support.

"What do you mean?" she asked shrilly. "You wish you could do something to help me? Why should I want anyone to help me? I'm getting better; they all say I'm getting better. They all say——" She peered forward, staring into her stepsister's face for a long moment before two words escaped her trembling lips: "My voice?"

Elizabeth made a gesture of despair.

"They've said nothing about your voice. You mustn't imagine things. They've said nothing at all, nothing, only that you must be patient and not worry. As soon as you're well enough you will come home and Aunt Thornley will take you to a specialist."

Penelope lay back on her pillows and closed her eyes. It seemed an eternity before she spoke, and the words sounded as if someone was dragging them from her throat.

"So that's gone, too." She opened her eyes and looked at Elizabeth with such hatred that the younger girl shrank from her with a cry of protest. "So that's gone too." Penelope said again, with weak intensity. "Everything goes—all I've ever wanted. All I've ever wanted."

Elizabeth took her shaking hands in her own, holding them fast.

"You mustn't, you mustn't," she said.

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WEEP FOR LOVE

But Penelope tore her hands away.

"It's true. I know it's true, only you're afraid to tell me. My voice was all I had, and now that's been taken. If only they'd let me keep it—I wouldn't have minded anything else. Not even about Kim, though I loved him. I did love him."

And to Elizabeth's terror she began to sob and to call his name. "Kim! Kim! Kim!"

The thin, hoarse voice cut the silence like a cry of physical agony, and in terror Elizabeth had turned to go in search for help, when the door opened and the nurse came in.

She looked at Penelope and hurriedly signed to Elizabeth to leave them. Elizabeth almost ran from the room, down the long corridor and out into the street, with that broken cry still ringing in her ears.

"Kim! Kim! Kim!"

. . . . . .

"And how do you think she is?"

Miss Thornley asked the question when, much later in the evening, Elizabeth found the courage to go to her aunt's room. Miss Thornley had evidently recovered, for she was propped up in bed with a tray of food before her, and a book which she hastily discarded when she saw her niece.

"I think she's dreadfully ill," Elizabeth said dully.

She walked over to the window and looked out with unseeing eyes.

"But they told me——" Miss Thornley cried in alarm.

"I know." Elizabeth bit her lip to steady its trembling. "But she seems to think that—that her voice is gone. She was terribly upset. It was tragic to hear her."

"You told her?" Miss Thornley asked sharply. "Good heavens, Elizabeth, don't stand there and tell me you were so unwise as to tell her the truth. I really thought you had more sense."

Elizabeth turned slowly around and her face went white.

"Is it—the truth?" she asked slowly. "You mean—that her voice is really gone?"

"I thought you understood well enough that it has," her aunt answered angrily. "I know I didn't tell you so in so many words, but I trusted to your instinct to read between the lines. Dr. Favielle tells me quite definitely that she will never be able to sing again. Her voice may come back in time—her natural speaking voice, that is. She may even be able to sing as you can, or I can, but anything else——"

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, poor Penelope!" she whispered.

Miss Thornley looked at her impatiently.

"That is not the way in which to receive bad news," she said at last, a little uncertainly. "We must help Penelope. She is difficult enough, goodness knows, but it will only make things worse if we pity her and let her see how sorry we are. She is lucky to be alive, and she must try to find consolation in that fact. Really, Elizabeth, there is no need to look like a tragedy queen. It is not your trouble, after all. Time is a great healer, and Penelope must rouse herself and face the future bravely. As I say, she is lucky to be alive."

"Lucky!" Elizabeth said bitterly, but Miss Thornley went on, enjoying the sane sound of her own philosophy.

"As soon as she can travel, I will take her back to England. The world is not ended because she can no longer hope to be a famous singer. As a matter of fact, I have always had my doubts about Penelope. She certainly had a nice voice, but so have a hundred other people who never get any further than local concert halls. Where are you going?" she broke off to ask, in exasperation. But Elizabeth escaped without answering.

"Kim! Kim! Kim!" Her sister's desolate sobbing went with her to the silence of her own room, went echoing through her heart and brain, a sorrowful echo of her own despair, for she knew now that, whatever became of Penelope there could no longer be "peace in the camp" which in all innocence she had thought to share with the man they both loved.

"I will ring you up when I come back from Paris." Her own words returned to her, and Kim's reply:

"If you do I shall be there."

But that had been in another lifetime.

They took Penelope back home as soon as she was strong enough to travel, a Penelope who seemed to have nothing to say.

"I can't understand her," Miss Thornley complained. "You would at least think she would show some sign of gratitude for such a marvellous recovery. I have done everything in my power for her, and not one word of thanks have I received."

She was really feeling hurt about her favorite niece's indifference. She was such an energetic woman herself that she could not understand Penelope's lethargy.

But Elizabeth's heart bled for Penelope; yet although she made little timid overtures of friendship and companionship, they were so curtly rebuffed that, in the end, she, too, gave up trying and left her alone.

And then one evening she heard the sound of the piano—at last.

It was a glorious evening in the first week of October, and the windows were wide open. Elizabeth was in her room when she heard the first chords being struck. She stood very still, hardly daring to breathe, every nerve in her body listening with strained attention for the voice which should have followed, but there was nothing, and presently she crept down the stairs and across the hall to the closed music-room door.

Only silence now—the silence which surrounds a breaking heart.

Elizabeth waited until she could bear it no longer, and then she softly turned the door handle and entered.

Penelope was still sitting at the piano, but her arms were outflung on its ivory keys and her face buried in them.

Elizabeth fled across the room and knelt down beside her.

"Penelope—dear, dear Penelope."

For a moment it seemed as if her sister would have turned to her, and then suddenly she pushed her away and started up.

"Leave me alone—leave me alone," she said harshly. "I don't want your pity. You've got everything and I've got nothing. You ought to be satisfied."

And she had gone.

As soon as Roy Selby knew Elizabeth was back in London he was most urgent in his entreaties that she should return to High Chimneys for the visit which had ended so suddenly.

"Why won't you come?" he appealed.

"I can't leave Penelope," Elizabeth told him. "Not that she seems to want me, but——"

"I want you," he said eagerly, "and the mater will love to have you, and so will Barbara. Besides, you want a change after all you've been through."

But Elizabeth could not make up her mind to go.

"Will there be a big house-party?" she asked.

"Nobody but you, if you'd rather not," he assured her. "Lawless might turn up for a week-end, but——"

"Perhaps I'll come later on," Elizabeth interrupted; and then, against her will, she found herself asking: "How is Mr. Lawless?" as if he was just a casual acquaintance of whom for some time she had had no news.

"He's all right," Roy told her, rather impatiently. "Been a bit quiet lately. Not such a sport as usual. But, if you don't like him, I can easily give him the tip to stay away," he promised boyishly.

Elizabeth smiled then, because it seemed funny that he should understand so little when she felt that there had been betrayal in every word she uttered.

"I'll think it over and let you know," she said.

Roy frowned.

"I can't see why you need shut yourself up and refuse to go anywhere just because your sister has been ill," he grumbled. "I don't suppose she would make a hermit of herself if you were lying at death's door. Will you come to a show with me? I haven't seen anything of you for so long."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Well, let me take you out to dinner. We needn't dress, and we can go somewhere quiet, if you'd rather." He took her by the shoulders, shaking her with tender solicitation. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

She looked up at him then and laughed.

"There's nothing the matter with me," she insisted. "And if you won't take 'No' for an answer—very well, I'll come to dinner with you, and to a show. And I'll wear my smartest frock—if I've still got one."

"I adore you when you look like that," Roy said, but, as she turned away, he added hastily: "All right, all right. I'll take all that back. I don't adore you a bit. And I'll behave like a cousin or a brother if you like, if only you'll let me take you out. Can we go to-night?"

"If you can get the tickets."

He laughed happily. "I can get the moon if you want it," he promised rashly.

It was a surprise to Elizabeth to find that once Roy had got his own way she really looked forward to the evening. She chose her prettiest frock and dressed her soft hair in the newest fashion with little flat curls on top of her head, but, at the last moment when she knew that Roy was downstairs waiting for her, and she turned for a final critical glance in the long mirror, she fancied that she could see the shadowy outline of another man's tall figure behind her shoulder. She swung sharply round, catching her breath, only to relax again with a little shamed laugh.

She must not think of him. They had said their good-bye long ago.

"Dinner before the show, supper afterwards," Roy said gaily, as they drove away. Then he glanced down at her. "Is it against the rules to tell you that you look like an angel?"

"Quite against the rules," she answered firmly.

"Right!" He was in too good spirits to be easily depressed, and they had a merry dinner, laughing and talking together like a couple of children.

"This is like it used to be," he said affectionately, when they reached the theatre, and he took advantage of the crowd in the foyer to squeeze her hand.

They were a little late. "The best people

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always are," he whispered, as they were shown to their seats.

The play was a light farce which Roy had chosen deliberately, because he considered that Elizabeth needed "cheering up."

He would have been disappointed to know that she did not care a great deal for it and would have much preferred something more serious. But she laughed and applauded generously, which was all he needed to assure him that she was enjoying it as much as he was.

"And now for more food," he said gaily, as they made their way out, and called a taxi to take them to a popular cabaret.

"I don't think I can eat anything more," Elizabeth objected doubtfully, but he assured her that after a few dances she would find she was quite hungry.

Elizabeth's first little setback occurred when in the cloak-room she caught sight of a girl so like Penelope used to be that for a moment she stood staring at her. The same tall, rather arrogant figure, and neat head—the same wonderful flair for clothes. Even when she turned around and Elizabeth could see that she did not really in the least resemble Penelope, the likeness seemed to remain.

She wondered what Penelope was doing at this moment. Perhaps she had gone to bed. It was nearly midnight, and perhaps she was lying awake, staring into the darkness, tormenting herself with thoughts of what might have been.

"Are you leaving your cloak, Miss?" the attendant asked.

Elizabeth gave herself a little determined shake and Penelope vanished.

"I've got a table," Roy told her when she rejoined him, "although the place is packed."

He waited boyishly for the appreciation which was not forthcoming, and then, with a little shrug of resignation, he followed Elizabeth into the crowded room.

Dancing was practically impossible, but they managed to progress at snail's pace around the floor.

"It will clear later on," Roy said optimistically. "Let's have supper first and then try again."

A bunch of lily-of-the-valley lay on the table beside Elizabeth's plate.

"How lovely—do they give us all lilies?" she said unthinkingly. And then Roy's face fell as he answered, in rather an injured voice, that he had ordered them especially for her.

"How silly of me. I'm so sorry," she apologised, and impulsively touched his hand in a mute caress, which made him smile again.

The orchestra was playing the "Lambeth Walk," and Roy started up.

"We must dance this. It's too good to miss."

"If we can find room," she said resignedly.

They squeezed their way between the closely-packed tables, but they had only danced a few steps when Elizabeth suddenly gave a little cry.

"Oh—someone has stepped on my frock, look!"

She held up the torn silk for Roy's inspection.

"Clumsy idiots!" he said indignantly. "Can it be mended?"

"I'll ask the cloakroom attendant."

He went with her as far as the door.

"You go back to the table," she said, breathlessly. "I won't be long. She'll just stitch it together for me; it can be done properly afterwards."

She broke into a little run as he turned away, and almost ran into the arms of a man who was coming towards the restaurant.

Elizabeth drew back swiftly with a little smile of apology, which died on her lips as she looked up into the face of—Kim Lawless . . .

For a moment she just stared at him, her lips parted, her color fading treacherously. Then she said, as if it were the only thing of importance in the world:

"Someone stepped on my skirt—the room is so crowded. I'm just going to see if it can be mended."

The shadow of a smile crossed his face, though he looked a little pale.

"Most things can be mended—can't they?" he asked. But she passed him without answering and went on her way.

She felt curiously breathless and her heart was racing as if she had been badly frightened, but she stood at quiet attention while the cloakroom attendant made a rather clumsy job of the torn frock and snapped off the thread.

"There! It ought not to get any worse," she said consolingly.

Elizabeth thanked her and turned to the mirror, surprised at her pallor. She rubbed her cheeks vigorously, but her hands felt cold, though a moment ago she had thought the dance-room unbearably hot.

Now I suppose I must go, she thought. I suppose I must go back.

It was a moment before she could force herself to gather up her handbag and handkerchief and to retrace her steps. No band was playing just then, but the babble of laughter and voices buzzed around her as she threaded her way through the closely-packed tables.

"I've just seen Lawless," was Roy's cheery greeting. "He's here with a party. Says he'll come across presently to have a word with us."

Elizabeth glanced furtively round the room as though in search of an enemy, but she could not see Lawless among the crowd. She picked up the spray of lilies and held them against her lips, and suddenly she was back again in the walled garden at High Chimneys standing before the sundial which bore the words, "Love makes Time pass away. Time makes Love pass away."

Odd that she should think of them now, for there had been no lilies there.

"Lawless is with the Desmonds," Roy was saying. "Aren't they friends of your sister's?"

"Yes I think they are, but I don't know them very well."

"I can't stand Mrs. Desmond," Roy said boyishly. "She's such a cat. She said all sorts of things about Penelope after her engagement to Lawless was broken off. Sour grapes, I expect."

"What sort of things?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well—she made out that Lawless jilted her and said there was another girl he'd been running about with and Penelope wouldn't stand for it."

"Is that such a very dreadful thing to say?" Elizabeth asked quietly. "It might be the truth."

He looked at her with faint suspicion before he answered bluntly:

"Lawless isn't that sort of chap; he'd play fair."

"He's lucky to have such a champion," Elizabeth said.

Roy smiled as if the words pleased him.

"Mrs. Desmond and I had quite a flare-up about it," he told her complacently. "And when I'd made her thoroughly angry she went one better and offered to bet me anything I liked that they were married."

Elizabeth raised her beautiful eyes to his face, not understanding.

"Who were married?" she asked.

"Lawless and Penelope. She talked a lot of rubbish about a runaway match—not that I believe it," he added a little shamefacedly.

Elizabeth's eyes did not falter, and she was even conscious of a faint amusement because Roy looked so embarrassed.

"But how can Mrs. Desmond possibly know—even if it is true?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I don't know. Except that at one time she and Penelope were awfully thick, and Penelope may have told her."

There was a short silence before Elizabeth said slowly:

"There was no need for a runaway match. Nobody objected to Penelope's marrying Mr. Lawless, did they? I think it's a silly thing to say."

"People do silly things sometimes," Roy answered. "Oh, goodness, here's the waiter with the food. I suppose we'd better eat it or it will get cold." He peered down at the dishes which were being set before them. "What is it, do you think?" he inquired interestedly.

Elizabeth picked up the menu card.

"It's something a la something," she told him. "I'm no good at French."

"Why don't they use English names?" Roy grumbled. "Hullo, talk of the angels—here they are."

He rose reluctantly to his feet as Lawless and Mrs. Desmond approached, but Elizabeth still studied the menu.

"Hullo!" Mrs. Desmond greeted them. "Hullo, Elizabeth! How are you? And how is poor Penelope?"

There was exaggerated anxiety in her voice as she spoke the last words.

"Penelope is very well, thank you," Elizabeth answered.

Mrs. Desmond shrugged her shoulders. She was a very thin, rather overdressed young woman, with sharp pale blue eyes which seemed to be forever on the search for something which other people were trying to hide.

"One hears such exaggerated stories," she murmured, tapping Roy smartly on the arm. "Are you going to ask me to dance, Roy?"

Roy glanced down at his plate and said at once:—

"Tell the waiter to keep it hot. They're used to it." And before he could protest further, she took his hand and dragged him away.

"Do you care to dance, Elizabeth?" Lawless asked.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Do you mind? I'm really rather hungry and the food looks good."

"Do you mind—if I stay?"

"Of course not."

But although she had said she was hungry she made no attempt to touch her supper, but sat leaning back in her chair, her eyes on the crowded scene before her, and she did not look at Lawless even when he said:

"I am glad to see you again."

"We were in Paris seven weeks," she told him. "I like Paris. You said I should, didn't you? Of course, it was rather spoiled because Penelope was so ill, but—I liked Paris."

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"I am glad Penelope is better," he said formally.

Elizabeth's long lashes flickered.

It seemed like an eternity before Lawless spoke again.

"I waited in vain—for the telephone to ring."

The faintest color dyed her pale face.

"It must have been a cruel disappointment," she said with a touch of sarcasm.

"It was," he agreed. "I thought about ringing you, to ask for an explanation."

"I am glad you didn't," she answered.

He half turned his seat to look at her.

"What have I done?" he demanded bluntly.

At last she forced herself to meet his eyes.

"What have you done?" Nothing! I only said I am glad you didn't ring me, that's all, and I am glad."

"Why?"

"Because—of Penelope," she said quietly, and she felt faintly amazed that she could speak so calmly with his gaze still upon her.

"Penelope was in existence before you went to Paris," he reminded her hardily. "And then——"

She managed a little laugh.

"And then there was a fog," she said flippantly. "And everything was different."

"There seems still to be a fog," he submitted dryly, and then as she half shrugged her shoulders he went on: "It won't do, Elizabeth. I want the truth, whatever it is. We parted as friends, and one cannot break a compact of friendship without adequate reason."

"What a grand speech!" she protested flippantly. "All about nothing! Will you please pass the toast?"

He did so and at last she made a valiant attack on the "something a is something."

Mrs. Desmond and Roy struggled past them.

"If this is dancing," she called out, "give me a wrestling match!"

Elizabeth nodded.

"I love her frock," she said when they were out of earshot.

Lawless laughed shortly.

"That is the most insincere thing I have ever heard you say," he told her.

"I'm improving," she answered gaily. "I've found it doesn't do to be too sincere about anything." She pushed her plate away. "I'll dance now, if you'll ask me," she invited.

Better than prolonging the conversation, Elizabeth told herself recklessly, and as they pushed their way into the crowd she glanced up at his face, and a little pang of remorse wrung her heart.

WAS it fair to condemn Kim just because of Penelope and because of Roy's idly repeated gossip? Elizabeth realised painfully that it was not as if she and Penelope had a great affection for each other as some sisters had.

Then suddenly she knew that it was really nothing to do with Penelope, but that it was her own bitter jealousy which was driving her, and that it would have been the same no matter what other girl had once shared Kim's affection.

She could not visualise a day when the sight of this man and the sound of his name could fail to stir her senses, when now the very strength of her love for him could make her cruel, could make her long to know that he was suffering too.

And then suddenly, as the music stopped, she felt his arm tighten around her and, before she could protest, he had swept her out of the crowded room into the comparatively deserted foyer.

Dazed and breathless, she raised bewildered eyes to his face.

"Don't quarrel with me, Elizabeth," Lawless said with deep intensity. "Tell me what I have done—you mean everything in the world to me—only tell me what I have done!"

But before there was time for her to reply or even to realise his words Roy came helter-skelter after them.

"Hi, you! Stealing my partner!" he said. "Haven't you got enough beautiful ladies of your own without sneaking mine?" And he dragged Elizabeth away.

"Like his cheek!" he protested. "Though I can't blame him for trying to give Mrs. Desmond the slip." He laughed. "She and I nearly ended in a free fight. Hanged if I know why on earth she wanted to dance with me!"

He looked comically down at Elizabeth.

"Are you tired?" he asked quickly. "You're quite pale."

"I think I'm always pale," Elizabeth said. She hunted for a powder-puff.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"One o'clock. Want to go home?"

"I think I ought to."

"All right. I'll just get the bill. Enjoying the evening?"

She nodded. "Very much indeed. It's done me a lot of good, and I've been thinking. I might come to High Chimneys again, after all—if I'm invited, I mean."

He looked delighted.

"I'll see you are invited," he declared.

He tried to hold her hand going home in the car, but she gently repulsed him, and he said with a long-suffering sigh:

"There I go, you see! Give me an inch and I take an ell."

Before they parted he had extracted a promise that the visit to High Chimneys should be as soon as possible.

"Next week?"

"If your mother will have me."

"Oh, she'll have you right enough!"

"Then good night and thank you so very much."

Roy blew her a kiss as she vanished into the house.

"Good night—and bless you!"

It seemed a long way up the stairs to her room. Elizabeth felt that she had suddenly grown unutterably weary, every step was an effort.

She crept past Penelope's door, but when her own was shut and locked behind her, she made no effort to undress. She stood in front of the long mirror, staring at her reflection with sombre eyes.

She was looking weary now. Even her dress seemed tumbled and unbeautiful, with its hurriedly mended hem dejectedly trailing the floor.

"Most things can be mended," Kim Lawless had said, and now in her heart Elizabeth answered him: "Not everything."

"You mean everything in the world to me."

She could hear him saying that, too, and for a moment her sensitive face softened wonderfully before quickly the unkind thought followed. Perhaps he had once said the same thing to Penelope.

Back came the burning jealousy and youthful sense of outrage like a child who feels it has been ill-treated. She wept as she tore the frock from her slender shoulders and crept into bed to sob herself to sleep.

AT breakfast the following morning there was no Penelope.

"She said her head ached, and so I advised her not to get up," Miss Thornley told Elizabeth. "You might go and see how she is presently and try to cheer her up."

Miss Thornley always made the same remark about trying to cheer Penelope up, usually in the discouraged voice of one who knows the futility of her request.

"Did you enjoy yourself last night?" she asked.

"Very much."

Miss Thornley eyed her younger niece critically and decided that her looks belied her words.

She sighed, wondering whether her responsibilities were to continue indefinitely. "I was so different when I was a girl," she thought impatiently.

Elizabeth heard the sigh and roused herself.

"Roy wants me to go back to High Chimneys next week."

Miss Thornley beamed.

"Now, that's a splendid idea. It will do you all the good in the world. I hope you have accepted."

"He said that his mother would write to me."

"Such a delightful family, the Selbys," Miss Thornley said, though she knew very little of them. "I only wish you could persuade Penelope to go with you. I am sure Mrs. Selby would be kind enough to extend the invitation."

"If you think she would care about it," Elizabeth answered, but her heart sank at the thought.

"I am quite sure she won't care about it," Miss Thornley declared. "Still, you might make the suggestion."

Elizabeth went up to Penelope's room and knocked softly.

"Come in."

Penelope was sitting up in bed without any sign of a headache.

"Are you better?" Elizabeth asked. "Aunt Thornley said——"

Her sister broke in. "I know, I told her I had a headache, but I haven't. It was the only excuse I could think of."

She looked at the younger girl with a faint smile.

"At least, if I stay in bed I can't be told to rouse myself and take an interest in life," she added dryly.

Elizabeth stood at the foot of the bed feeling a little at a loss as she always did in Penelope's presence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"Do you mean, can you hold my hands and dry my tears?" Penelope asked briskly. "If so, let me assure you that I never shed tears and that I dislike having my hands held. But you might, if you will be so good, look in the drawer over there, the second drawer, and bring me a small leather box. Wait a moment, it's locked. Here are the keys."

She tossed the keys towards her sister, and Elizabeth flushed a little as she picked them up.

"Were you very bored last night?" Penelope inquired.

"No. I enjoyed it very much."

"In that boy's company?" Penelope said cynically. "I can't think how you tolerate him. He gets on my nerves."

"He's kind," Elizabeth defended him. "Which key is it?"

"The small one. Are you going to marry him, Elizabeth?"

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Elizabeth laughed. "Of course I'm not."

She found the right key and fitted it into the lock.

"Is this the box?" She turned around with the small leather case in her hand, caught her sleeve on the head of the key and let the box fall, scattering its contents in all directions.

Penelope gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"How clumsy you are." She threw back the bedclothes and came to help collect the scattered trinkets.

Elizabeth was already down on her knees, a little flushed and apologetic.

"I'm sorry, I caught my sleeve——" She sat back on her heels. "Is this all? Oh, no, there's another ring." She picked it up from the thickness of the rug and held it out in the palm of her hand.

"Why, it's a wedding ring," she said.

Penelope snatched the ring from Elizabeth's hand.

"Yes, it's a wedding ring," she echoed. "Is there any reason why it shouldn't be?"

She slipped it on to her third finger, holding her thin hand outstretched for her sister's inspection.

"'A trap to catch a dream,' she said bitterly. "No wonder married women refuse to wear them nowadays. They're such damning evidence."

She sat down on the side of the bed, still critically examining her hand, and there was a queer silence before Elizabeth asked slowly, still kneeling on the floor:

"Penelope—are you married?"

Penelope looked down at her and laughed.

"Am I married? You sound like the deluded heroine in an old-fashioned drama!"

She flung herself into a dramatic pose with her thin arms flung high above her head as she cried mockingly, "'Are you married? Answer me! Answer me.'"

Her arms suddenly fell limply again and there was a tragic silence before she said suddenly:

"Yes, I am married—married! Married! Married!"

Again her voice rose shrilly as it had risen that afternoon in Paris when she cried out Kim Lawless' name.

Elizabeth gave a little choking cry.

"Penelope!"

She stared at her sister with frozen eyes, and suddenly Penelope covered her face with her hands.

"I wish they had let me die," she said, with the quietness of despair. "Why didn't they let me die?"

MRS. SELBY glanced towards the open window with a frown on her pleasant face.

From the garden came a tumult of shrill voices and laughter, and presently a girlish form dashed across the lawn with Roy in hot pursuit. When they had passed out of sight she said with a sigh:

"I cannot imagine what has happened to Elizabeth. I never saw such an alteration in a girl! When she first came to the house I thought she was particularly unaffected and charming, but now—well, I am beginning to hope that after all Roy is not serious in his attentions, because I am sure that she is incapable of making him happy."

She paused hopefully, but her husband did not raise his eyes from the newspaper until she said with a touch of exasperation:

"Well, why don't you say something?"

He looked up then with mild surprise.

"My dear, what do you want me to say? The girl seems all right as far as I can judge. Young people are all a little wild, but they will get over it in time, and settle down as we did."

"As we did!" his wife retorted. "Did I ever rush all over the place in trousers? Did I ever call every stray man 'Darling,' without expecting him to take it seriously?"

Mr. Selby chuckled.

"You probably would have done just that—had it been the thing at the time," he answered. "And, as a matter of fact, I consider that trousers are distinctively becoming to Elizabeth."

"Becoming!" his wife echoed eloquently.

There was a short silence before she started again.

"Last night—when the Beasleys were here—I suppose you know they were playing The Murder Game until well past midnight! And without the slightest consideration for those unfortunates who were trying to sleep! I spoke to Roy this morning, but he only laughed and asked why I didn't stay up and join in the fun!"

"And why didn't you?" her husband ventured. "They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, though I must admit I heard one or two blood-curdling screams."

"Such nonsense!" Mrs. Selby protested. "Elizabeth tells me they were looking for Bingo, or whatever absurd name they have christened our alleged ghost."

"And did Bingo obligingly materialise?" her husband asked interestedly.

"Of course not! I don't believe in ghosts, for one thing, and for another, supposing there are such things, is any self-respecting ghost likely to appear with such a pandemonium everywhere?" But, in spite of her matter-of-fact words, Mrs. Selby shivered a little. "If I believed in ghosts I should certainly not continue to live in this house," she added positively.

But M. Selby only smiled, and with an impatient gesture his wife discarded her embroidery and went out into the garden.

She was not feeling at all happy, although she could not explain why.

She had been quite pleased when Roy and Barbara informed her that Elizabeth was to continue the visit which had been so summarily broken. She liked Elizabeth—or, rather, she had liked her—until a week ago, when a very changed and different Elizabeth suddenly descended upon the household and proceeded to play havoc with its cheerful respectability.

"It must be the effects of Paris," Mrs. Selby decided, as she stood in the sunshine, shading her eyes and trying to se what had become of her family.

"Roy!" she called. "Elizabeth! Barbara!"

A charming voice answered from somewhere.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" And a pair of slim legs in rather baggy, but perfectly-cut trousers suddenly came into view from between the branches of a tree, and Elizabeth's face, framed by leaves and tousled hair, peered down at her.

"Here I am, but don't tell Roy. He thinks I'm somewhere in the orchard." And the slim body dropped gracefully from its precarious position on a swaying branch, and landed at Mrs. Selby's feet.

"Well, really!" the elder woman protested, but she was fully alive to the picture Elizabeth made.

In spite of the dishevelled hair and flushed face—or perhaps because of them—she looked like some graceful nymph.

She pushed back her tumbled hair and glanced apprehensively across the garden for a sign of Roy.

"I think you had better come indoors and have a cool drink," Mrs. Selby said practically, and, against her will, for she was a kindhearted woman; she remembered the stories she had heard of this girl's upbringing and her mother's history.

Perhaps, after all, there was something in tradition, she thought, and again she hoped that Roy was not really serious in his devotion.

Elizabeth dutifully walked with her towards the house. There was a little silence before Mrs. Selby said:

"You really ought to take more care of yourself, Elizabeth. I am sure you are not too strong, and all these late nights and rushing about must undermine your constitution."

Elizabeth laughed.

"You mean, perhaps I may die young?" she inquired, and then with a sigh, "I shan't! It's only people who want to live who die young."

Mrs. Selby stood still, and now there was real concern in her face.

"My dear," she said in a motherly voice, "that almost sounds as if you are not very happy."

The girl's beautiful eyes met her own.

"Do you think anyone is really—very happy?" she asked. It was so terribly disconcerting, and Mrs. Selby felt bewildered as she answered helplessly:

"I like to think most people are reasonably happy. I have had a very happy life myself. I have always been quite contented."

Perhaps Elizabeth and Roy had quarrelled, she thought in quick relief, and that explained it, for even modern young people sometimes took things very seriously, and with the best intention in the world, she said, with her hand on the girl's shoulder:

"My dear, I am sure he didn't really mean to be unkind."

Elizabeth repeated the last words blankly.

"Mean to be unkind?"

"Roy," Mrs. Selby explained. "I know he is thoughtless sometimes—but you know, without being told, that he is very fond of you, and would never willingly say or do anything which might cause you pain."

"Oh," Elizabeth said, and she bit her lip to check a smile. "I wasn't thinking of Roy," she said gently after a moment. "And he hasn't done anything. It's only——"

And then suddenly she was laughing again. "I'm afraid I talk an awful lot of rubbish sometimes."

Roy came racing up behind them.

"Where have you been?" he demanded breathlessly. "You said the orchard and——"

Elizabeth interrupted coolly.

"I changed my mind. I was up in the oak tree."

"Cheating!" he accused her with boyish reproach.

"I like cheating," Elizabeth retorted.

"You wouldn't like it if I cheated when we play games," he said sharply.

A shrug of her shoulders was the only answer, and Mrs. Selby said quickly, with a view to pouring oil on waters which she imagined were growing troubled:

"Well, come and have a nice cool drink. You both look very hot. Where's Barbara?"

"She's just come in," Mr. Selby informed them from the lounge window. "And as the moment she is on the telephone, talking to someone at great length."

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"One of her boy-friends, I expect," Elizabeth ventured.

Mrs. Selby cast a quizzical glance at Elizabeth's unruffled face.

"She hasn't any heart. That's the real trouble," she decided. "I expect she takes after her poor mother."

Barbara came bounding into the room.

"It was Kim!" she announced in a voice which tried hard to express complete indifference. "He's coming down. He said it was too grilling to stay in town, and could we put him up for a couple of days, so, of course, I said 'Yes.'"

"About time he did come," Roy grumbled. "He hasn't been here for—well, not since you went to Paris, Elizabeth."

"How tragic!" she said mockingly. "I wonder you have not had a complete nervous breakdown."

"Don't you like Kim Lawless?" Mrs. Selby asked in faint surprise, but Elizabeth did not answer. She had walked again to the wide-open french window and was staring out at the sunshine.

She had not expected that Kim would visit High Chimneys while she was there; or didn't he know? Not that it mattered one way or the other, for she had determinedly shut his memory out of her heart since the day she knew about Penelope.

Married! Oh, well, why worry? But a fierce little look crept into her eyes as she glanced in the direction of the sundial.

"Love makes Time pass away; Time makes Love pass away."

Yes! It was amazing how suddenly her love for Kim Lawless had died. Just at first she had suffered, but now it was over and done with, and if ever he involuntarily crept into her thoughts it was only as Penelope's husband.

Poor Penelope!

"She's becoming quite neurotic," Miss Thornley sometimes said of her elder niece. "I suppose the only thing is to leave her absolutely alone, but really—sometimes I am most apprehensive."

Elizabeth had listened in silence, remembering her sister's tearless agony that morning when the little wedding-ring had betrayed her secret.

Penelope had made her swear never to tell anyone.

"I promised Kim," she said. "And it's all over and done with, and I only want to forget it."

But Elizabeth knew that it could never be forgotten.

And now he was coming to High Chimneys, and she was conscious of a cold curiosity to see how she would be affected by their meeting. Somehow she could not believe that it would make the very slightest difference to her.

And yet her mother had said that once you really loved somebody—really loved somebody—it was always the same, no matter what happened, forever and ever!

"It won't be like that with me," she thought, and suddenly it seemed a thing at which to weep.

There were moments when Elizabeth felt as if she was no longer herself; as if someone had taken away the sensitive, loving heart which had once been herself, and had given her something much colder and more cynical in its place.

For now nothing seriously mattered. She was never really conscious of acute pain or anger or pity or of any deep emotion; only of being urged on by the feeling that as one had to get through life one might as well do it as quickly and as pleasantly as possible, without allowing other people to become near or dear.

She liked being at High Chimneys. She could sleep well, for one thing, and, at first, after she knew about Penelope, her greatest trouble had been that she could not sleep.

Endless wakeful nights, during which restless hands seemed to be tugging at her, refusing to allow her to forget or to find peace.

Often she had walked the room until daylight came. Sometimes she had felt that she must strike her head against the wall or against something hard, in order to find unconsciousness.

But in the end she had won, and now the troubled waves of life had subsided, and she looked out with indifferent eyes over placid waters.

Barbara's voice suddenly broke in upon her thoughts.

"I didn't tell Kim you were here so it will be a pleasant surprise for him. You like Kim, don't you, Betty?"

Barbara had abbreviated the longer "Elizabeth" to "Betty."

"It's so much more matey," she had explained cheerfully.

"We all like Kim," Mrs. Selby answered for her. "When did he say we might expect him, dear?"

"To dinner—and I told him not to be late."

The maid brought a jug of iced drink, but Elizabeth took only a sip from her glass and put it down again.

"Is there any news from Miss Thornley?" Mrs. Selby asked her. "Or of Penelope?"

"I had a letter yesterday," Elizabeth answered, but she did not say that there had been no mention of Penelope.

"That sister of yours wants a good shaking," Roy said breezily. "She ought to be made to go out and knock about the world with other people. It would take her mind off her imaginary ills."

Elizabeth flushed.

"They're not imaginary," she said sharply.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it's silly to go on moaning about a thing that can't be helped," he submitted apologetically. "It's hard luck, of course—losing her voice like that, but——"

"It's not only the loss of her voice," Elizabeth interrupted tensely.

There was an uncomfortable silence, until Roy, who was always irrepressible in an argument, murmured something about a man having the right to change his mind if he wished to—and if she was referring to Lawless——

"I am referring to him," Elizabeth answered. "He treated Penelope cruelly, and you know he did."

"That's unfair," Barbara protested with heightened color, and Mrs. Selby said soothingly:

"It is quite natural that Elizabeth should defend her sister. I am sure we should all do the same."

"I'm not defending her, Mrs. Selby," Elizabeth said tensely. "I'm accusing him!"

Roy laughed, refusing to see her agitation.

"How often does a girl jilt a fellow, I should like to know?" he demanded. "And does she ever get the blame? Not on your life! But if a man dares to change his mind he's all sorts of a cad, and the girl parades a broken heart for the rest of her life! And with all respects to your sister, my lamb, she can't have made his life one glad sweet song. Save me from a girl with the artistic temperament."

Elizabeth faced him with blazing eyes.

"Mr. Lawless treated Penelope abominably," she cried with concentrated passion. "And if you knew the truth——" And then her anger died as suddenly as it had risen, and there was an eloquent silence until she said humbly:

"I'm sorry—I lost my temper. I'm very sorry—I think I'll go and change my frock."

"Frock!" Barbara echoed unkindly, when she had gone.

"She looks topping in trousers, anyway," Roy declared.

But upstairs in her own room Elizabeth made no attempt to change. She just stood by the window staring blindly into the sunlit garden.

"I wish I could go home," was the uppermost thought in her mind. "I would go, but he would only think I was running away."

And then, although for the past few weeks she had hardly thought of her mother, she suddenly saw her face, and such a wave of longing swept through her heart that she had to shut her eyes tightly and clench her hands to keep back the traitorous tears—for Elizabeth had not yet forgotten how to weep.

KIM LAWLESS arrived half an hour before dinner. Elizabeth heard his voice through the quiet evening as she sat curled up in the wide window-seat of the lounge, but she did not raise her eyes or move until Roy, who was with him, said cheerily:

"Here's the old rascal, Elizabeth."

"How do you do," Elizabeth said politely, but she did not offer to shake hands.

"You'd better go and change," Roy was saying. "Dinner in half an hour, and afterwards we're going over to the Beadleys'. You don't know them, do you? They're quite good scouts."

"I can change in ten minutes."

Elizabeth's eyes followed him as he went up the wide staircase, but her heart was beating quite evenly still, and she could think dispassionately, "You look so nice, Kim! I wonder why you did it?"

Penelope had refused all explanation.

"We quarrelled," was all she would say. "And please never speak about him to me again."

But was a quarrel sufficient to separate two people who loved or had loved each other? Elizabeth wondered. Two people who were still husband and wife?

And then a little far-away pain stirred in her heart at the thought of those two being married.

"My wife!" Kim must have said these words—perhaps many times—of Penelope.

"Penny for your thoughts," Roy said suddenly, his eyes dwelling wistfully on her thoughtful face. "I suppose you didn't even know I was anywhere about," he added reproachfully.

She smiled absently. "I was just—wondering about something," she told him.

"About—what?" he asked. He sat down beside her, as close as he dared.

"I was wondering," she said, and now she spoke flippantly again, "what it must feel like to have been married—and then divorced or separated—and then to come face to face again. Rather a thrill, I should imagine!"

Roy frowned, for, like his mother, though perhaps less consciously, the change in Elizabeth troubled him. He loved her very sincerely, but his young awkwardness made it difficult for him to approach her in the way he would have wished—or to try to win her confidence.

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"Don't you think it must be rather a thrill?" she said again. "Would he call her 'Darling,' as he must have done once upon a time—or how would they behave?"

"I think it's a fool idea," Roy answered bluntly, "and I don't believe in divorce. I think people should stick to a bargain once they've made it."

Elizabeth laughed softly.

"Darling! How very old-fashioned of you," she teased him. "I am really quite shocked."

He answered, still in the same blunt way:

"No, you're not. In your heart you agree with what I say, and you think that a bargain's a bargain. You're just pretending not to!"

He suddenly turned to look at her.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked wistfully. "Half the time now you're acting—like someone on the stage! Saying things you don't mean and—and even—sometimes I believe you only laugh so that you won't cry."

He stopped, his color rising in embarrassment. "Now say you hate me!" he challenged her.

But to his surprise Elizabeth suddenly laid her slender hand on his.

"I think I like you better—just at this moment—than I've ever liked you before," she said, and then, as his fingers impulsively closed round hers, she drew her hand away.

"Why are we so serious all at once?" she asked with faint irritation. "It must be the sunset. Look what a glorious sunset there is, just as though the sky has been making up its face with the contents of a most expensive beauty-box!"

Roy stood up abruptly.

"Now you're acting again," he said sharply to Elizabeth, and broke off as his sister came running down the stairs.

"Has Kim arrived?" Barbara demanded. "I thought I heard his voice."

Roy had begun to whistle with an air of elaborate indifference, but he stopped to say theatrically:

"Yes, he has come! He has come! Ring the joy-bells! Tell the glad news! Our hero has arrived!"

"Idiot!" Barbara said, but she was smiling as she cast a critical glance at herself in a nearby mirror, and then, "Oh, look at the sunset!" she cried, and her eyes grew dreamy.

Roy was busily mixing a concoction which he called "Breath of Life" when Lawless came down the stairs.

"Anyone looked at the sunset?" he asked. "It's worth seeing."

"I was just saying how wonderful it is," Barbara told him, and Roy broke in:

"We've all been saying how wonderful it is—in our different ways. Elizabeth called it a painted lady, or words to that effect; and I was driven to remember that there is a form of liquid refreshment which cannot be ignored."

"Elizabeth called it a painted lady, did she?" Lawless said deliberately.

"No, I didn't," she answered coolly. "I said the sky looked as if it had been making up its face with the aid of an expensive beauty-box. Rather a good description, don't you think?"

She met his eyes steadily enough, but hers fell away first, almost as if they were ashamed.

Dinner was announced and Elizabeth slipped her hand through Roy's arm.

"May we go in together?" she inquired gaily. "Or am I still in disgrace?"

He bent down to whisper a reply, and with a comical little smile Barbara turned to Lawless.

"Shall we do likewise?" she suggested.

He gave her his arm with a mocking bow, and as they crossed the wide hall he asked:

"Is Elizabeth in disgrace? She seems cheerful enough."

"She's all right," Barbara agreed. And then, lowering her voice, "But she has altered, hasn't she? Though, of course, you wouldn't know! Mother was only saying this morning that she would hardly recognise her. Mother thinks it's being in Paris so long."

"I imagine she must have had rather a dull time in Paris."

"I don't think so," Barbara answered. "But you can't tell—she talks so wildly—poor Betty!" she added sympathetically.

Lawless glanced down at her.

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know—except that somehow I always feel she isn't happy. Not that she ever complains; as a rule she's frightfully gay, but perhaps you'll see what I mean." Then, as if she were anxious to change the subject: "We're going over to the Beaseleys' after dinner. They were here last night, and we had a whale of a time. We didn't go to bed till three."

"It sounds wildly exciting," Lawless said dryly.

He looked at Elizabeth across the dinner table and quickly away again, but not before he had recognised the picture she made.

The table was lit by candles in heavy silver sconces and the soft light flickered on her vivid face and lovely hair.

She was wearing a white frock, cut square at the neck, with a frilly skirt and a sash of many shades of blue, which fell away in long streamers to the floor, and Lawless suddenly thought of their first meeting in the woods when she had been stealing primroses. Just a child she had seemed to him then, and he remembered the quaint wistfulness of her voice when she said, speaking of the flowers: "I hope they won't mind being taken to London."

He wondered whether she had ever cared for him—just a little, perhaps—that night when they parted at Dover when she was leaving for Paris.

"I will—ring you up—when I come back from Paris . . ."

He gave a little start when Roy addressed him.

"Hi, you! I've spoken to you twice and you haven't answered."

Lawless smiled apologetically.

"Sorry—what were you saying?"

"They were talking a lot of nonsense, Kim," Mrs. Selby interposed. "Just arguing that there is no such thing as constancy." She smiled at her son with fond indulgence. "As if you know anything at all about it at your age," she chided him gently.

"He thinks he knows all about it," Barbara said scathingly.

"And what is the argument?" Lawless inquired.

"The argument is," Barbara explained, "that Roy says if you really like someone, it can't make any difference if you don't see them for twenty years—and Elizabeth says it's all silly rubbish, and that you can forget all about them in twenty weeks."

"Or in six weeks, perhaps," Lawless said quietly.

"There you are!" Elizabeth cried triumphantly. "Mr. Lawless agrees with me, and he ought to know if anyone does."

There was an uncomfortable little silence until Kim asked:

"And why ought I to know?"

Elizabeth met his gaze across the table.

"I mean—you're older than any of us, and so you must have had more experience," she explained lightly. "But it's a silly argument anyway," she laughed. "The sundial in the garden knows all about it when it says that Time makes Love pass away. I suppose Time makes everything pass away, doesn't it?"

She took a chocolate almond from a little dish in front of her and cracked it between her white teeth.

"You're a foolish lot of children," Mr. Selby said calmly from the head of the table, "and when you are older you will be younger."

"Oh, daddy!" Barbara laughed in affectionate scorn. But he went on philosophically:

"And when you are older, and therefore younger, you will look back and remember the nonsense you talked and the mistakes you made and—perhaps—the opportunities you missed."

Elizabeth laughed and placed a hand dramatically above her heart.

"And the affections we blighted and the hearts we broke," she said. Then she sighed unconsciously. "I wonder if we shall?" she added thoughtfully.

"You certainly will," Mr. Selby assured her. "It happens to us all—eh, mother?"

Roy touched Elizabeth's slender arm.

"You hear!" he whispered.

"The conversation is getting beyond my poor intelligence," Barbara said, a little sharply, "and if we're going to the Beaseleys'——"

"You can't all go in my car," Roy declared firmly. "I'll take Elizabeth, and you'll take Barbara, won't you, Kim?"

"I shall be delighted."

Mrs. Selby made one last appeal to Kim.

"Don't let Roy drive too quickly, will you?"

Lawless laughed.

"I'll take him in tow behind my own car," he promised.

The vivid sunset had given place to moonlight as they drove away from the house, and Elizabeth glanced back as they turned out of the drive and shivered a little as she looked at the dark outline of High Chimneys against the pale sky.

"If I were a ghost," she said flippantly, "this would be the night I should choose to do a little jazz-walking up and down the old baronial hall."

"You'd be a darling ghost," Roy answered. "But if you're thinking of our dog ghost Bingo, dogs hate the moonlight, and I expect he's skulking somewhere in a dark cellar." He glanced over his shoulder at the following car. "Lawless can get more speed out of his engine than I can," he said, in a disgruntled voice. "But if he thinks he's going to pass us, he's mistaken."

"Don't drive too quickly," Elizabeth pleaded.

He glanced down at her.

"Nervous?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, I think I am a little. I don't like driving after dark very much."

Roy said grimly: "Well, you once drove a good many miles at midnight with Lawless."

"That couldn't be helped," she answered, but she turned her face away as she spoke and looked out over the deserted fields.

"Peace in our camp!" How could Kim have said such a thing when all the time he knew . . .

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She suddenly roused herself.

"Very well, drive as fast as you like," she said, in a queer, excited voice. "Let's leave the others miles and miles behind—just to annoy them."

Roy laughed.

"What a vixenish voice!" he protested.

Elizabeth relaxed.

"I didn't mean it. It's much too lovely a night to go racing like lunatics through the country, and there's no hurry to get there, is there?"

"Not when I'm with you," he answered, and then, encouraged by her silence: "Can't you ever come to love me, Elizabeth? I'd be so good to you—I'd do everything in the wide world to make you happy."

There was infinite gentleness in her voice as she answered him.

"But I shouldn't make you happy."

"That wouldn't matter," he protested eagerly. "And besides, I should be happy—just to know you were there—just to know that you belonged to me. "You should do just as you wanted. I'd let you be quite free."

"I shouldn't want to be quite free if I loved you," she said.

He gave a quick sigh of impatience.

"I can't understand you," he said at last. "Sometimes it seems all right. I mean—I think that I do understand you, and then you say something or do something—and it's all gone again."

"But you wouldn't like me to be always the same, would you?" she asked. "Think how flat, stale and unprofitable life would be."

Roy's old reply was to increase his speed, and presently they swept into the drive of the Beaseleys' house.

It was a dark drive, with thick bushes on each side and old trees bending above them through which even the bright moonlight hardly penetrated.

"IT'S not such a nice house as yours," Elizabeth said as they drew up at the open door and a swarm of young people came rushing out to greet them.

"Why are you so late? We thought you weren't coming? Oh, what a duck of a frock, Elizabeth! Where's Barbara? Haven't you brought her?"

"She's following with Mr. Lawless," Elizabeth explained.

Dora Beasley drew her into the house.

"Mr. Lawless!" She lowered her voice. "Isn't that the man your sister was engaged to?"

"Yes."

"I hear he's frightfully good-looking," Dora giggled. She was rather a foolish young woman with the kindest heart in the world.

"It seems to be a party," Roy said, following them into the hall.

"It was such fun last night," Dora told him, "that we thought we'd go one better. Do you know everyone?" She waved an introductory hand. "You'll all soon know one another if you don't now. Give me your wrap, Elizabeth. Hullo, Barbara!"

Elizabeth glanced at Barbara and away again. "She looks happy," she thought, and there was a sudden coldness around her heart, for she, too, had once driven through a summer night with Kim Lawless.

It was a very noisy party.

"The parents have gone out," Dora announced. "Said they couldn't stand the racket—so we've got the place to ourselves. Of course, its not such a romantic spot as High Chimneys, but it has its points."

They danced to radio music in the high-ceilinged drawing-room, and although Elizabeth kept as far away from Lawless as possible, she soon realised that her fears were needless; he never glanced her way.

He danced with Barbara most of the time, and, when at eleven o'clock refreshments were brought in, he sat on the arm of Barbara's chair.

It was a quarter to twelve when Dora announced that it was time they played "Ghosts."

"It's a new game we've invented ourselves," she announced. "You can go anywhere you like in the house. You can go up in the attic or down in the coal cellar, but you must go alone and not in pairs, and if you see the ghost you must scream at the top of your lungs and rush back to the drawing-room, and the first home gets the prize."

There was an awed silence, till Lawless asked dryly: "And if the ghost refuses to oblige?"

"Oh, we've arranged for him," Dora answered. "Someone will see him all right, and there's no need to be scared, because he's real flesh and blood—not like your old Bingo, Roy."

She crossed the big room and switched out the lights.

"Now then. One, two, three—go! And you're not to talk or make a single sound unless you see it!"

There was a breathless silence save for the cautious shuffling of feet over the polished floor, and Elizabeth standing at the far end of the room was suddenly conscious of her thudding heartbeats.

Against the big window she could see the dark silhouette of figures passing and repassing against the moonlight, and beyond them the garden with its sloping lawns and belts of tall trees. Everywhere was complete silence.

Someone tugged at her frock and she almost screamed, and then there was a subdued laugh and Roy was saying in an encouraging whisper:

"Come on, darling. It's no end of a lark."

"I'm not afraid," she whispered back, and she moved very slowly away from him and towards the open door.

The silence was worst of all, she thought, as she crept up the old-fashioned staircase, her long frock making a little sound like rustling leaves at every step, and she then smiled, for what was there to be afraid of? And when she reached the landing she tossed her head with defiance and pushed open a door.

It yielded easily to Elizabeth's touch and swung to again behind her without a sound. No carpet under her feet now, only boards over which her high heels tap-tapped softly.

Only one window through which a long shaft of moonlight fell like a bright spear.

And then, when her eyes grew more accustomed to the dimness, she saw another staircase, and for a moment she stood still, afraid again, until close by she heard a muffled laugh.

That spurred her on. It was only a game, after all—a silly game perhaps—but still—— Resolutely she climbed the second staircase—very steep it was—and found herself in a kind of raftered loft, where there were no windows at all, only a square of glass high in the roof, with the moonlight behind it.

There seemed to be stacks of lumber everywhere, made mysterious by the darkness and by that single patch of light, but Elizabeth groped her way around by the wall.

"I'll go back," she decided, and she turned to find the door. But the walls all looked alike and it was some moments before she could discover the handle, and then she was surprised to find that she was trembling. "Silly!" she told herself with scorn. "There's nothing to be afraid of." And then she did give a little smothered cry as something moved close beside her in the darkness, and a sharp trembling question broke from her lips:

"Who is it? Who is it?"

"Unfortunately—it is I," a voice answered her, and presently she could see the outline of Kim Lawless' tall figure as he came into the spear of the moonlight. "I almost had a heart attack myself," he said ironically. "You look so like a ghost in that white frock."

Elizabeth tried to laugh.

"I think it's a silly game," she said impatiently. "All I've seen is cobwebs and lumber."

There was a moment's silence before he spoke.

"And all I've seen, and I shall remember it to my dying day, is your beautiful face in the moonlight, Elizabeth."

She looked up at him.

"But you have seen so many beautiful faces," she said mockingly, and she turned to the latched door which led to the staircase. "I'm tired of this game. I'm not going to play any more."

But Lawless barred the way and to her excited imagination he seemed a colossal figure in the eerie light.

"Not yet," he said. "Not until you have told me what has happened and why—ever since you returned from Paris, you've gone out of your way to avoid me—Elizabeth."

She broke in a little hoarsely:

"Nothing has happened. What could have happened? We just haven't met—that's all—there is no reason why we should meet and—please let me pass—if anyone comes——" She caught her breath harshly as he suddenly took her by the shoulders, turning her around so that the pale moonlight fell full on her face.

"I told you once that I loved you," he said. "Doesn't that entitle me to an explanation as to why you refuse to speak to me unless you are forced to do so—why you never look at me? Oh, Elizabeth, if there is anything I have done to hurt you—to offend you—why won't you tell me?"

Her lips moved as if she would have spoken, but no words came, and she had the queer feeling that if he took his hands away she would not be able to stand, but would just fall at his feet—tall, weeping, perhaps—for a love that had died—as, so it seemed, all love must die.

And against that thought she closed her eyes because, in spite of her hard-won indifference, she could not bear it. And then Lawless said brokenly, as if he recognised his defeat:

"Oh, my darling—if you'll only tell me—give me a chance to explain."

She looked up at him then, and a bitter smile trembled around her lips.

"Ask Penelope," she said.

"Ask Penelope! What has she to do with us? I have not seen her for months, and——" He broke off abruptly as there was a sound of clattering feet on the attic staircase.

Elizabeth seized upon the opportunity.

"Here we are!" she cried. "But there's

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no ghost—only lumber and moonlight," She wrenched herself free of the hands which would have detained her, and pulled open the latched door.

"We've found the ghost," one of the new arrivals announced. She chuckled. "It was only Bennie dressed up in sheets and with flour on his face. Everyone is downstairs except you two, so we've organised a search party in case you'd been spirited away."

Elizabeth led the way down the narrow stairs, her white frock trailing behind her. She felt breathless as if she had been running a losing race, but she went on ahead of the others and arrived laughing in the big dining-room.

"Here we are. I got mixed up with some cobwebs and Mr. Lawless kindly rescued me."

"It seems to be Kim's mission in life," Barbara said with a faint sneer. She glanced down at the hem of Elizabeth's white frock. "You've been with the cobwebs all right," she added.

Roy went down on his knees to flick away the grey rim of dust and Elizabeth said, rather pathetically, "You can't do it—it's spoiled." But she was not thinking of her frock.

The youngest member of the party suggested Postmans Knock.

"Let's be thoroughly young!" she pleaded, with all the sophistication of sixteen.

"It's a silly game, Elizabeth objected, but she was overruled by Roy.

"Don't be superior, darling," he said gaily, and she answered, conscious of Kim's nearness:

"Darling, don't I always do as you wish?"

She laughed, then, and dodged past him and back into the room.

The fun went on for some time, till at last even Barbara declared they must go home.

It was three o'clock when they said their good nights at the open door, and Elizabeth thought that the garden looked like a fairy garden, with its tall, dark trees and clustering hedges, and the pale moonlight casting an air of mystery everywhere.

She started when Kim Lawless spoke beside her. "Is it too much to hope that you will drive home with me?"

She glanced at him and away.

"Thank you; I've promised Roy."

"Very well," he said quietly. "But there is always to-morrow."

"Tired?" Roy asked as they drove away together.

"Yes, a little," Elizabeth answered.

"Lean your head against my shoulder," he invited hopefully.

But she would not, and she sat upright, watching the moonlit road with wide open eyes.

"Enjoyed yourself, darling?" Roy inquired presently.

"It was a lovely evening,' Elizabeth answered absently; and she drew a quick breath of relief as they turned in at the gates of the long drive.

She glanced back to see if Lawless' car was following, but there was no sign of it.

"We've left them behind," she said, and Roy laughed.

"I expect it's a put-up job," he answered.

They had been indoors for some minutes before the other car arrived.

"It was such a heavenly night," Barbara explained rather self-consciously, "so we didn't hurry." She lowered her voice. "Don't let's wake the parents. Take off your shoes, Elizabeth; the stairs creak so."

Elizabeth obeyed and gathered up the folds of her long skirt.

"Good night, everybody," she whispered.

ELIZABETH was still in a deep sleep when quite late the following morning Barbara came rapping on the door.

"Betty, are you awake? Betty!"

Elizabeth started up, dazed and bewildered.

"Yes—what is it? Oh, it's you!" She sank back on her pillow as Barbara burst into the room.

"Who do you think has come to lunch?" she demanded, and there was a sort of antagonism in her voice. She jerked back the curtains, and Elizabeth asked in confusion what time it was, for Barbara was dressed and had obviously been out.

"Time? It's past twelve—but mother said we weren't to disturb you; only when Miss Thornley appeared——"

Elizabeth was wide awake now.

"Aunt Thornley!" she gasped. "Why—whatever——"

Barbara shrugged her shoulders.

"She's brought Penelope too," she explained dryly. "Of course, they couldn't have known that Kim was here, could they? Miss Thornley says they are on their way to Bath, and, as they were near, they thought they would call in."

Elizabeth was out of bed and scrambling into her dressing-gown. Penelope too!

"I'll get dressed at once. Why didn't you wake me before?" She thrust her feet into little blue bedroom slippers. "Have she and Mr. Lawless met?" she asked falteringly.

Barbara nodded.

"Oh, yes, as cool as you please—just shook hands and said what a lovely day it was. Mother's taken Miss Thornley to see the garden, and I had to leave the others for a moment to come and tell you. Do hurry up."

"I won't be a minute."

Penelope and Kim! Elizabeth's unsteady hands bungled so much with her toilet that it was nearly half an hour before she went downstairs, but she could find only Mr. Selby, who was calmly reading his paper in the lounge. He looked at her kindly.

"Quite rested?" he asked, and then, as she nodded: "Everyone is in the garden."

"Oh—I'll go and find them."

In the garden! Perhaps Kim had taken Penelope to see the moss-grown sundial and the weeping Cupid which crouched at its base.

"Love makes Time pass away — Time makes love pass away."

But when she came across them they were standing very quietly side by side admiring the roses, and she heard Penelope say:

"You had some like these in the garden at Shere, hadn't you, Kim?"

Shere! It was there that Elizabeth had met Kim, when she had been stealing his primroses.

Wasn't she to be allowed one memory to herself without it being shared by Penelope?

"Hullo, Penelope!" she said hesitatingly.

Penelope looked at her calmly.

"Hallo. I heard you were in bed. I suppose you have been burning the midnight oil, as usual?"

"We were rather late," Elizabeth admitted. She glanced at Lawless, and he met her eyes with grim accusation.

"They've asked us to lunch," Penelope was saying. "We were on our way to Bath. Aunt Thornley seems to imagine that the waters will be beneficial." She turned abruptly to the man beside her. "Do you remember that dreary week-end we spent with the Chandlers at Bath? How thankful we were when Monday morning came?"

"I remember."

"It must be nearly two years ago," Penelope went on. "Almost a lifetime, isn't it?"

How can she! Elizabeth thought with passionate resentment, and she felt as if she were an onlooker, watching while someone deliberately dragged something which was sick and dying into the glaring sunlight.

Mrs. Selby and Miss Thornley joined them and they returned to the house, Kim and Penelope walking together.

Mrs. Selby stopped to speak to one of the gardeners and then Miss Thornley said in an undertone, to Elizabeth:

"I had no idea Kim was here. It's rather awkward, but you haven't mentioned him in any of your letters."

Her eyes followed the figure of her elder niece. "Perhaps—what do you think, Elizabeth? They may make it up, after all."

"Perhaps," Elizabeth said, with an effort.

"It's perfectly vile," Barbara whispered to Elizabeth as they went in to lunch. "I don't think Penelope should have stayed when she found that Kim was here."

"Oh, but why?" Elizabeth asked. "It's—all over—isn't it?"

But in spite of premonitions, lunch passed off very comfortably, and as soon as it was over, Miss Thornley declared they must go on their way.

"I dislike motoring in the country after dark," she said.

Penelope followed Elizabeth to her room before they left.

"Kim looks well," she said in a matter-of-fact-voice, as she was powdering her nose at the mirror. "He has not altered in the least."

"Hasn't he?"

There was a short silence, and again Elizabeth was thinking, "How can she bear it and speak so calmly, how can she!"

Penelope suddenly turned around and there was an odd smile on her lips.

"I know what you're thinking," she said tensely. "You're wondering why I haven't made a scene, aren't you? Thrown myself at his feet—or burst into tears." She made an expressive gesture with her hands and then let them fall. "You can't——" she said, and now it was as if she spoke to herself. "You can't. It's only people who are not—badly hurt—who make scenes."

"Oh, Penelope," Elizabeth said, sorrowfully.

Roy's voice called through the house: "Now then, you two girls!"

Penelope started, and picked up her handbag.

"Well, it's nice to have seen you," she said in her usual voice. "I don't think you're looking too fit. I suppose it's a hectic life down here. Are you coming to see us off?"

They went downstairs together, and joined the group at the front door.

"Thank you so much," Miss Thornley was

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saying. "I feel it's been rather an imposition. Good-bye, Kim. I am g! to have seen you again. Come and see us when——" She broke off in confusion with a quick glance at her elder niece, but Penelope calmly echoed the invitation.

"Yes, do come and see us when you are back in town."

It was just as the car was moving away that she suddenly leaned forward as if to say something she had forgotten or had deliberately left till the last moment, and Elizabeth saw her eyes go to Kim's face with a tragic question before she sank back again. Then in an instant the car was out of sight. Elizabeth would never forget that look.

"Nice of them to have called," Mrs. Selby said. "I always wish I knew your aunt better, Elizabeth."

Roy came up to them frowning.

"The guv'nor wants me to drive him into Bridgelake," he grumbled. "Why can't he drive himself or take the chauffeur?"

"It's Smith's day off," his mother reminded him. "And surely, my dear boy, just for once."

"Don't be a bear, darling," Elizabeth said lightly, and when with a growl he followed his mother into the house, she would have gone after him, but Kim Lawless stopped her.

"No, Elizabeth," he said. He was between her and the door, and as she did not speak, he went on: "If you try to run away, I shall prevent you by main force."

She flushed crimson.

"You wouldn't dare," she said in a stifled voice.

He met her eyes calmly.

"Wouldn't I? Try me and see." And then, as her eyes fell, he said casually, "I should like to show you the roses, Miss Challoner, there is one particularly fine bush——"

"Very well," she said, and she turned and went back with him down the steps and across the lawn.

Elizabeth tried to think of something to say, but her mouth felt dry and her lips cold, though at last she managed to ask: "Where is Barbara?"

"She has gone over to the Beaseleys' for tennis. I was invited, but I pleaded a headache, and so I am afraid I am not very popular with Barbara at the moment."

They were out of sight of the house now, but when Lawless would have turned towards the sundial Elizabeth stood still.

"Not that way." As he did not speak, she went on flippantly, "I don't know why you are suddenly behaving as if you were my keeper, and in case you imagine it is my idea of happiness to spend my afternoon with you, let me tell you——"

She broke off with a stifled cry as he caught her wrist in fingers of steel.

"You can stop that, Elizabeth," he said roughly. "You've had it all your own way so far, and now it's my turn, and for a change you are going to do as you are told."

She struggled against him ineffectually. "Let me go. You're hurting me. Please let me go."

A wave of emotion crossed his face but he did not release her.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you," he said, "but you have hurt me enough during the past few weeks. No, we'll go this way, if you please. My car is close by and, in case we should be interrupted, I think a country drive this glorious afternoon is the wisest thing to do. I hope you agree."

His voice was bitterly sarcastic, and Elizabeth broke out furiously: "I will not go with you. You can't make me—I won't go."

Lawless glanced over his shoulder, and then, stooping, he abruptly picked her up in his arms.

"Better go quietly," he said.

Elizabeth beat at his shoulders with impotent hands.

"Let me go. How dare you!" Suddenly she relaxed. "I'll never forgive you as long as I live," she said, with the quietness of despair. "If you knew how I hate you——"

"If you knew how I love you," he answered.

She made no more resistance and, when they reached the car, he set her down on her feet, but she did not move until he asked, "Shall I lift you in?"

She looked up at him.

"I'll never forgive you—never," she said again. "And if Roy knew——"

Lawless laughed. "Roy!" he said contemptuously.

Neither of them spoke again until they were some way from the house. Elizabeth sat stiffly beside him, her hands clasped in her lap, her lips tightly pressed together, and presently she said, "I'm not afraid of you. I hope you don't think I am."

"You have no cause to be afraid of me," he answered, and the silence fell once more.

"Where are we going?" Elizabeth asked when Kim did not break the silence.

Kim did not answer, but presently he turned the car into a little by-road which was overhung with trees and which seemed to lead nowhere and stopped the engine.

"How long are we to stay here admiring the view?" Elizabeth inquired with sarcasm, and he answered:

"Until you have told me what I intend to know before I take you back to the Selbys'."

She gathered her failing courage and laughed.

"Then we shall stay here till to-morrow morning."

"I shall be quite content," he answered.

It was so quiet everywhere, as if they had outrun the world. From above the thick hedges, Elizabeth could see a crooked line of grey hills topped with clouds and the skeleton of a deserted windmill raising jagged broken arms to the sky.

Presently it began to rain. Patter, patter, softly went the raindrops everywhere, and she watched them bouncing off the dried leaves with a queer feeling of unreality, and then suddenly she knew that there were tears on her cheeks, difficult tears which had for many weeks been denied. She turned her face away, but not before Lawless had seen them ,and presently he said gently, "I am waiting, Elizabeth."

"You can wait—forever," she answered brokenly, and then she felt his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to turn to him.

"What has Penelope told you?" he asked hoarsely, but she would not answer, and he took his hands away.

"I can wait," he said again, but there was a line of pain around his mouth as he saw her furtively wiping her tears away. It was raining heavily now and the world was growing dusk before Elizabeth spoke again.

"Mr. Lawless—please take me home. This can't do any good to either of us—you know it can't—and when the Selbys know——"

"I have no objection to the whole world knowing."

A passionate anger rose in Elizabeth's heart, a longing to hurt him—to make him angry—anything, if only she could rouse him from this calm determination. The desire seemed to seethe and grow until her whole body felt as if it were on fire, and, at last, unable to control herself any longer, she broke out passionately:

"I think—after all—Penelope was lucky when you threw her over. If she knew you as well as I do——"

"She probably knew me better," he said evenly. "And as I am determined that today we shall be strictly honest with each other, Elizabeth, allow me to correct the statement that I threw Penelope over. I did nothing of the kind."

She turned her distressed face to him.

"That is not the truth," she answered sharply. "Penelope told me——"

She stopped, realising that Penelope had told her nothing except the one tragic fact of her marriage.

"Penelope told you——" Lawless said questioningly.

She made a little gesture of weariness. "What does it matter? I don't care what happened. It is nothing to me."

There was a little silence before he said with great deliberation: "Nothing to do with you except that I hope—and I believe you love me as dearly as I love you, Elizabeth."

She tried to laugh in scorn, but she wept instead with her face hidden in her shaking hands.

Lawless sat very still, his hands clenched on the driving-wheel, until at last, unable to bear it any longer, he turned and drew her into his arms.

At first she tried to resist, but she was too emotionally spent, and she just lay still with her face hidden against his shoulder. Her sobbing had died piteously away before Lawless spoke.

"I have never betrayed a trust in my life, Elizabeth, until now. But—it seems—quixotic madness—to risk my happiness and perhaps yours for the sake of a promise which should never have beeen made. I don't know what you have been told, but this is the truth about my engagement to your sister. When I first met your sister, there was nothing more between us than just an ordinary acquaintanceship—friendship. I liked her, and I suppose she liked me. At any rate, we went about a good deal together. I think I realised that she was different from other girls—more emotional and perhaps moody, too! It was almost as if there were something in her life which she was trying to hide—and to forget. We knew each other for some months before——

"Well, I had called at the house one day to take her out. I forget where we were going. I found her in tears. She would not tell me what was the matter, only that she was lonely, and—and—I suppose I can't hope to make you understand how it came about—another man would understand—I asked her to marry me and we were engaged.

He was silent for a moment, as if look-

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ing back on a memory which was not a happy memory.

"Our engagement lasted for a few months—and I hope you will not misunderstand when I tell you that before the end of the first week I knew it was a mistake. We quarrelled badly, and at last I tried to tell her—but we patched things up and our wedding day was arranged, and then I got an anonymous letter. I loathe anonymous letters, but this—for one thing it read truthfully, for another—perhaps I was glad of some—loophole—excuse. At any rate, the letter said that she—Penelope—was already married.

Elizabeth gave a little broken exclamation, but Lawless went on steadily.

"I showed her the letter and—after denying it—she broke down, and admitted it was the truth. Some man—when she had only just left school—and then, I suppose it had the inevitable ending. She begged me not to—leave her—to help her to get a divorce. But I couldn't. I saw the man—a contemptible sort of fellow—she had been paying him to keep away. You see, he knew she had money, and he told me that nothing would induce him to divorce her—not money or—even if I was willing to marry her.

"But that was out of the question, because—Elizabeth, forgive me if I tell you that I never had any real affection for her. Pity, perhaps—and—that was the end. I promised I would never speak of her marriage, and I never have spoken of it—until to-day. I know that, somehow or other, it was said that I had broken the engagement. I know that you have always believed that I did. But what I have told you is the truth before Heaven—and if you have heard—anything different——"

There was a pathetic silence before Elizabeth whispered: "Oh—poor Penelope. And for the moment that seemed to be the only thing that mattered. Poor, unhappy Penelope, who still loved this man with all the strength of her strange nature.

It seemed an eternity before Kim Lawless asked in a deeply-moved voice:

"And now—is there peace in our camp, Elizabeth?"

"I thought—she was—married—to you," Elizabeth answered brokenly. "And—that's why——"

He leaned a little towards her.

"Is there peace in our camp?" he asked again. And then, before she could answer, "Oh, my darling, say that you care for me—just a little?"

She tried to smile, but her lips trembled too much. She tried to answer, but her words would not come, so she just went to the arms which were waiting for her.

It was nearly dark before Elizabeth came back to earth.

"Whatever will Mrs. Selby say?" she asked in happy confusion.

Lawless laughed.

"I shall say that we had a breakdown—two—if necessary—and trust to good luck that I shall be believed."

He opened the door of the car and got out into the wet road, turning to ask:

"You're not still thinking of running away, are you, my sweet?"

She leaned through the open window to kiss him.

"You'll never know how much I love you," she said earnestly. "Ever since that day in the wood when I stole your primroses."

"And my heart with them," he answered. He raised her hand to his lips. "I've got the real Elizabeth who has been hiding away from me."

"That's what Roy said," she answered. And then, quickly, "Oh, what will Roy say?"

They looked at each other in silence till Elizabeth said shyly:

"Darling, would you mind very much if we didn't tell them—just yet? You see, there's Penelope, too. Couldn't we wait—just a little while—just till I am home again?"

"When you look at me like that, how can I refuse?" he said ruefully, and got back into the car.

"Now I suppose we must go back," he said. "And I also suppose that it is good-bye."

"Only for a few days," she interrupted quickly. "You see, I want to tell Penelope myself. I must tell her myself."

"I'm not a patient man, my beloved. Don't keep me waiting too long."

She gave a little sigh as he turned the car about for home.

"What was that for?" Lawless demanded quickly.

"I was thinking," Elizabeth answered, "that I wish my mother could know how happy I am. You don't know my mother, Kim. But she was the dearest—loveliest——"

"She was your mother," Lawless answered.

As they turned in at the drive of High Chimneys, he said comically:

"Don't forget that we've had two bad punctures, and, if it's a lie, you've forced it upon me, my angel. And so it's the very whitest lie that was ever told."

But luck was with them, for the family was still out when they arrived. Barbara had rung up to say that she was staying to supper with the Beaseleys—not that she really wished to stay, she might have added, but that she was hoping Kim would be sorry and miss her. And Mrs. Selby had decided at the last moment to go to Bridgelake with her husband and Roy. "And dinner is put back till eight-thirty, miss," the maid informed them.

"I'll go and change," Elizabeth said at once, but Lawless drew her into the library and took her in his arms.

"This love will never pass away, Elizabeth," he said with deep emotion. "Neither with time nor eternity."

ELIZABETH was to go home at the end of the week.

"Penelope and I are staying only a few days in Bath," Miss Thornley had told her. "So if we all return on Saturday that will do nicely."

"Why must you go?" Roy asked miserably, when Elizabeth spoke about packing. "Betty, darling, please stay. We've been so happy."

"I can't," she answered. "Its been a lovely holiday — the best I've ever had — and—when I get home—I'll write to you, Roy—I promise I'll write to you."

"To say . . .?" he asked eagerly.

"No," she answered. "I can't ever say that——"

"Then let me drive you up to town," he urged. "Please let me. I don't want to stay here without you. Lawless can go by himself. Why should that fellow take you when I can?"

But she had not the courage to tell him why. It would be so much easier to write.

But there was still Penelope, and Elizabeth could not bear to think what Penelope would say.

And yet she was glad to be going home. The past few days had been too much of a strain for real happiness.

"I shall never be able to pretend as Penelope does," she thought with a sigh, and she wondered that nobody had sensed the alteration in her relationship with Kim.

She had avoided him a little too much perhaps—and yet often she had felt his eyes upon her, and once when they met on the stairs it had been almost a superhuman effort just to pass him as if it did not matter.

"It will be different after to-morrow," she comforted herself, and tried to forget that there was still Penelope.

. . . . . .

It was breakfast-time the last morning that Mr. Selby was called to the telephone.

"Why do people ring up at such unearthly hours?" he grumbled, as he rose from the table, but he was gone only a moment or two before he returned and spoke through a half-closed door. "Come here, Lawless, will you."

Mrs. Selby looked faintly surprised.

"There must be a mystery," she said, smiling.

In the hall Mr. Selby took Kim's arm and drew him into the library.

"A shocking thing has happened," he said in a very moved voice. "I hardly know how to tell you, but as you're the most disinterested party—or perhaps I shouldn't say that—anyway, I couldn't tell the women. That telephone call was from Miss Thornley, Elizabeth's aunt. Poor woman, she was so distracted it took me some time to make out what she said. But she tells me that Penelope, poor child, is dead, Kim. They found her this morning. An overdose of sleeping draught, the doctor thinks.

"It appears that she has been in the habit of taking it since she was ill. Here—steady, my boy." For Kim's tall figure had reeled beneath the elder man's grasp. "Sit down. It must be a terrible shock to you, I know."

He pushed his spectacles up over his forehead with an agitated hand.

"Shocking thing, shocking!" he said again. "But—who knows? Perhaps it's for the best—from all accounts she wasn't too happy, eh?" He looked at Lawless with faint apology. "Don't think that's a reproach for you, Kim, will you?"

Lawless shook his head and an unhappy silence followed, till Mr. Selby said with a sigh: "They're a tragic family, those Challoners. Love affairs always go wrong—eh?" he added, blundering again in his distress.

Weep for Love! Kim Lawless walked away to the window and looked out over the sunny garden to where Cupid wept at the foot of the sundial—and again he told himself passionately, "Our love shall never pass away—neither in time nor eternity."

"Someone must tell that poor child Elizabeth," Mr. Selby was saying in a troubled voice.

Kim turned around.

"I'll tell her, sir," he said quietly.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

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